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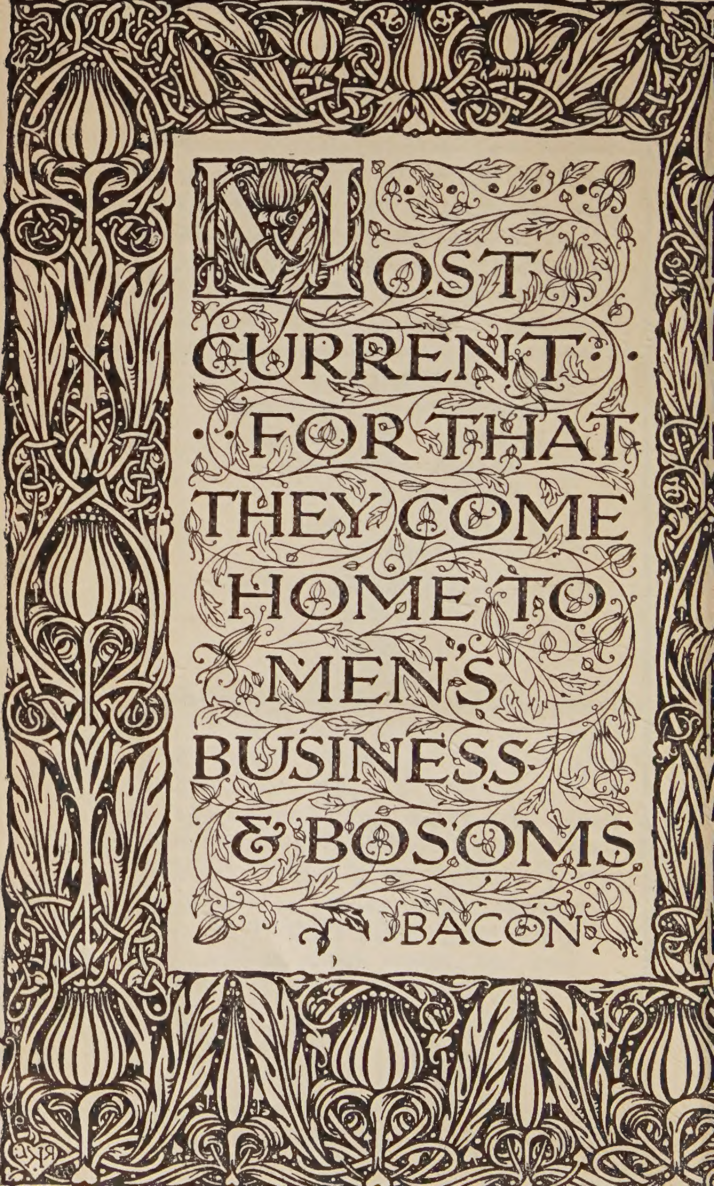

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BACON

# EMILE OR EDUCATION

BY J·J ROUSSEAU

*Translated by*
*Barbara Foxley, M.A*

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# INTRODUCTION

*nile* is a philosophical romance with three chief characters—nile, Sophy, and Jean Jacques himself who moves to and , realising and explaining his character in every page. It written with the enthusiasm and the conviction of the man o has tried every axiom it contains upon the strings of his n heart; and its purpose is to arouse and defend the sus-ptibility of the child who could grow into such a man by the forces of education.

Rousseau was fifty when he wrote the book, and it followed osely on his *Social Contract* and *New Heloïsa*, that is to y, he was able to envisage his childhood, boyhood, and uth across the corrective experience of the years that for st men kill out the early illusions and only spare the ideals at can stand the wear and tear of reality. In his *Confessions* reveals enough of his overwrought sensibility, his tears, s *passions très-ardentes*, his *effervescences de sang*, to let us large the picture he gives in *Emile.* We see him there an normally sensitive creature, a child that is both more and s of a child than the average. But this very excess has advantage. The emotions, the love of beauty and desire r happiness, the sense of pain and fear, the vanity, the lf-consciousness, being all carried to their extreme, are more rtain of being brought to the sharper test. The risks they cur, the faculties they accompany and serve to hide, the ant yet steadfast supports they need in the growth to aturity, are only to be understood and pointed out by one ho, like the little Genevan boy, has felt their effect for good d evil in his own person.

Rousseau's method in dealing with these things is, it has en pointed out by his critics, by no means scientific. He rives at the truth about them by rebelling violently against e untrue as he conceives it, or against whatever has been inful to himself in his own experience. And he took, as remember, his childish ailments of the spiritual kind very dly; he had fevers where other youngsters have only stomach-hes, and his nervous economy was abnormal. "Let us transform our sensations into ideas," he said more than once in his writings; and his ideas, even when he does get at them, are rather emotions of attraction and repulsion than ideas in the strictly philosophical sense.

We seem to hear him murmur to himself at every stage of his reminiscent and anticipatory thesis: "*Me voilà redresseur des torts.*" He found the wrongs that the child suffered under the artificial eighteenth-century civilisation, as he saw it in France, a menace to the whole welfare of humanity. The emotion of revolt was strong in him from the first day he was able to feel the bonds, and nature had gifted him with an extraordinary power of conveying his emotion to others.

The most important of his teachings about education, says Lord Morley, sprang from his contempt of its dependence upon mere spoken injunctions and prohibitions, and his recognition of "the deeper language of example and the more living instruction of visible circumstance." Many of the great changes that have since his day taken place in the theory and the art of education all over Europe, we may agree, are to be "traced to the spread of this wise principle and its adoption in various forms." If the same writer unduly discounts Rousseau's sense of justice, seeing that one of the noblest pages in *Emile* is virtually a tribute to that quality, he makes rich amends in other ways. His recognition of the work as "one of the seminal books" of the world's literature has almost become proverbial in Rousseau criticism. And as for its effect in the sphere of French ideas—to state it fully, says Lord Morley, "to strike the account truly, would be to write the history of the first French Revolution." Elsewhere in Europe the influence was almost as strong. Lavater was fired by him in Germany; Pestalozzi borrowed freely from *Emile;* and Jean Paul in *Levana* names the book as his impulsive source.

To-day its accent, its particular mode of edification, may seem at first a little out of fashion, and its contradictions and occasional failure in logic may spoil a few of its pages. Rousseau is affected in spite of himself by the male prejudice of his time and country, and the education of women as it is displayed to us in behalf of Sophy at the end of the book is a poor enough complement to that of Emile, the pattern-man. But those who turn to it remembering the circumstances in which it was written will conceive Emile and Sophy, the Savoyard Vicar and its author, as humanly nditioned by their own day, and will not fail to realise again e power of the emotion it aroused. No one who reads it t will quarrel with some of its pages; no one who does so, ving at heart the real education that is not in books or in les, but in the actual commission of life itself, will fail to derstand why *Emile* was called the child's charter, and to raw wisdom from it.

E. R.

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# AUTHOR'S PREFACE

HIS collection of scattered thoughts and observations has little rder or continuity; it was begun to give pleasure to a good mother ho thinks for herself. My first idea was to write a tract a few pages ng, but I was carried away by my subject, and before I knew what was doing my tract had become a kind of book, too large indeed r the matter contained in it, but too small for the subject of which treats. For a long time I hesitated whether to publish it or not, d I have often felt, when at work upon it, that it is one thing to ublish a few pamphlets and another to write a book. After vain tempts to improve it, I have decided that it is my duty to publish as it stands. I consider that public attention requires to be irected to this subject, and even if my own ideas are mistaken, my me will not have been wasted if I stir up others to form right ideas. solitary who casts his writings before the public without any one advertise them, without any party ready to defend them, one ho does not even know what is thought and said about those ritings, is at least free from one anxiety—if he is mistaken, no one ill take his errors for gospel.

I shall say very little about the value of a good education, nor hall I stop to prove that the customary method of education is ad; this has been done again and again, and I do not wish to fill y book with things which every one knows. I will merely state hat, go as far back as you will, you will find a continual outcry gainst the established method, but no attempt to suggest a better. he literature and science of our day tend rather to destroy than to uild up. We find fault after the manner of a master; to suggest, e must adopt another style, a style less in accordance with the ride of the philosopher. In spite of all those books, whose only m, so they say, is public utility, the most useful of all arts, the t of training men, is still neglected. Even after Locke's book was ritten the subject remained almost untouched, and I fear that y book will leave it pretty much as it found it.

We know nothing of childhood; and with our mistaken notions e further we advance the further we go astray. The wisest riters devote themselves to what a man ought to know, without king what a child is capable of learning. They are always looking r the man in the child, without considering what he is before becomes a man. It is to this study that I have chiefly evoted myself, so that if my method is fanciful and unsound, my bservations may still be of service. I may be greatly mistaken to what ought to be done, but I think I have clearly perceived the material which is to be worked upon. Begin thus by making a more careful study of your scholars, for it is clear that you know nothing about them; yet if you read this book with that end in view, I think you will find that it is not entirely useless.

With regard to what will be called the systematic portion of the book, which is nothing more than the course of nature, it is here that the reader will probably go wrong, and no doubt I shall be attacked on this side, and perhaps my critics may be right. You will tell me, "This is not so much a treatise on education as the visions of a dreamer with regard to education." What can I do? I have not written about other people's ideas of education, but about my own. My thoughts are not those of others; this reproach has been brought against me again and again. But is it within my power to furnish myself with other eyes, or to adopt other ideas? It is within my power to refuse to be wedded to my own opinions and to refuse to think myself wiser than others. I cannot change my mind; I can distrust myself. This is all I can do, and this I have done. If I sometimes adopt a confident tone, it is not to impress the reader, it is to make my meaning plain to him. Why should I profess to suggest as doubtful that which is not a matter of doubt to myself? I say just what I think.

When I freely express my opinion, I have so little idea of claiming authority for it that I always give my reasons, so that you may weigh and judge them for yourselves; but though I would not obstinately defend my ideas, I think it my duty to put them forward; for the principles with regard to which I differ from other writers are not matters of indifference; we must know whether they are true or false, for on them depends the happiness or the misery of mankind.

People are always telling me to make *practical* suggestions. You might as well tell me to suggest what people are doing already, or at least to suggest improvements which may be incorporated with the wrong methods at present in use. There are matters with regard to which such a suggestion is far more chimerical than my own, for in such a connection the good is corrupted and the bad is none the better for it. I would rather follow exactly the established method than adopt a better method by halves. There would be fewer contradictions in the man; he cannot aim at one and the same time at two different objects. Fathers and mothers, what you desire that you can do. May I count on your good-will?

There are two things to be considered with regard to any scheme. In the first place, "Is it good in itself?" In the second, "Can it be easily put into practice?"

With regard to the first of these it is enough that the scheme should be intelligible and feasible in itself, that what is good in it should be adapted to the nature of things, in this case, for example, that the proposed method of education should be suitable to man and adapted to the human heart.

The second consideration depends upon certain given conditions articular cases; these conditions are accidental and therefore iable; they may vary indefinitely. Thus one kind of education ld be possible in Switzerland and not in France; another would adapted to the middle classes but not to the nobility. The eme can be carried out, with more or less success, according to a titude of circumstances, and its results can only be determined its special application to one country or another, to this class hat. Now all these particular applications are not essential to subject, and they form no part of my scheme. It is enough for that, wherever men are born into the world, my suggestions with rd to them may be carried out, and when you have made m what I would have them be, you have done what is best for m and best for other people. If I fail to fulfil this promise, no bt I am to blame; but if I fulfil my promise, it is your own fault ou ask anything more of me, for I have promised you nothing e.

# EMILE, OR EDUCATION

## BOOK I

D makes all things good; man meddles with them and they ome evil. He forces one soil to yield the products of another, tree to bear another's fruit. He confuses and confounds time, ce, and natural conditions. He mutilates his dog, his horse, and slave. He destroys and defaces all things; he loves all that is rmed and monstrous; he will have nothing as nature made it, even man himself, who must learn his paces like a saddle- rse, and be shaped to his master's taste like the trees in his garden.

et things would be worse without this education, and mankind not be made by halves. Under existing conditions a man left himself from birth would be more of a monster than the rest. judice, authority, necessity, example, all the social conditions which we are plunged, would stifle nature in him and put hing in her place. She would be like a sapling chance sown in midst of the highway, bent hither and thither and soon crushed the passers-by.

ender, anxious mother,[1] I appeal to you. You can remove this ng tree from the highway and shield it from the crushing force

---

The earliest education is most important and it undoubtedly is woman's k. If the author of nature had meant to assign it to men he would given them milk to feed the child. Address your treatises on cation to the women, for not only are they able to watch over it more ely than men, not only is their influence always predominant in cation, its success concerns them more nearly, for most widows are at mercy of their children, who show them very plainly whether their cation was good or bad. The laws, always more concerned about erty than about people, since their object is not virtue but peace, the give too little authority to the mother. Yet her position is more ain than that of the father, her duties are less trying; the right ordering he family depends more upon her, and she is usually fonder of her lren. There are occasions when a son may be excused for lack of ect for his father, but if a child could be so unnatural as to fail in ect for the mother who bore him and nursed him at her breast, who so many years devoted herself to his care, such a monstrous wretch ld be smothered at once as unworthy to live. You say mothers spoil children, and no doubt that is wrong, but it is worse to deprave them ou do. The mother wants her child to be happy now. She is right, if her method is wrong, she must be taught a better. Ambition, ice, tyranny, the mistaken foresight of fathers, their neglect, their hness, are a hundredfold more harmful to the child than the blind tion of the mother. Moreover, I must explain what I mean by a ier and that explanation follows.

of social conventions. Tend and water it ere it dies. One day its fruit will reward your care. From the outset raise a wall round your child's soul; another may sketch the plan, you alone should carry it into execution.

Plants are fashioned by cultivation, man by education. If a man were born tall and strong, his size and strength would be of no good to him till he had learnt to use them; they would even harm him by preventing others from coming to his aid;[1] left to himself he would die of want before he knew his needs. We lament the helplessness of infancy; we fail to perceive that the race would have perished had not man begun by being a child.

We are born weak, we need strength; helpless, we need aid foolish, we need reason. All that we lack at birth, all that we need when we come to man's estate, is the gift of education.

This education comes to us from nature, from men, or from things. The inner growth of our organs and faculties is the education of nature, the use we learn to make of this growth is the education of men, what we gain by our experience of our surroundings is the education of things.

Thus we are each taught by three masters. If their teaching conflicts, the scholar is ill-educated and will never be at peace with himself; if their teaching agrees, he goes straight to his goal, he lives at peace with himself, he is well-educated.

Now of these three factors in education nature is wholly beyond our control, things are only partly in our power; the education of men is the only one controlled by us; and even here our power is largely illusory, for who can hope to direct every word and deed of all with whom the child has to do.

Viewed as an art, the success of education is almost impossible since the essential conditions of success are beyond our control Our efforts may bring us within sight of the goal, but fortune must favour us if we are to reach it.

What is this goal? As we have just shown, it is the goal of nature Since all three modes of education must work together, the two that we can control must follow the lead of that which is beyond our control. Perhaps this word Nature has too vague a meaning. Let us try to define it.

Nature, we are told, is merely habit. What does that mean Are there not habits formed under compulsion, habits which never stifle nature? Such, for example, are the habits of plants trained horizontally. The plant keeps its artificial shape, but the sap has not changed its course, and any new growth the plant may make will be vertical. It is the same with a man's disposition; while the conditions remain the same, habits, even the least natural of them hold good; but change the conditions, habits vanish, nature re erts herself. Education itself is but habit, for are there not ple who forget or lose their education and others who keep it? ence comes this difference? If the term nature is to be restricted habits conformable to nature we need say no more.

---

[1] Like them in externals, but without speech and without the idea which are expressed by speech, he would be unable to make his want known, while there would be nothing in his appearance to suggest that h needed their help.

We are born sensitive and from our birth onwards we are affected various ways by our environment. As soon as we become conous of our sensations we tend to seek or shun the things that use them, at first because they are pleasant or unpleasant, en because they suit us or not, and at last because of judgments med by means of the ideas of happiness and goodness which ason gives us. These tendencies gain strength and permanence th the growth of reason, but hindered by our habits they are more less warped by our prejudices. Before this change they are what all Nature within us.

Everything should therefore be brought into harmony with these tural tendencies, and that might well be if our three modes of ucation merely differed from one another; but what can be done en they conflict, when instead of training man for himself you y to train him for others? Harmony becomes impossible. Forced combat either nature or society, you must make your choice tween the man and the citizen, you cannot train both.

The smaller social group, firmly united in itself and dwelling art from others, tends to withdraw itself from the larger society. very patriot hates foreigners; they are only men, and nothing to m.[1] This defect is inevitable, but of little importance. The eat thing is to be kind to our neighbours. Among strangers the artan was selfish, grasping, and unjust, but unselfishness, justice, d harmony ruled his home life. Distrust those cosmopolitans ho search out remote duties in their books and neglect those that nearest. Such philosophers will love the Tartars to avoid loving eir neighbour.

The natural man lives for himself; he is the unit, the whole, ependent only on himself and on his like. The citizen is but the umerator of a fraction, whose value depends on its denominator; s value depends upon the whole, that is, on the community. ood social institutions are those best fitted to make a man untural, to exchange his independence for dependence, to merge e unit in the group, so that he no longer regards himself as one, t as a part of the whole, and is only conscious of the common life. citizen of Rome was neither Caius nor Lucius, he was a Roman; ever loved his country better than his life. The captive Regulus rofessed himself a Carthaginian; as a foreigner he refused to take s seat in the Senate except at his master's bidding. He scorned e attempt to save his life. He had his will, and returned in triumph a cruel death. There is no great likeness between Regulus and e men of our own day.

---

[1] Thus the wars of republics are more cruel than those of monarchies. ut if the wars of kings are less cruel, their peace is terrible; better be eir foe than their subject.

The Spartan Pedaretes presented himself for admission to th council of the Three Hundred and was rejected; he went awa rejoicing that there were three hundred Spartans better than himself. I suppose he was in earnest; there is no reason to doubt it That was a citizen.

A Spartan mother had five sons with the army. A Helot arrived trembling she asked his news. "Your five sons are slain." "Vil slave, was that what I asked thee?" "We have won the victory." She hastened to the temple to render thanks to the gods. That was a citizen.

He who would preserve the supremacy of natural feelings in social life knows not what he asks. Ever at war with himself, hesitating between his wishes and his duties, he will be neither a man nor a citizen. He will be of no use to himself nor to others. He will be a man of our day, a Frenchman, an Englishman, one of the great middle class.

To be something, to be himself, and always at one with himself, a man must act as he speaks, must know what course he ought to take, and must follow that course with vigour and persistence. When I meet this miracle it will be time enough to decide whether he is a man or a citizen, or how he contrives to be both.

Two conflicting types of educational systems spring from these conflicting aims. One is public and common to many, the other private and domestic.

If you wish to know what is meant by public education, read Plato's *Republic*. Those who merely judge books by their titles take this for a treatise on politics, but it is the finest treatise on education ever written.

In popular estimation the Platonic Institute stands for all that is fanciful and unreal. For my own part I should have thought the system of Lycurgus far more impracticable had he merely committed it to writing. Plato only sought to purge man's heart; Lycurgus turned it from its natural course.

The public institute does not and cannot exist, for there is neither country nor patriot. The very words should be struck out of our language. The reason does not concern us at present, so that though I know it I refrain from stating it.

I do not consider our ridiculous colleges[1] as public institutes, nor do I include under this head a fashionable education, for this education facing two ways at once achieves nothing. It is only fit to turn out hypocrites, always professing to live for others, while thinking of themselves alone. These professions, however, deceive

---

[1] There are teachers dear to me in many schools and especially in the University of Paris, men for whom I have a great respect, men whom I believe to be quite capable of instructing young people, if they were not compelled to follow the established custom. I exhort one of them to publish the scheme of reform which he has thought out. Perhaps people would at length seek to cure the evil if they realised that there was a remedy.

one, for every one has his share in them; they are so much
ur wasted.

ur inner conflicts are caused by these contradictions. Drawn
way by nature and that way by man, compelled to yield to
n forces, we make a compromise and reach neither goal. We
through life, struggling and hesitating, and die before we have
nd peace, useless alike to ourselves and to others.

here remains the education of the home or of nature; but how
a man live with others if he is educated for himself alone? If
twofold aims could be resolved into one by removing the man's
-contradictions, one great obstacle to his happiness would be
e. To judge of this you must see the man full-grown; you must
e noted his inclinations, watched his progress, followed his steps;
word you must really know a natural man. When you have
d this work, I think you will have made some progress in this
uiry.

Vhat must be done to train this exceptional man! We can do
ch, but the chief thing is to prevent anything being done. To
against the wind we merely follow one tack and another; to
p our position in a stormy sea we must cast anchor. Beware,
ing pilot, lest your boat slip its cable or drag its anchor before
know it.

n the social order where each has his own place a man must be
cated for it. If such a one leave his own station he is fit for
hing else. His education is only useful when fate agrees with
parents' choice; if not, education harms the scholar, if only by
prejudices it has created. In Egypt, where the son was compelled to adopt his father's calling, education had at least a settled
n; where social grades remain fixed, but the men who form them
constantly changing, no one knows whether he is not harming
son by educating him for his own class.

n the natural order men are all equal and their common calling
that of manhood, so that a well-educated man cannot fail to do
ll in that calling and those related to it. It matters little to me
ether my pupil is intended for the army, the church, or the law.
fore his parents chose a calling for him nature called him to be a
n. Life is the trade I would teach him. When he leaves me, I
nt you, he will be neither a magistrate, a soldier, nor a priest; he
l be a man. All that becomes a man he will learn as quickly as
other. In vain will fate change his station, he will always be in
right place. "Occupavi te, fortuna, atque cepi; omnes-que
itus tuos interclusi, ut ad me aspirare non posses." The real
ject of our study is man and his environment. To my mind those
us who can best endure the good and evil of life are the best
cated; hence it follows that true education consists less in
cept than in practice. We begin to learn when we begin to live;
r education begins with ourselves, our first teacher is our nurse.
e ancients used the word "Education" in a different sense, it
ant "Nurture." "Educit obstetrix," says Varro. "Educat

nutrix, instituit pædagogus, docet magister." Thus, education, discipline, and instruction are three things as different in their purpose as the dame, the usher, and the teacher. But these distinctions are undesirable and the child should only follow one guide.

We must therefore look at the general rather than the particular, and consider our scholar as man in the abstract, man exposed to all the changes and chances of mortal life. If men were born attached to the soil of our country, if one season lasted all the year round, if every man's fortune were so firmly grasped that he could never lose it, then the established method of education would have certain advantages; the child brought up to his own calling would never leave it, he could never have to face the difficulties of any other condition. But when we consider the fleeting nature of human affairs, the restless and uneasy spirit of our times, when every generation overturns the work of its predecessor, can we conceive a more senseless plan than to educate a child as if he would never leave his room, as if he would always have his servants about him? If the wretched creature takes a single step up or down he is lost. This is not teaching him to bear pain; it is training him to feel it.

People think only of preserving their child's life; this is not enough, he must be taught to preserve his own life when he is a man, to bear the buffets of fortune, to brave wealth and poverty, to live at need among the snows of Iceland or on the scorching rocks of Malta. In vain you guard against death; he must needs die; and even if you do not kill him with your precautions, they are mistaken. Teach him to live rather than to avoid death: life is not breath, but action, the use of our senses, our mind, our faculties, every part of ourselves which makes us conscious of our being. Life consists less in length of days than in the keen sense of living. A man may be buried at a hundred and may never have lived at all. He would have fared better had he died young.

Our wisdom is slavish prejudice, our customs consist in control, constraint, compulsion. Civilised man is born and dies a slave. The infant is bound up in swaddling clothes, the corpse is nailed down in his coffin. All his life long man is imprisoned by our institutions.

I am told that many midwives profess to improve the shape of the infant's head by rubbing, and they are allowed to do it. Our heads are not good enough as God made them, they must be moulded outside by the nurse and inside by the philosopher. The Caribs are better off than we are. "The child has hardly left the mother's womb, it has hardly begun to move and stretch its limbs, when it is deprived of its freedom. It is wrapped in swaddling bands, laid down with its head fixed, its legs stretched out, and its arms by its sides; it is wound round with linen and bandages of all sorts so that it cannot move. It is fortunate if it has room to breathe, and it is laid on its side so that water which should flow from its mouth can escape, for it is not free to turn its head on one side for this purpose."

he new-born child requires to stir and stretch his limbs to free n from the stiffness resulting from being curled up so long. His s are stretched indeed, but he is not allowed to move them. n the head is confined by a cap. One would think they were id the child should look as if it were alive.

hus the internal impulses which should lead to growth find insurmountable obstacle in the way of the necessary movets. The child exhausts his strength in vain struggles, or he s strength very slowly. He was freer and less constrained in womb; he has gained nothing by birth.

he inaction, the constraint to which the child's limbs are jected can only check the circulation of the blood and humours; an only hinder the child's growth in size and strength, and injure constitution. Where these absurd precautions are absent, all men are tall, strong, and well-made. Where children are ddled, the country swarms with the hump-backed, the lame, the v-legged, the rickety, and every kind of deformity. In our fear the body should become deformed by free movement, we hasten deform it by putting it in a press. We make our children helps lest they should hurt themselves.

s not such a cruel bondage certain to affect both health and nper? Their first feeling is one of pain and suffering; they find ry necessary movement hampered; more miserable than a galley ve, in vain they struggle, they become angry, they cry. Their t words you say are tears. That is so. From birth you are ays checking them, your first gifts are fetters, your first treatnt, torture. Their voice alone is free; why should they not se it in complaint? They cry because you are hurting them; if were swaddled you would cry louder still.

What is the origin of this senseless and unnatural custom? Since thers have despised their first duty and refused to nurse their n children, they have had to be entrusted to hired nurses. Find- themselves the mothers of a stranger's children, without the ties nature, they have merely tried to save themselves trouble. A ld unswaddled would need constant watching; well swaddled it cast into a corner and its cries are unheeded. So long as the rse's negligence escapes notice, so long as the nursling does not ak its arms or legs, what matter if it dies or becomes a weakling life. Its limbs are kept safe at the expense of its body, and if thing goes wrong it is not the nurse's fault.

These gentle mothers, having got rid of their babies, devote mselves gaily to the pleasures of the town. Do they know how ir children are being treated in the villages? If the nurse is at busy, the child is hung up on a nail like a bundle of clothes and left crucified while the nurse goes leisurely about her business. ldren have been found in this position purple in the face, their htly bandaged chest forbade the circulation of the blood, and it nt to the head; so the sufferer was considered very quiet because had not strength to cry. How long a child might survive under such conditions I do not know, but it could not be long. That, I fancy, is one of the chief advantages of swaddling clothes.

It is maintained that unswaddled infants would assume faulty positions and make movements which might injure the proper development of their limbs. That is one of the empty arguments of our false wisdom which has never been confirmed by experience. Out of all the crowds of children who grow up with the full use of their limbs among nations wiser than ourselves, you never find one who hurts himself or maims himself; their movements are too feeble to be dangerous, and when they assume an injurious position, pain warns them to change it.

We have not yet decided to swaddle our kittens and puppies; are they any the worse for this neglect? Children are heavier, I admit, but they are also weaker. They can scarcely move, how could they hurt themselves? If you lay them on their backs, they will lie there till they die, like the turtle, unable to turn itself over.

Not content with having ceased to suckle their children, women no longer wish to do it; with the natural result—motherhood becomes a burden; means are found to avoid it. They will destroy their work to begin it over again, and they thus turn to the injury of the race the charm which was given them for its increase. This practice, with other causes of depopulation, forbodes the coming fate of Europe. Her arts and sciences, her philosophy and morals, will shortly reduce her to a desert. She will be the home of wild beasts, and her inhabitants will hardly have changed for the worse.

I have sometimes watched the tricks of young wives who pretend that they wish to nurse their own children. They take care to be dissuaded from this whim. They contrive that husbands, doctors, and especially mothers should intervene. If a husband should let his wife nurse her own baby it would be the ruin of him; they would make him out a murderer who wanted to be rid of her. A prudent husband must sacrifice paternal affection to domestic peace. Fortunately for you there are women in the country districts more continent than your wives. You are still more fortunate if the time thus gained is not intended for another than yourself.

There can be no doubt about a wife's duty, but, considering the contempt in which it is held, it is doubtful whether it is not just as good for the child to be suckled by a stranger. This is a question for the doctors to settle, and in my opinion they have settled it according to the women's wishes,[1] and for my own part I think it is better that the child should suck the breast of a healthy nurse rather than of a petted mother, if he has any further evil to fear from her who has given him birth.

Ought the question, however, to be considered only from the

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[1] The league between the women and the doctors has always struck me as one of the oddest things in Paris. The doctors' reputation depends on the women, and by means of the doctors the women get their own way. It is easy to see what qualifications a doctor requires in Paris if he is to become celebrated.

siological point of view? Does not the child need a mother's
as much as her milk? Other women, or even other animals,
give him the milk she denies him, but there is no substitute for
other's love.

he woman who nurses another's child in place of her own is
ad mother; how can she be a good nurse? She may become
in time; use will overcome nature, but the child may perish
ndred times before his nurse has developed a mother's affection
him.

nd this affection when developed has its drawbacks, which
uld make every sensible woman afraid to put her child out to
se. Is she prepared to divide her mother's rights, or rather to
icate them in favour of a stranger; to see her child loving another
re than herself; to feel that the affection he retains for his own
ther is a favour, while his love for his foster-mother is a duty;
is not some affection due where there has been a mother's care?
o remove this difficulty, children are taught to look down on
ir nurses, to treat them as mere servants. When their task is
pleted the child is withdrawn or the nurse is dismissed. Her
ts to her foster-child are discouraged by a cold reception. After
w years the child never sees her again. The mother expects to
e her place, and to repair by her cruelty the results of her own
lect. But she is greatly mistaken; she is making an ungrateful
ter-child, not an affectionate son; she is teaching him ingratitude,
she is preparing him to despise at a later day the mother who
e him, as he now despises his nurse.

Iow emphatically would I speak if it were not so hopeless to
p struggling in vain on behalf of a real reform. More depends
this than you realise. Would you restore all men to their primal
ies, begin with the mothers; the results will surprise you. Every
follows in the train of this first sin; the whole moral order is
turbed, nature is quenched in every breast, the home becomes
omy, the spectacle of a young family no longer stirs the husband's
e and the stranger's reverence. The mother whose children are
of sight wins scanty esteem; there is no home life, the ties of
ure are not strengthened by those of habit; fathers, mothers,
ldren, brothers, and sisters cease to exist. They are almost
angers; how should they love one another? Each thinks of him-
first. When the home is a gloomy solitude pleasure will be
ght elsewhere.

ut when mothers deign to nurse their own children, then will be
eform in morals; natural feeling will revive in every heart; there
be no lack of citizens for the state; this first step by itself will
tore mutual affection. The charms of home are the best antidote
vice. The noisy play of children, which we thought so trying,
omes a delight; mother and father rely more on each other and
w dearer to one another; the marriage tie is strengthened. In
cheerful home life the mother finds her sweetest duties and the
her his pleasantest recreation. Thus the cure of this one evil

would work a wide-spread reformation; nature would regain her rights. When women become good mothers, men will be good husbands and fathers.

My words are vain! When we are sick of worldly pleasures we do not return to the pleasures of the home. Women have ceased to be mothers, they do not and will not return to their duty. Could they do it if they would? The contrary custom is firmly established; each would have to overcome the opposition of her neighbours, leagued together against the example which some have never given and others do not desire to follow.

Yet there are still a few young women of good natural disposition who refuse to be the slaves of fashion and rebel against the clamour of other women, who fulfil the sweet task imposed on them by nature. Would that the reward in store for them might draw others to follow their example. My conclusion is based upon plain reason, and upon facts I have never seen disputed; and I venture to promise these worthy mothers the firm and steadfast affection of their husbands and the truly filial love of their children and the respect of all the world. Child-birth will be easy and will leave no ill-results, their health will be strong and vigorous, and they will see their daughters follow their example, and find that example quoted as a pattern to others.

No mother, no child; their duties are reciprocal, and when ill done by the one they will be neglected by the other. The child should love his mother before he knows what he owes her. If the voice of instinct is not strengthened by habit it soon dies, the heart is still-born. From the outset we have strayed from the path of nature.

There is another by-way which may tempt our feet from the path of nature. The mother may lavish excessive care on her child instead of neglecting him; she may make an idol of him; she may develop and increase his weakness to prevent him feeling it; she wards off every painful experience in the hope of withdrawing him from the power of nature, and fails to realise that for every trifling ill from which she preserves him the future holds in store many accidents and dangers, and that it is a cruel kindness to prolong the child's weakness when the grown man must bear fatigue. Thetis, so the story goes, plunged her son in the waters of Styx to make him invulnerable. The truth of this allegory is apparent. The cruel mothers I speak of do otherwise; they plunge their children into softness, and they are preparing suffering for them, they open the way to every kind of ill, which their children will not fail to experience after they grow up.

Fix your eyes on nature, follow the path traced by her. She keeps children at work, she hardens them by all kinds of difficulties, she soon teaches them the meaning of pain and grief. They cut their teeth and are feverish, sharp colics bring on convulsions, they are choked by fits of coughing and tormented by worms, evil humours corrupt the blood, germs of various kinds ferment in it, sing dangerous eruptions. Sickness and danger play the chief t in infancy. One half of the children who are born die before ir eighth year. The child who has overcome hardships has ıed strength, and as soon as he can use his life he holds it more ırely.

'his is Nature's law; why contradict it? Do you not see that in ır efforts to improve upon her handiwork you are destroying it; cares are wasted? To do from without what she does within is ording to you to increase the danger twofold. On the contrary, the way to avert it; experience shows that children delicately tured are more likely to die. Provided we do not overdo it, re is less risk in using their strength than in sparing it. Accustom m therefore to the hardships they will have to face; train them ndure extremes of temperature, climate, and condition, hunger, st, and weariness. Dip them in the waters of Styx. Before ily habits become fixed you may teach what habits you will hout any risk, but once habits are established any change is ıght with peril. A child will bear changes which a man cannot r, the muscles of the one are soft and flexible, they take whatr direction you give them without any effort; the muscles of the wn man are harder and they only change their accustomed mode ction when subjected to violence. So we can make a child strong hout risking his life or health, and even if there were some risk, hould not be taken into consideration. Since human life is full langers, can we do better than face them at a time when they do the least harm?

child's worth increases with his years. To his personal value st be added the cost of the care bestowed upon him. For himthere is not only loss of life, but the consciousness of death. must therefore think most of his future in our efforts for his servation. He must be protected against the ills of youth re he reaches them: for if the value of life increases until the d reaches an age when he can be useful, what madness to spare e suffering in infancy only to multiply his pain when he reaches age of reason. Is that what our master teaches us?

Ian is born to suffer; pain is the means of his preservation. His dhood is happy, knowing only pain of body. These bodily erings are much less cruel, much less painful, than other forms uffering, and they rarely lead to self-destruction. It is not the ıges of gout which make a man kill himself, it is mental suffering t leads to despair. We pity the sufferings of childhood; we should ourselves; our worst sorrows are of our own making.

'he new-born infant cries, his early days are spent in crying. is alternately petted and shaken by way of soothing him; etimes he is threatened, sometimes beaten, to keep him quiet. do what he wants or we make him do what we want, we submit is whims or subject him to our own. There is no middle course; must rule or obey. Thus his earliest ideas are those of the ant or the slave. He commands before he can speak, he obeys before he can act, and sometimes he is punished for faults before he is aware of them, or rather before they are committed. Thus early are the seeds of evil passions sown in his young heart. At a later day these are attributed to nature, and when we have taken pains to make him bad we lament his badness.

In this way the child passes six or seven years in the hands of women, the victim of his own caprices or theirs, and after they have taught him all sorts of things, when they have burdened his memory with words he cannot understand, or things which are of no use to him, when nature has been stifled by the passions they have implanted in him, this sham article is sent to a tutor. The tutor completes the development of the germs of artificiality which he finds already well grown, he teaches him everything except self-knowledge and self-control, the arts of life and happiness. When at length this infant slave and tyrant, crammed with knowledge but empty of sense, feeble alike in mind and body, is flung upon the world, and his helplessness, his pride, and his other vices are displayed, we begin to lament the wretchedness and perversity of mankind. We are wrong; this is the creature of our fantasy; the natural man is cast in another mould.

Would you keep him as nature made him? Watch over him from his birth. Take possession of him as soon as he comes into the world and keep him till he is a man; you will never succeed otherwise. The real nurse is the mother and the real teacher is the father. Let them agree in the ordering of their duties as well as in their method, let the child pass from one to the other. He will be better educated by a sensible though ignorant father than by the cleverest master in the world. For zeal will atone for lack of knowledge, rather than knowledge for lack of zeal. But the duties of public and private business! Duty indeed! Does a father's duty come last.[1] It is not surprising that the man whose wife despises the duty of suckling her child should despise its education. There is no more charming picture than that of family life; but when one feature is wanting the whole is marred. If the mother is too delicate to nurse her child, the father will be too busy to teach him. Their children, scattered about in schools, convents, and colleges, will find the home of their affections elsewhere, or rather they will form the habit of caring for nothing. Brothers and sisters will scarcely know each other; when they are together in company they will behave as strangers. When there is no confidence between ations, when the family society ceases to give savour to life, its ace is soon usurped by vice. Is there any man so stupid that he nnot see how all this hangs together?

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[1] When we read in Plutarch that Cato the Censor, who ruled Rome with such glory, brought up his own sons from the cradle, and so carefully that he left everything to be present when their nurse, that is to say their mother, bathed them; when we read in Suetonius that Augustus, the master of the world which he had conquered and which he himself governed, himself taught his grandsons to write, to swim, to understand the beginnings of science, and that he always had them with him, we cannot help smiling at the little people of those days who amused themselves with such follies, and who were too ignorant, no doubt, to attend to the great affairs of the great people of our own time.

A father has done but a third of his task when he begets children d provides a living for them. He owes men to humanity, citizens the state. A man who can pay this threefold debt and neglects do so is guilty, more guilty, perhaps, if he pays it in part than en he neglects it entirely. He has no right to be a father if he nnot fulfil a father's duties. Poverty, pressure of business, staken social prejudices, none of these can excuse a man from his ty, which is to support and educate his own children. If a man any natural feeling neglects these sacred duties he will repent it th bitter tears and will never be comforted.

But what does this rich man do, this father of a family, compelled, he says, to neglect his children? He pays another man to perform se duties which are his alone. Mercenary man! do you expect purchase a second father for your child? Do not deceive your- f; it is not even a master you have hired for him, it is a flunkey, o will soon train such another as himself.

There is much discussion as to the characteristics of a good tutor. first requirement, and it implies a good many more, is that should not take up his task for reward. There are callings so at that they cannot be undertaken for money without showing r unfitness for them; such callings are those of the soldier and teacher.

"But who must train my child?" "I have just told you, you uld do it yourself." "I cannot." "You cannot! Then find riend. I see no other course."

A tutor! What a noble soul! Indeed for the training of a man must either be a father or more than man. It is this duty you uld calmly hand over to a hireling!

The more you think of it the harder you will find it. The tutor ust have been trained for his pupil, his servants must have been ined for their master, so that all who come near him may have eived the impression which is to be transmitted to him. We ust pass from education to education, I know not how far. How a child be well educated by one who has not been well educated nself?

Can such a one be found? I know not. In this age of degrada- n who knows the height of virtue to which man's soul may attain? let us assume that this prodigy has been discovered. We shall rn what he should be from the consideration of his duties. I cy the father who realises the value of a good tutor will contrive do without one, for it will be harder to find one than to become h a tutor himself; he need search no further, nature herself ving done half the work.

Some one whose rank alone is known to me suggested that I uld educate his son. He did me a great honour, no doubt, but from regretting my refusal, he ought to congratulate himself on my prudence. Had the offer been accepted, and had I been mistaken in my method, there would have been an education ruined; had I succeeded, things would have been worse—his son would have renounced his title and refused to be a prince.

I feel too deeply the importance of a tutor's duties and my own unfitness, ever to accept such a post, whoever offered it, and even the claims of friendship would be only an additional motive for my refusal. Few, I think, will be tempted to make me such an offer when they have read this book, and I beg any one who would do so to spare his pains. I have had enough experience of the task to convince myself of my own unfitness, and my circumstances would make it impossible, even if my talents were such as to fit me for it. I have thought it my duty to make this public declaration to those who apparently refuse to do me the honour of believing in the sincerity of my determination. If I am unable to undertake the more useful task, I will at least venture to attempt the easier one; I will follow the example of my predecessors and take up, not the task, but my pen; and instead of doing the right thing I will try to say it.

I know that in such an undertaking the author, who ranges at will among theoretical systems, utters many fine precepts impossible to practise, and even when he says what is practicable it remains undone for want of details and examples as to its application.

I have therefore decided to take an imaginary pupil, to assume on my own part the age, health, knowledge, and talents required for the work of his education, to guide him from birth to manhood, when he needs no guide but himself. This method seems to me useful for an author who fears lest he may stray from the practical to the visionary; for as soon as he departs from common practice he has only to try his method on his pupil; he will soon know, or the reader will know for him, whether he is following the development of the child and the natural growth of the human heart.

This is what I have tried to do. Lest my book should be unduly bulky, I have been content to state those principles the truth of which is self-evident. But as to the rules which call for proof, I have applied them to Emile or to others, and I have shown, in very great detail, how my theories may be put into practice. Such at least is my plan; the reader must decide whether I have succeeded. At first I have said little about Emile, for my earliest maxims of education, though very different from those generally accepted, are so plain that it is hard for a man of sense to refuse to accept them, but as I advance, my scholar, educated after another fashion than yours, is no longer an ordinary child, he needs a special system. Then he appears upon the scene more frequently, and towards the end I never lose sight of him for a moment, until, whatever he may say, he needs me no longer.

I pass over the qualities required in a good tutor; I take them for granted, and assume that I am endowed with them. As you read this book you will see how generous I have been to myself.

will only remark that, contrary to the received opinion, a child's or should be young, as young indeed as a man may well be who lso wise. Were it possible, he should become a child himself, t he may be the companion of his pupil and win his confidence sharing his games. Childhood and age have too little in common the formation of a really firm affection. Children sometimes ter old men; they never love them.

eople seek a tutor who has already educated one pupil. This too much; one man can only educate one pupil; if two were ential to success, what right would he have to undertake the first? th more experience you may know better what to do, but you less capable of doing it; once this task has been well done, you l know too much of its difficulties to attempt it a second time—ll done, the first attempt augurs badly for the second.

t is one thing to follow a young man about for four years, another be his guide for five-and-twenty. You find a tutor for your son en he is already formed; I want one for him before he is born. ur man may change his pupil every five years; mine will never e but one pupil. You distinguish between the teacher and the or. Another piece of folly! Do you make any distinction ween the pupil and the scholar? There is only one science for ldren to learn—the duties of man. This science is one, and, atever Xenophon may say of the education of the Persians, it is ivisible. Besides, I prefer to call the man who has this knowge master rather than teacher, since it is a question of guidance her than instruction. He must not give precepts, he must let scholar find them out for himself.

f the master is to be so carefully chosen, he may well choose his il, above all when he proposes to set a pattern for others. This ice cannot depend on the child's genius or character, as I adopt before he is born, and they are only known when my task is shed. If I had my choice I would take a child of ordinary mind, h as I assume in my pupil. It is ordinary people who have to be cated, and their education alone can serve as a pattern for the cation of their fellows. The others find their way alone.

The birthplace is not a matter of indifference in the education of n; it is only in temperate climes that he comes to his full growth. disadvantages of extremes are easily seen. A man is not nted in one place like a tree, to stay there the rest of his life, and pass from one extreme to another you must travel twice as far as who starts half-way.

f the inhabitant of a temperate climate passes in turn through h extremes his advantage is plain, for although he may be changed much as he who goes from one extreme to the other, he only oves half-way from his natural condition. A Frenchman can in New Guinea or in Lapland, but a negro cannot live in Tornea a Samoyed in Benin. It seems also as if the brain were less fectly organised in the two extremes. Neither the negroes nor Laps are as wise as Europeans. So if I want my pupil to be a citizen of the world I will choose him in the temperate zone, in France for example, rather than elsewhere.

In the north with its barren soil men devour much food, in the fertile south they eat little. This produces another difference: the one is industrious, the other contemplative. Society shows us, in one and the same spot, a similar difference between rich and poor. The one dwells in a fertile land, the other in a barren land.

The poor man has no need of education. The education of his own station in life is forced upon him, he can have no other; the education received by the rich man from his own station is least fitted for himself and for society. Moreover, a natural education should fit a man for any position. Now it is more unreasonable to train a poor man for wealth than a rich man for poverty, for in proportion to their numbers more rich men are ruined and fewer poor men become rich. Let us choose our scholar among the rich; we shall at least have made another man; the poor may come to manhood without our help.

For the same reason I should not be sorry if Emile came of a good family. He will be another victim snatched from prejudice.

Emile is an orphan. No matter whether he has father or mother, having undertaken their duties I am invested with their rights. He must honour his parents, but he must obey me. That is my first and only condition.

I must add that there is just one other point arising out of this; we must never be separated except by mutual consent. This clause is essential, and I would have tutor and scholar so inseparable that they should regard their fate as one. If once they perceive the time of their separation drawing near, the time which must make them strangers to one another, they become strangers then and there; each makes his own little world, and both of them being busy in thought with the time when they will no longer be together, they remain together against their will. The disciple regards his master as the badge and scourge of childhood, the master regards his scholar as a heavy burden which he longs to be rid of. Both are looking forward to the time when they will part, and as there is never any real affection between them, there will be scant vigilance on the one hand, and on the other scant obedience.

But when they consider they must always live together, they must needs love one another, and in this way they really learn to love one another. The pupil is not ashamed to follow as a child the friend who will be with him in manhood; the tutor takes an interest in the efforts whose fruits he will enjoy, and the virtues he is cultivating in his pupil form a store laid up for his old age.

This agreement made beforehand assumes a normal birth, a strong, well-made, healthy child. A father has no choice, and should have no preference within the limits of the family God has given him; all his children are his alike, the same care and affection is due to all. Crippled or well-made, weak or strong, each of them is a trust for which he is responsible to the Giver, and ure is a party to the marriage contract along with husband and e.

ut if you undertake a duty not imposed upon you by nature, must secure beforehand the means for its fulfilment, unless you ld undertake duties you cannot fulfil. If you take the care of a ly, unhealthy child, you are a sick nurse, not a tutor. To erve a useless life you are wasting the time which should be spent ncreasing its value, you risk the sight of a despairing mother roaching you for the death of her child, who ought to have died ago.

would not undertake the care of a feeble, sickly child, should he to four score years. I want no pupil who is useless alike to self and others, one whose sole business is to keep himself alive, whose body is always a hindrance to the training of his mind. vainly lavish my care upon him, what can I do but double the to society by robbing it of two men, instead of one? Let ther tend this weakling for me; I am quite willing, I approve charity, but I myself have no gift for such a task; I could never h the art of living to one who needs all his strength to keep self alive.

he body must be strong enough to obey the mind; a good ant must be strong. I know that intemperance stimulates passions; in course of time it also destroys the body; fasting penance often produce the same results in an opposite way. weaker the body, the more imperious its demands; the stronger s, the better it obeys. All sensual passions find their home in minate bodies; the less satisfaction they can get the keener r sting.

feeble body makes a feeble mind. Hence the influence of sic, an art which does more harm to man than all the evils it esses to cure. I do not know what the doctors cure us of, but ow this: they infect us with very deadly diseases, cowardice, dity, credulity, the fear of death. What matter if they make dead walk, we have no need of corpses; they fail to give us men, it is men we need.

edicine is all the fashion in these days, and very naturally. It e amusement of the idle and unemployed, who do not know t to do with their time, and so spend it in taking care of them-es. If by ill-luck they had happened to be born immortal, they ld have been the most miserable of men; a life they could not would be of no value to them. Such men must have doctors hreaten and flatter them, to give them the only pleasure they enjoy, the pleasure of not being dead.

will say no more at present as to the uselessness of medicine. aim is to consider its bearings on morals. Still I cannot refrain saying that men employ the same sophism about medicine as do about the search for truth. They assume that the patient ured and that the seeker after truth finds it. They fail to see against one life saved by the doctors you must set a hundred slain, and against the value of one truth discovered the error which creep in with it. The science which instructs and th medicine which heals are no doubt excellent, but the science whic misleads us and the medicine which kills us are evil. Teach us t know them apart. That is the real difficulty. If we were conten to be ignorant of truth we should not be the dupes of falsehood; i we did not want to be cured in spite of nature, we should not b killed by the doctors. We should do well to steer clear of both and we should evidently be the gainers. I do not deny that medicin is useful to some men; I assert that it is fatal to mankind.

You will tell me, as usual, that the doctors are to blame, tha medicine herself is infallible. Well and good, then give us th medicine without the doctor, for when we have both, the blunders o the artist are a hundredfold greater than our hopes from the art.

This lying art, invented rather for the ills of the mind than of th body, is useless to both alike; it does less to cure us of our disease than to fill us with alarm. It does less to ward off death than t make us dread its approach. It exhausts life rather than prolong it; should it even prolong life it would only be to the prejudice o the race, since it makes us set its precautions before society and ou fears before our duties. It is the knowledge of danger that make us afraid. If we thought ourselves invulnerable we should kno no fear. The poet armed Achilles against danger and so robbe him of the merit of courage; on such terms any man would be a Achilles.

Would you find a really brave man? Seek him where there ar no doctors, where the results of disease are unknown, and wher death is little thought of. By nature a man bears pain bravel and dies in peace. It is the doctors with their rules, the philosophers with their precepts, the priests with their exhortations, wh debase the heart and make us afraid to die.

Give me a pupil who has no need of these, or I will have nothin to do with him. No one else shall spoil my work, I will educat him myself or not at all. That wise man, Locke, who had devote part of his life to the study of medicine, advises us to give no drug to the child, whether as a precaution, or on account of slight ai ments. I will go farther, and will declare that, as I never call in doctor for myself, I will never send for one for Emile, unless his li is clearly in danger, when the doctor can but kill him.

I know the doctor will make capital out of my delay. If th child dies, he was called in too late; if he recovers, it is his doin So be it; let the doctor boast, but do not call him in except i extremity.

As the child does not know how to be cured, he knows how to ill. The one art takes the place of the other and is often mo successful; it is the art of nature. When a beast is ill, it kee quiet and suffers in silence; but we see fewer sickly animals tha sick men. How many men have been slain by impatience, fea anxiety, and above all by medicine, men whom disease would ha ed, and time alone have cured. I shall be told that animals, live according to nature, are less liable to disease than ourselves. l, that way of living is just what I mean to teach my pupil; he ld profit by it in the same way.

ygiene is the only useful part of medicine, and hygiene is rather rtue than a science. Temperance and industry are man's true edies; work sharpens his appetite and temperance teaches to control it.

learn what system is most beneficial you have only to study e races remarkable for health, strength, and length of days. If mon observation shows us that medicine neither increases th nor prolongs life, it follows that this useless art is worse than ess, since it wastes time, men, and things on what is pure loss. only must we deduct the time spent, not in using life, but pre- ing it, but if this time is spent in tormenting ourselves it is e than wasted, it is so much to the bad, and to reckon fairly a esponding share must be deducted from what remains to us. an who lives ten years for himself and others without the help octors lives more for himself and others than one who spends y years as their victim. I have tried both, so I think I have a er right than most to draw my own conclusions.

r these reasons I decline to take any but a strong and healthy l, and these are my principles for keeping him in health. I not stop to prove at length the value of manual labour and ly exercise for strengthening the health and constitution; no denies it. Nearly all the instances of long life are to be found ng the men who have taken most exercise, who have endured ue and labour.[1] Neither will I enter into details as to the care all take for this alone. It will be clear that it forms such an itial part of my practice that it is enough to get hold of the without further explanation.

hen our life begins our needs begin too. The new-born infant t have a nurse. If his mother will do her duty, so much the er; her instructions will be given her in writing, but this ntage has its drawbacks, it removes the tutor from his charge. it is to be hoped that the child's own interests, and her respect he person to whom she is about to confide so precious a treasure, will induce the mother to follow the master's wishes, and whateve she does you may be sure she will do better than another. If w must have a strange nurse, make a good choice to begin with.

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[1] cannot help quoting the following passage from an English newspaper, throws much light on my opinions: "A certain Patrick O'Neil, born 47, has just married his seventh wife in 1760. In the seventeenth of Charles II. he served in the dragoons and in other regiments up to , when he took his discharge. He served in all the campaigns of am III. and Marlborough. This man has never drunk anything but l beer; he has always lived on vegetables, and has never eaten meat t on few occasions when he made a feast for his relations. He has ys been accustomed to rise with the sun and go to bed at sunset s prevented by his military duties. He is now in his 130th year; healthy, his hearing is good, and he walks with the help of a stick. ite of his great age he is never idle, and every Sunday he goes to his h church accompanied by his children, grandchildren, and great dchildren."

It is one of the misfortunes of the rich to be cheated on all sides what wonder they think ill of mankind! It is riches that corrup men, and the rich are rightly the first to feel the defects of the onl tool they know. Everything is ill-done for them, except what the do themselves, and they do next to nothing. When a nurse mus be selected the choice is left to the doctor. What happens? Th best nurse is the one who offers the highest bribe. I shall no consult the doctor about Emile's nurse, I shall take care to choos her myself. I may not argue about it so elegantly as the surgeon but I shall be more reliable, I shall be less deceived by my zeal tha the doctor by his greed.

There is no mystery about this choice; its rules are well known but I think we ought probably to pay more attention to the age o the milk as well as its quality. The first milk is watery, it must b almost an aperient, to purge the remains of the meconium curdle in the bowels of the new-born child. Little by little the milk thicken and supplies more solid food as the child is able to digest it. It i surely not without cause that nature changes the milk in the femal of every species according to the age of the offspring.

Thus a new-born child requires a nurse who has recently becom a mother. There is, I know, a difficulty here, but as soon as w leave the path of nature there are difficulties in the way of all well-doing. The wrong course is the only right one under the circumstances, so we take it.

The nurse must be healthy alike in disposition and in body The violence of the passions as well as the humours may spoil he milk. Moreover, to consider the body only is to keep only half ou aim in view. The milk may be good and the nurse bad; a goo character is as necessary as a good constitution. If you choose vicious person, I do not say her foster-child will acquire her vices but he will suffer for them. Ought she not to bestow on him da by day, along with her milk, a care which calls for zeal, patienc gentleness, and cleanliness. If she is intemperate and greedy he milk will soon be spoilt; if she is careless and hasty what wi become of a poor little wretch left to her mercy, and unable eithe to protect himself or to complain. The wicked are never good fo anything.

The choice is all the more important because her foster-chil should have no other guardian, just as he should have no teache but his tutor. This was the custom of the ancients, who talke less but acted more wisely than we. The nurse never left h foster-daughter; this is why the nurse is the confidante in most their plays. A child who passes through many hands in turn, ca never be well brought up.

At every change he makes a secret comparison, which continuall tends to lessen his respect for those who control him, and with it the ority over him. If once he thinks there are grown-up people no more sense than children the authority of age is destroyed his education is ruined. A child should know no betters but ather and mother, or failing them its foster-mother and its r, and even this is one too many, but this division is inevitable, the best that can be done in the way of remedy is that the man woman who control him shall be so well agreed with regard to that they seem like one.

e nurse must live rather more comfortably, she must have er more substantial food, but her whole way of living must not ltered, for a sudden change, even a change for the better, is erous to health, and since her usual way of life has made her hy and strong, why change it?

untry women eat less meat and more vegetables than towns-en, and this vegetarian diet seems favourable rather than wise to themselves and their children. When they take lings from the upper classes they eat meat and broth with the that they will form better chyle and supply more milk. I do hold with this at all, and experience is on my side, for we do not children fed in this way less liable to colic and worms.

at need not surprise us, for decaying animal matter swarms worms, but this is not the case with vegetable matter.[1] Milk, ough manufactured in the body of an animal, is a vegetable tance; this is shown by analysis; it readily turns acid, and far showing traces of any volatile alkali like animal matter, it a neutral salt like plants.

e milk of herbivorous creatures is sweeter and more wholesome the milk of the carnivorous; formed of a substance similar to wn, it keeps its goodness and becomes less liable to putrifaction. antity is considered, it is well known that farinaceous foods uce more blood than meat, so they ought to yield more milk. hild were not weaned too soon, and if it were fed on vegetarian and its foster-mother were a vegetarian, I do not think it d be troubled with worms.

lk derived from vegetable foods may perhaps be more liable to ur, but I am far from considering sour milk an unwholesome ; whole nations have no other food and are none the worse, all the array of absorbents seems to me mere humbug. There onstitutions which do not thrive on milk, others can take it ut absorbents. People are afraid of the milk separating or ing; that is absurd, for we know that milk always curdles in tomach. This is how it becomes sufficiently solid to nourish ren and young animals; if it did not curdle it would merely away without feeding them.[2] In vain you dilute milk and use

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omen eat bread, vegetables, and dairy produce; female dogs and do the same; the she-wolves eat grass. This supplies vegetable to their milk. There are still those species which are unable to eat ing but flesh, if such there are, which I very much doubt.

though the juices which nourish us are liquid, they must be extracted absorbents; whoever swallows milk digests cheese, this rule without exception; rennet is made from a calf's stomach.

Instead of changing the nurse's usual diet, I think it would enough to give food in larger quantities and better of its kind. is not the nature of the food that makes a vegetable diet indigestibl but the flavouring that makes it unwholesome. Reform you cookery, use neither butter nor oil for frying. Butter, salt, and mil should never be cooked. Let your vegetables be cooked in wat and only seasoned when they come to table. The vegetable die far from disturbing the nurse, will give her a plentiful supply milk.[1] If a vegetable diet is best for the child, how can meat foo be best for his nurse? The things are contradictory.

Fresh air affects children's constitutions, particularly in earl years. It enters every pore of a soft and tender skin, it has powerful effect on their young bodies. Its effects can never destroyed. So I should not agree with those who take a countr woman from her village and shut her up in one room in a town an her nursling with her. I would rather send him to breathe th fresh air of the country than the foul air of the town. He will tak his new mother's position, will live in her cottage, where his tuto will follow him. The reader will bear in mind that this tutor is no a paid servant, but the father's friend. But if this friend cann be found, if this transfer is not easy, if none of my advice can followed, you will say to me, "What shall I do instead?" I hav told you already—"Do what you are doing;" no advice is neede there.

Men are not made to be crowded together in ant-hills, but scattere over the earth to till it. The more they are massed together, th more corrupt they become. Disease and vice are the sure resul of over-crowded cities. Of all creatures man is least fitted to liv in herds. Huddled together like sheep, men would very soon di Man's breath is fatal to his fellows. This is literally as well figuratively true.

Men are devoured by our towns. In a few generations the ra dies out or becomes degenerate; it needs renewal, and it is alwa renewed from the country. Send your children to renew them selves, so to speak, send them to regain in the open fields th strength lost in the foul air of our crowded cities. Women hur home that their children may be born in the town; they ought do just the opposite, especially those who mean to nurse their ow children. They would lose less than they think, and in mo natural surroundings the pleasures associated by nature wi maternal duties would soon destroy the taste for other delights.

The new-born infant is first bathed in warm water to which

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from solids. A hard-working man who ate nothing but soup would so waste away. He would be far better fed on milk, just because it curdl

[1] Those who wish to study a full account of the advantages and d advantages of the Pythagorean régime, may consult the works of D Cocchi and his opponent Dr. Bianchi on this important subject.

wine is usually added. I think the wine might be dispensed
As nature does not produce fermented liquors, it is not likely
they are of much value to her creatures.
the same way it is unnecessary to take the precaution of
ng the water; in fact among many races the new-born infants
athed with no more ado in rivers or in the sea. Our children,
tender before birth by the softness of their parents, come into
vorld with a constitution already enfeebled, which cannot be
nce exposed to all the trials required to restore it to health.
e by little they must be restored to their natural vigour. Begin
by following this custom, and leave it off gradually. Wash
children often, their dirty ways show the need of this. If they
nly wiped their skin is injured; but as they grow stronger
ually reduce the heat of the water, till at last you bathe them
er and summer in cold, even in ice-cold water. To avoid risk
change must be slow, gradual, and imperceptible, so you may
he thermometer for exact measurements.
is habit of the bath, once established, should never be broken
it must be kept up all through life. I value it not only on
nds of cleanliness and present health, but also as a wholesome
s of making the muscles supple, and accustoming them to
without risk or effort extremes of heat and cold. As he gets
I would have the child trained to bathe occasionally in hot
r of every bearable degree, and often in every degree of cold
r. Now water being a denser fluid touches us at more points
air, so that, having learnt to bear all the variations of tempera-
in water, we shall scarcely feel this of the air.[1]
hen the child draws its first breath do not confine it in tight
pings. No cap, no bandages, nor swaddling clothes. Loose
flowing flannel wrappers, which leave its limbs free and are
too heavy to check his movements, not too warm to prevent
eeling the air.[2] Put him in a big cradle, well padded, where he
move easily and safely. As he begins to grow stronger, let him
l about the room; let him develop and stretch his tiny limbs;
will see him gain strength from day to day. Compare him
a well swaddled child of the same age and you will be surprised
eir different rates of progress.[3]

hildren in towns are stifled by being kept indoors and too much
ped up. Those who control them have still to learn that fresh air,
om doing them harm, will make them strong, while hot air will make
weak, will give rise to fevers, and will eventually kill them.
say "cradle" using the common word for want of a better, though
convinced that it is never necessary and often harmful to rock
ren in the cradle.
he ancient Peruvians wrapped their children in loose swaddling bands,
ng the arms quite free. Later they placed them unswaddled in a
in the ground, lined with cloths, so that the lower part of the body
in the hole, and their arms were free and they could move the head and
the body at will without falling or hurting themselves. When they
n to walk they were enticed to come to the breast. The little negroes
often in a position much more difficult for sucking. They cling to the

You must expect great opposition from the nurses, who find half strangled baby needs much less watching. Besides his dirt ness is more perceptible in an open garment; he must be attende to more frequently. Indeed, custom is an unanswerable argume in some lands and among all classes of people.

Do not argue with the nurses; give your orders, see them carri out, and spare no pains to make the attention you prescribe easy practice. Why not take your share in it? With ordinary nursling where the body alone is thought of, nothing matters so long as t child lives and does not actually die, but with us, when educati begins with life, the new-born child is already a disciple, not of h tutor, but of nature. The tutor merely studies under this maste and sees that his orders are not evaded. He watches over the infan he observes it, he looks for the first feeble glimmering of intelligen as the Moslem looks for the moment of the moon's rising in her fir quarter.

We are born capable of learning, but knowing nothing, perceivi nothing. The mind, bound up within imperfect and half grow organs, is not even aware of its own existence. The movemen and cries of the new-born child are purely reflex, without knowled or will.

Suppose a child born with the size and strength of manhoo entering upon life full grown like Pallas from the brain of Jupite such a child-man would be a perfect idiot, an automaton, a stat without motion and almost without feeling; he would see and he nothing, he would recognise no one, he could not turn his ey towards what he wanted to see; not only would he perceive external object, he would not even be aware of sensation throu the several sense-organs. His eye would not perceive colour, h ear sounds, his body would be unaware of contact with neighbouri bodies, he would not even know he had a body, what his han handled would be in his brain alone; all his sensations would united in one place, they would exist only in the common "se sorium," he would have only one idea, that of self, to which would refer all his sensations; and this idea, or rather this feelin would be the only thing in which he excelled an ordinary child.

This man, full grown at birth, would also be unable to stand his feet, he would need a long time to learn how to keep his balanc perhaps he would not even be able to try to do it, and you would s the big strong body left in one place like a stone, or creeping a crawling like a young puppy.

He would feel the discomfort of bodily needs without knowi

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mother's hip, and cling so tightly that the mother's arm is often not need to support them. They clasp the breast with their hand and contin sucking while their mother goes on with her ordinary work. The children begin to walk at two months, or rather to crawl. Later on th can run on all fours almost as well as on their feet.—*Buffon*. M. Buff might also have quoted the example of England, where the senseless a barbarous swaddling clothes have become almost obsolete. Cf. *Le Long Voyage de Siam*, *Le Beau Voyage de Canada*, etc.

t was the matter and without knowing how to provide for e needs. There is no immediate connection between the les of the stomach and those of the arms and legs to make take a step towards food, or stretch a hand to seize it, even he surrounded with it; and as his body would be full grown his limbs well developed he would be without the perpetual lessness and movement of childhood, so that he might die of ger without stirring to seek food. However little you may thought about the order and development of our knowledge. cannot deny that such a one would be in the state of almost itive ignorance and stupidity natural to man before he has nt anything from experience or from his fellows.

'e know then, or we may know, the point of departure from h we each start towards the usual level of understanding; but knows the other extreme? Each progresses more or less rding to his genius, his taste, his needs, his talents, his zeal, his opportunities for using them. No philosopher, so far as I w, has dared to say to man, "Thus far shalt thou go and no her." We know not what nature allows us to be, none of us measured the possible difference between man and man. Is e a mind so dead that this thought has never kindled it, that never said in his pride, "How much have I already done, how h more may I achieve? Why should I lag behind my fellows?"

s I said before, man's education begins at birth; before he can k or understand he is learning. Experience precedes instruc- ; when he recognises his nurse he has learnt much. The wledge of the most ignorant man would surprise us if we had wed his course from birth to the present time. If all human wledge were divided into two parts, one common to all, the other liar to the learned, the latter would seem very small compared the former. But we scarcely heed this general experience, use it is acquired before the age of reason. Moreover, know- e only attracts attention by its rarity, as in algebraic equations mon factors count for nothing. Even animals learn much. y have senses and must learn to use them; they have needs, must learn to satisfy them; they must learn to eat, walk, or Quadrupeds which can stand on their feet from the first not walk for all that; from their first attempts it is clear that lack confidence. Canaries who escape from their cage are ble to fly, having never used their wings. Living and feeling tures are always learning. If plants could walk they would senses and knowledge, else their species would die out. The l's first mental experiences are purely affective, he is only aware leasure and pain; it takes him a long time to acquire the definite ations which show him things outside himself, but before these gs present and withdraw themselves, so to speak, from his sight, ng size and shape for him, the recurrence of emotional experi- s is beginning to subject the child to the rule of habit. You see yes constantly follow the light, and if the light comes from the side the eyes turn towards it, so that one must be careful to turn h head towards the light lest he should squint. He must also accustomed from the first to the dark, or he will cry if he misses th light. Food and sleep, too, exactly measured, become necessary regular intervals, and soon desire is no longer the effect of need, bu of habit, or rather habit adds a fresh need to those of nature. Yo must be on your guard against this.

The only habit the child should be allowed to contract is that having no habits; let him be carried on either arm, let him accustomed to offer either hand, to use one or other indifferentl let him not want to eat, sleep, or do anything at fixed hours, nor unable to be left alone by day or night. Prepare the way for h control of his liberty and the use of his strength by leaving his bod its natural habit, by making him capable of lasting self-control, doing all that he wills when his will is formed.

As soon as the child begins to take notice, what is shown hi must be carefully chosen. The natural man is interested in all ne things. He feels so feeble that he fears the unknown: the habit seeing fresh things without ill effects destroys this fear. Childre brought up in clean houses where there are no spiders are afraid spiders, and this fear often lasts through life. I never saw peasant man, woman, or child, afraid of spiders.

Since the mere choice of things shown him may make the chil timid or brave, why should not his education begin before he ca speak or understand? I would have him accustomed to see fres things, ugly, repulsive, and strange beasts, but little by little, an far off till he is used to them, and till having seen others handl them he handles them himself. If in childhood he sees toads, snake and crayfish, he will not be afraid of any animal when he is grow up. Those who are continually seeing terrible things think nothin of them.

All children are afraid of masks. I begin by showing Emile mask with a pleasant face, then some one puts this mask before hi face; I begin to laugh, they all laugh too, and the child with them By degrees I accustom him to less pleasing masks, and at las hideous ones. If I have arranged my stages skilfully, far fro being afraid of the last mask, he will laugh at it as he did at the firs After that I am not afraid of people frightening him with masks.

When Hector bids farewell to Andromache, the young Astyana startled by the nodding plumes on the helmet, does not know h father; he flings himself weeping upon his nurse's bosom and wi from his mother a smile mingled with tears. What must be do to stay this terror? Just what Hector did; put the helmet on th ground and caress the child. In a calmer moment one would d more; one would go up to the helmet, play with the plumes, let th child feel them; at last the nurse would take the helmet and pla it laughingly on her own head, if indeed a woman's hand dare tou the armour of Hector.

If Emile must get used to the sound of a gun, I first fire a pist h a small charge. He is delighted with this sudden flash, this t of lightning; I repeat the process with more powder; gradually dd a small charge without a wad, then a larger; in the end I ustom him to the sound of a gun, to fireworks, cannon, and the st terrible explosions.

have observed that children are rarely afraid of thunder unless peals are really terrible and actually hurt the ear, otherwise fear only comes to them when they know that thunder somees hurts or kills. When reason begins to cause fear, let use ssure them. By slow and careful stages man and child learn to r nothing.

n the dawn of life, when memory and imagination have not begun function, the child only attends to what affects its senses. His se experiences are the raw material of thought; they should, refore, be presented to him in fitting order, so that memory may future time present them in the same order to his understanding; as he only attends to his sensations it is enough, at first, to show clearly the connection between these sensations and the things ich cause them. He wants to touch and handle everything; do check these movements which teach him invaluable lessons. us he learns to perceive the heat, cold, hardness, softness, weight, lightness of bodies, to judge their size and shape and all their sical properties, by looking, feeling,[1] listening, and, above all, by paring sight and touch, by judging with the eye what sensation y would cause to his hand.

t is only by movement that we learn the difference between self not self; it is only by our own movements that we gain the idea space. The child has not this idea, so he stretches out his hand eize the object within his reach or that which is a hundred paces n him. You take this as a sign of tyranny, an attempt to bid thing draw near, or to bid you bring it. Nothing of the kind, merely that the object first seen in his brain, then before his s, now seems close to his arms, and he has no idea of space ond his reach. Be careful, therefore, to take him about, to move from place to place, and to let him perceive the change in his oundings, so as to teach him to judge of distances.

Vhen he begins to perceive distances then you must change your n, and only carry him when you please, not when he pleases; for soon as he is no longer deceived by his senses, there is another tive for his effort. This change is remarkable and calls for lanation.

he discomfort caused by real needs is shown by signs, when the of others is required. Hence the cries of children; they often ; it must be so. Since they are only conscious of feelings, when se feelings are pleasant they enjoy them in silence; when they

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Of all the senses that of smell is the latest to develop in children; up wo or three years of age they appear to be insensible of pleasant or leasant odours; in this respect they are as indifferent or rather as nsible as many animals.

are painful they say so in their own way and demand relief. No when they are awake they can scarcely be in a state of indifferenc either they are asleep or else they are feeling something.

All our languages are the result of art. It has long been a subjec of inquiry whether there ever was a natural language common to al no doubt there is, and it is the language of children before they begi to speak. This language is inarticulate, but it has tone, stress, an meaning. The use of our own language has led us to neglect it s far as to forget it altogether. Let us study children and we sha soon learn it afresh from them. Nurses can teach us this languag they understand all their nurslings say to them, they answer the and keep up long conversations with them; and though they us words, these words are quite useless. It is not the hearing of th word, but its accompanying intonation that is understood.

To the language of intonation is added the no less forcible languag of gesture. The child uses, not its weak hands, but its face. Th amount of expression in these undeveloped faces is extraordinar their features change from one moment to another with incredib speed. You see smiles, desires, terror, come and go like lightnin every time the face seems different. The muscles of the face a undoubtedly more mobile than our own. On the other hand th eyes are almost expressionless. Such must be the sort of signs the use at an age when their only needs are those of the body. Grimac are the sign of sensation, the glance expresses sentiment.

As man's first state is one of want and weakness, his first soun are cries and tears. The child feels his needs and cannot satis them, he begs for help by his cries. Is he hungry or thirsty? the are tears; is he too cold or too hot? more tears; he needs moveme and is kept quiet, more tears; he wants to sleep and is disturbe he weeps. The less comfortable he is, the more he demands chang He has only one language because he has, so to say, only one kind discomfort. In the imperfect state of his sense organs he does n distinguish their several impressions; all ills produce one feeling sorrow.

These tears, which you think so little worthy of your attentio give rise to the first relation between man and his environmen here is forged the first link in the long chain of social order.

When the child cries he is uneasy, he feels some need which cannot satisfy; you watch him, seek this need, find it, and satis it. If you can neither find it nor satisfy it, the tears continue a become tiresome. The child is petted to quiet him, he is rocked sung to sleep; if he is obstinate, the nurse becomes impatient a threatens him; cruel nurses sometimes strike him. What stran lessons for him at his first entrance into life!

I shall never forget seeing one of these troublesome crying childr thus beaten by his nurse. He was silent at once. I thought he w frightened, and said to myself, “This will be a servile being fro whom nothing can be got but by harshness.” I was wrong, the po wretch was choking with rage, he could not breathe, he was bla he face. A moment later there were bitter cries, every sign of anger, rage, and despair of this age was in his tones. I thought would die. Had I doubted the innate sense of justice and istice in man's heart, this one instance would have convinced me. m sure that a drop of boiling liquid falling by chance on that ld's hand would have hurt him less than that blow, slight in lf, but clearly given with the intention of hurting him.

his tendency to anger, vexation, and rage needs great care. rhaave thinks that most of the diseases of children are of the ure of convulsions, because the head being larger in proportion the nervous system more extensive than in adults, they are re liable to nervous irritation. Take the greatest care to remove n them any servants who tease, annoy, or vex them. They are undredfold more dangerous and more fatal than fresh air and nging seasons. When children only experience resistance in gs and never in the will of man, they do not become rebellious passionate, and their health is better. This is one reason why children of the poor, who are freer and more independent, are erally less frail and weakly, more vigorous than those who are posed to be better brought up by being constantly thwarted; you must always remember that it is one thing to refrain from arting them, but quite another to obey them. The child's first rs are prayers, beware lest they become commands; he begins asking for aid, he ends by demanding service. Thus from his n weakness, the source of his first consciousness of dependence, ngs the later idea of rule and tyranny; but as this idea is aroused her by his needs than by our services, we begin to see moral ults whose causes are not in nature; thus we see how important s, even at the earliest age, to discern the secret meaning of the ture or cry.

Vhen the child tries to seize something without speaking, he thinks can reach the object, for he does not rightly judge its distance; en he cries and stretches out his hands he no longer misjudges distance, he bids the object approach, or orders you to bring it him. In the first case bring it to him slowly; in the second do even seem to hear his cries. The more he cries the less you uld heed him. He must learn in good time not to give com- nds to men, for he is not their master, nor to things, for they nnot hear him. Thus when the child wants something you mean give him, it is better to carry him to it rather than to bring the g to him. From this he will draw a conclusion suited to his age, there is no other way of suggesting it to him.

The Abbé Saint-Pierre calls men big children; one might also call ldren little men. These statements are true, but they require lanation. But when Hobbes calls the wicked a strong child, statement is contradicted by facts. All wickedness comes from akness. The child is only naughty because he is weak; make n strong and he will be good; if we could do everything we should ver do wrong. Of all the attributes of the Almighty, goodness is that which it would be hardest to dissociate from our conception of Him. All nations who have acknowledged a good and an evil power, have always regarded the evil as inferior to the good; otherwise their opinion would have been absurd. Compare this with the creed of the Savoyard clergyman later on in this book.

Reason alone teaches us to know good and evil. Therefore conscience, which makes us love the one and hate the other, though it is independent of reason, cannot develop without it. Before the age of reason we do good or ill without knowing it, and there is no morality in our actions, although there is sometimes in our feeling with regard to other people's actions in relation to ourselves. A child wants to overturn everything he sees. He breaks and smashes everything he can reach; he seizes a bird as he seizes a stone, and strangles it without knowing what he is about.

Why so? In the first place philosophy will account for this by inbred sin, man's pride, love of power, selfishness, spite; perhaps it will say in addition to this that the child's consciousness of his own weakness makes him eager to use his strength, to convince himself of it. But watch that broken down old man reduced in the downward course of life to the weakness of a child; not only is he quiet and peaceful, he would have all about him quiet and peaceful too; the least change disturbs and troubles him, he would like to see universal calm. How is it possible that similar feebleness and similar passions should produce such different effects in age and in infancy, if the original cause were not different? And where can we find this difference in cause except in the bodily condition of the two. The active principle, common to both, is growing in one case and declining in the other; it is being formed in the one and destroyed in the other; one is moving towards life, the other towards death. The failing activity of the old man is centred in his heart, the child's overflowing activity spreads abroad. He feels, if we may say so, strong enough to give life to all about him. To make or to destroy, it is all one to him; change is what he seeks, and all change involves action. If he seems to enjoy destructive activity it is only that it takes time to make things and very little time to break them, so that the work of destruction accords better with his eagerness.

While the Author of nature has given children this activity, He takes care that it shall do little harm by giving them small power to use it. But as soon as they can think of people as tools to be used, they use them to carry out their wishes and to supplement their own weakness. This is how they become tiresome, masterful, imperious, naughty, and unmanageable; a development which does not spring from a natural love of power, but one which has been taught them, for it does not need much experience to realise how pleasant it is to set others to work and to move the world by a word.

As the child grows it gains strength and becomes less restless and unquiet and more independent. Soul and body become better balanced and nature no longer asks for more movement than is uired for self-preservation. But the love of power does not die h the need that aroused it; power arouses and flatters self-love, l habit strengthens it; thus caprice follows upon need, and the t seeds of prejudice and obstinacy are sown.

*irst Maxim.*—Far from being too strong, children are not strong ugh for all the claims of nature. Give them full use of such ength as they have; they will not abuse it.

*econd Maxim.*—Help them and supply the experience and ength they lack whenever the need is of the body.

*hird Maxim.*—In the help you give them confine yourself to at is really needful, without granting anything to caprice or eason; for they will not be tormented by caprice if you do not l it into existence, seeing it is no part of nature.

*ourth Maxim.*—Study carefully their speech and gestures, so t at an age when they are incapable of deceit you may discriminate between those desires which come from nature and those ich spring from perversity.

The spirit of these rules is to give children more real liberty and power, to let them do more for themselves and demand less of ers; so that by teaching them from the first to confine their hes within the limits of their powers they will scarcely feel the nt of whatever is not in their power.

This is another very important reason for leaving children's limbs l bodies perfectly free, only taking care that they do not fall, and ping anything that might hurt them out of their way.

The child whose body and arms are free will certainly cry much than a child tied up in swaddling clothes. He who knows only ily needs, only cries when in pain; and this is a great advantage, then we know exactly when he needs help, and if possible we uld not delay our help for an instant. But if you cannot relieve pain, stay where you are and do not flatter him by way of thing him; your caresses will not cure his colic, but he will member what he must do to win them; and if he once finds out w to gain your attention at will, he is your master; the whole ucation is spoilt.

Their movements being less constrained, children will cry less; wearied with their tears, people will not take so much trouble to eck them. With fewer threats and promises, they will be less id and less obstinate, and will remain more nearly in their natural te. Ruptures are produced less by letting children cry than by means taken to stop them, and my evidence for this is the fact t the most neglected children are less liable to them than others. m very far from wishing that they should be neglected; on the trary, it is of the utmost importance that their wants should be ticipated, so that they need not proclaim their wants by crying. t neither would I have unwise care bestowed on them. Why uld they think it wrong to cry when they find they can get so ch by it? When they have learned the value of their silence they ke good care not to waste it. In the end they will so exaggerate its importance that no one will be able to pay its price; then worn out with crying they become exhausted, and are at length silent.

Prolonged crying on the part of a child neither swaddled nor out of health, a child who lacks nothing, is merely the result of habit or obstinacy. Such tears are no longer the work of nature, but the work of the child's nurse, who could not resist its importunity and so has increased it, without considering that while she quiets the child to-day she is teaching him to cry louder to-morrow.

Moreover, when caprice or obstinacy is the cause of their tears, there is a sure way of stopping them by distracting their attention by some pleasant or conspicuous object which makes them forget that they want to cry. Most nurses excel in this art, and rightly used it is very useful; but it is of the utmost importance that the child should not perceive that you mean to distract his attention, and that he should be amused without suspecting you are thinking about him; now this is what most nurses cannot do.

Most children are weaned too soon. The time to wean them is when they cut their teeth. This generally causes pain and suffering. At this time the child instinctively carries everything he gets hold of to his mouth to chew it. To help forward this process he is given as a plaything some hard object such as ivory or a wolf's tooth. I think this is a mistake. Hard bodies applied to the gums do not soften them; far from it, they make the process of cutting the teeth more difficult and painful. Let us always take instinct as our guide; we never see puppies practising their budding teeth on pebbles, iron, or bones, but on wood, leather, rags, soft materials which yield to their jaws, and on which the tooth leaves its mark.

We can do nothing simply, not even for our children. Toys of silver, gold, coral, cut crystal, rattles of every price and kind; what vain and useless appliances. Away with them all! Let us have no corals or rattles; a small branch of a tree with its leaves and fruit, a stick of liquorice which he may suck and chew, will amuse him as well as these splendid trifles, and they will have this advantage at least, he will not be brought up to luxury from his birth.

It is admitted that pap is not a very wholesome food. Boiled milk and uncooked flour cause gravel and do not suit the stomach. In pap the flour is less thoroughly cooked than in bread and it has not fermented. I think bread and milk or rice-cream are better. If you will have pap, the flour should be lightly cooked beforehand. In my own country they make a very pleasant and wholesome soup from flour thus heated. Meat-broth or soup is not a very suitable food and should be used as little as possible. The child must first get used to chewing his food; this is the right way to bring the teeth through, and when the child begins to swallow, the saliva mixed with the food helps digestion.

I would have them first chew dried fruit or crusts. I should give them as playthings little bits of dry bread or biscuits, like the Piedmont bread, known in the country as "grisses." By dint of softening this bread in the mouth some of it is eventually swallowed,

teeth come through of themselves, and the child is weaned
ost imperceptibly. Peasants have usually very good digestions,
d they are weaned with no more ado.

rom the very first children hear spoken language; we speak to
m before they can understand or even imitate spoken sounds.
e vocal organs are still stiff, and only gradually lend themselves
he reproduction of the sounds heard; it is even doubtful whether
se sounds are heard distinctly as we hear them. The nurse may
use the child with songs and with very merry and varied intona-
n, but I object to her bewildering the child with a multitude of
n words of which it understands nothing but her tone of voice.
ould have the first words he hears few in number, distinctly and
en repeated, while the words themselves should be related to
ngs which can first be shown to the child. That fatal facility in
use of words we do not understand begins earlier than we think.
the schoolroom the scholar listens to the verbiage of his master
he listened in the cradle to the babble of his nurse. I think it
uld be a very useful education to leave him in ignorance of both.
All sorts of ideas crowd in upon us when we try to consider the
velopment of speech and the child's first words. Whatever we
they all learn to talk in the same way, and all philosophical
culations are utterly useless.

To begin with, they have, so to say, a grammar of their own,
ose rules and syntax are more general than our own; if you
end carefully you will be surprised to find how exactly they
low certain analogies, very much mistaken if you like, but very
ular; these forms are only objectionable because of their harsh-
s or because they are not recognised by custom. I have just
rd a child severely scolded by his father for saying, "Mon
e, irai-je-t-y?" Now we see that this child was following the
logy more closely than our grammarians, for as they say to him,
Vas-y," why should he not say, "Irai-je-t-y?" Notice too the
lful way in which he avoids the hiatus in irai-je-y or y-irai-je?
it the poor child's fault that we have so unskilfully deprived the
rase of this determinative adverb "y," because we did not know
at to do with it? It is an intolerable piece of pedantry and most
erfluous attention to detail to make a point of correcting all
ldren's little sins against the customary expression, for they
ays cure themselves with time. Always speak correctly before
m, let them never be so happy with any one as with you, and be
e that their speech will be imperceptibly modelled upon yours
hout any correction on your part.

But a much greater evil, and one far less easy to guard against,
that they are urged to speak too much, as if people were afraid
y would not learn to talk of themselves. This indiscreet zeal
duces an effect directly opposite to what is meant. They speak
er and more confusedly; the extreme attention paid to every-
ng they say makes it unnecessary for them to speak distinctly,
d as they will scarcely open their mouths, many of them contract

a vicious pronunciation and a confused speech, which last all their life and make them almost unintelligible.

I have lived much among peasants, and I never knew one of them lisp, man or woman, boy or girl. Why is this? Are their speech organs differently made from our own? No, but they are differently used. There is a hillock facing my window on which the children of the place assemble for their games. Although they are far enough away, I can distinguish perfectly what they say, and often get good notes for this book. Every day my ear deceives me as to their age. I hear the voices of children of ten; I look and see the height and features of children of three or four. This experience is not confined to me; the townspeople who come to see me, and whom I consult on this point, all fall into the same mistake.

This results from the fact that, up to five or six, children in town, brought up in a room and under the care of a nursery governess, do not need to speak above a whisper to make themselves heard. As soon as their lips move people take pains to make out what they mean; they are taught words which they repeat inaccurately, and by paying great attention to them the people who are always with them rather guess what they meant to say than what they said.

It is quite a different matter in the country. A peasant woman is not always with her child; he is obliged to learn to say very clearly and loudly what he wants, if he is to make himself understood. Children scattered about the fields at a distance from their fathers, mothers and other children, gain practice in making themselves heard at a distance, and in adapting the loudness of the voice to the distance which separates them from those to whom they want to speak. This is the real way to learn pronunciation, not by stammering out a few vowels into the ear of an attentive governess. So when you question a peasant child, he may be too shy to answer, but what he says he says distinctly, while the nurse must serve as interpreter for the town child; without her one can understand nothing of what he is muttering between his teeth.[1]

As they grow older, the boys are supposed to be cured of this fault at college, the girls in the convent schools; and indeed both usually speak more clearly than children brought up entirely at home. But they are prevented from acquiring as clear a pronunciation as the peasants in this way—they are required to learn all sorts of things by heart, and to repeat aloud what they have learnt; for when they are studying they get into the way of gabbling and pronouncing carelessly and ill; it is still worse when they repeat their lessons; they cannot find the right words, they drag out their syllables. This is only possible when the memory hesitates, the ngue does not stammer of itself. Thus they acquire or continue abits of bad pronunciation. Later on you will see that Emile does ot acquire such habits or at least not from this cause.

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[1] There are exceptions to this; and often those children who at first are most difficult to hear, become the noisiest when they begin to raise their voices. But if I were to enter into all these details I should never make an end; every sensible reader ought to see that defect and excess, caused by the same abuse, are both corrected by my method. I regard the two maxims as inseperable — always enough — never too much. When the first is well established, the latter necessarily follows on it.

I grant you uneducated people and villagers often fall into the pposite extreme. They almost always speak too loud; their ronunciation is too exact, and leads to rough and coarse articula- on; their accent is too pronounced, they choose their expressions adly, etc.

But, to begin with, this extreme strikes me as much less dangerous an the other, for the first law of speech is to make oneself under- ood, and the chief fault is to fail to be understood. To pride urselves on having no accent is to pride ourselves on ridding our hrases of strength and elegance. Emphasis is the soul of speech, gives it its feeling and truth. Emphasis deceives less than words; erhaps that is why well-educated people are so afraid of it. From e custom of saying everything in the same tone has arisen that of oking fun at people without their knowing it. When emphasis is roscribed, its place is taken by all sorts of ridiculous, affected, and hemeral pronunciations, such as one observes especially among e young people about court. It is this affectation of speech and anner which makes Frenchmen disagreeable and repulsive to her nations on first acquaintance. Emphasis is found, not in eir speech, but in their bearing. That is not the way to make emselves attractive.

All these little faults of speech, which you are so afraid the ildren will acquire, are mere trifles; they may be prevented or rrected with the greatest ease, but the faults which are taught em when you make them speak in a low, indistinct, and timid ice, when you are always criticising their tone and finding fault ith their words, are never cured. A man who has only learnt to eak in society of fine ladies could not make himself heard at the ead of his troops, and would make little impression on the rabble a riot. First teach the child to speak to men; he will be able to eak to the women when required.

Brought up in all the rustic simplicity of the country, your ildren will gain a more sonorous voice; they will not acquire the esitating stammer of town children, neither will they acquire the xpressions nor the tone of the villagers, or if they do they will asily lose them; their master being with them from their earliest ears, and more and more in their society the older they grow, will e able to prevent or efface by speaking correctly himself the impres- on of the peasants' talk. Emile will speak the purest French I now, but he will speak it more distinctly and with a better articula- on than myself.

The child who is trying to speak should hear nothing but words e can understand, nor should he say words he cannot articulate; is efforts lead him to repeat the same syllable as if he were practising s clear pronunciation. When he begins to stammer, do not try to nderstand him. To expect to be always listened to is a form of tyranny which is not good for the child. See carefully to his real needs, and let him try to make you understand the rest. Still less should you hurry him into speech; he will learn to talk when he feels the want of it.

It has indeed been remarked that those who begin to speak very late never speak so distinctly as others; but it is not because they talked late that they are hesitating; on the contrary, they began to talk late because they hesitate; if not, why did they begin to talk so late? Have they less need of speech, have they been less urged to it? On the contrary, the anxiety aroused with the first suspicion of this backwardness leads people to tease them much more to begin to talk than those who articulated earlier; and this mistaken zeal may do much to make their speech confused, when with less haste they might have had time to bring it to greater perfection.

Children who are forced to speak too soon have no time to learn either to pronounce correctly or to understand what they are made to say; while left to themselves they first practise the easiest syllables, and then, adding to them little by little some meaning which their gestures explain, they teach you their own words before they learn yours. By this means they do not acquire your words till they have understood them. Being in no hurry to use them, they begin by carefully observing the sense in which you use them, and when they are sure of them they adopt them.

The worst evil resulting from the precocious use of speech by young children is that we not only fail to understand the first words they use, we misunderstand them without knowing it; so that while they seem to answer us correctly, they fail to understand us and we them. This is the most frequent cause of our surprise at children's sayings; we attribute to them ideas which they did not attach to their words. This lack of attention on our part to the real meaning which words have for children seems to me the cause of their earliest misconceptions; and these misconceptions, even when corrected, colour their whole course of thought for the rest of their life. I shall have several opportunities of illustrating these by examples later on.

Let the child's vocabulary, therefore, be limited; it is very undesirable that he should have more words than ideas, that he should be able to say more than he thinks. One of the reasons why peasants are generally shrewder than townsfolk is, I think, that their vocabulary is smaller. They have few ideas, but those few are thoroughly grasped.

The infant is progressing in several ways at once; he is learning to talk, eat, and walk about the same time. This is really the first phase of his life. Up till now, he was little more than he was before birth; he had neither feeling nor thought, he was barely capable of sensation; he was unconscious of his own existence.

> "Vivit, et est vitæ nescius ipse suæ."—Ovid.

# BOOK II

e have now reached the second phase of life; infancy, strictly called, is over; for the words *infans* and *puer* are not synonymous. e latter includes the former, which means literally "one who nnot speak;" thus Valerius speaks of *puerum infantem.* But I ll continue to use the word child (French *enfant*) according to custom of our language till an age for which there is another m.

When children begin to talk they cry less. This progress is quite tural; one language supplants another. As soon as they can say t hurts me," why should they cry, unless the pain is too sharp for rds? If they still cry, those about them are to blame. When ce Emile has said, "It hurts me," it will take a very sharp pain to ke him cry.

If the child is delicate and sensitive, if by nature he begins to cry nothing, I let him cry in vain and soon check his tears at their urce. So long as he cries I will not go near him; I come at once en he leaves off crying. He will soon be quiet when he wants to ll me, or rather he will utter a single cry. Children learn the eaning of signs by their effects; they have no other meaning for em. However much a child hurts himself when he is alone, he rely cries, unless he expects to be heard.

Should he fall or bump his head, or make his nose bleed, or cut his ngers, I shall show no alarm, nor shall I make any fuss over him; shall take no notice, at any rate at first. The harm is done; he ust bear it; all my zeal could only frighten him more and make m more nervous. Indeed it is not the blow but the fear of it hich distresses us when we are hurt. I shall spare him this suffer- g at least, for he will certainly regard the injury as he sees me gard it; if he finds that I hasten anxiously to him, if I pity him comfort him, he will think he is badly hurt. If he finds I take no tice, he will soon recover himself, and will think the wound is ealed when it ceases to hurt. This is the time for his first lesson in urage, and by bearing slight ills without fear we gradually learn bear greater.

I shall not take pains to prevent Emile hurting himself; far from I should be vexed if he never hurt himself, if he grew up un- quainted with pain. To bear pain is his first and most useful sson. It seems as if children were small and weak on purpose to ach them these valuable lessons without danger. The child has ch a little way to fall he will not break his leg; if he knocks him- lf with a stick he will not break his arm; if he seizes a sharp knife he will not grasp it tight enough to make a deep wound. So far as I know, no child, left to himself, has ever been known to kill or maim itself, or even to do itself any serious harm, unless it has been foolishly left on a high place, or alone near the fire, or within reach of dangerous weapons. What is there to be said for all the paraphernalia with which the child is surrounded to shield him on every side so that he grows up at the mercy of pain, with neither courage nor experience, so that he thinks he is killed by a pin-prick and faints at the sight of blood?

With our foolish and pedantic methods we are always preventing children from learning what they could learn much better by themselves, while we neglect what we alone can teach them. Can anything be sillier than the pains taken to teach them to walk, as if there were any one who was unable to walk when he grows up through his nurse's neglect? How many we see walking badly all their life because they were ill taught?

Emile shall have no head-pads, no go-carts, no leading-strings; or at least as soon as he can put one foot before another he shall only be supported along pavements, and he shall be taken quickly across them.[1] Instead of keeping him mewed up in a stuffy room, take him out into a meadow every day; let him run about, let him struggle and fall again and again, the oftener the better; he will learn all the sooner to pick himself up. The delights of liberty will make up for many bruises. My pupil will hurt himself oftener than yours, but he will always be merry; your pupils may receive fewer injuries, but they are always thwarted, constrained, and sad. I doubt whether they are any better off.

As their strength increases, children have also less need for tears. They can do more for themselves, they need the help of others less frequently. With strength comes the sense to use it. It is with this second phase that the real personal life has its beginning; it is then that the child becomes conscious of himself. During every moment of his life memory calls up the feeling of self; he becomes really one person, always the same, and therefore capable of joy or sorrow. Hence we must begin to consider him as a moral being.

Although we know approximately the limits of human life and our chances of attaining those limits, nothing is more uncertain than the length of the life of any one of us. Very few reach old age. The chief risks occur at the beginning of life; the shorter our past life, the less we must hope to live. Of all the children who are born scarcely one half reach adolescence, and it is very likely your pupil will not live to be a man.

What is to be thought, therefore, of that cruel education which sacrifices the present to an uncertain future, that burdens a child with all sorts of restrictions and begins by making him miserable, in order to prepare him for some far-off happiness which he may er enjoy? Even if I considered that education wise in its aims, r could I view without indignation those poor wretches subjected n intolerable slavery and condemned like galley-slaves to endless , with no certainty that they will gain anything by it? The age armless mirth is spent in tears, punishments, threats, and slavery. u torment the poor thing for his good; you fail to see that you calling Death to snatch him from these gloomy surroundings. o can say how many children fall victims to the excessive care of ir fathers and mothers? They are happy to escape from this elty; this is all that they gain from the ills they are forced to lure: they die without regretting, having known nothing of life its sorrows.

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[1] There is nothing so absurd and hesitating as the gait of those who have been kept too long in leading-strings when they were little. This is one of the observations which are considered trivial because they are true.

en, be kind to your fellow-men; this is your first duty, kind to ry age and station, kind to all that is not foreign to humanity. at wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness? Love ldhood, indulge its sports, its pleasures, its delightful instincts. o has not sometimes regretted that age when laughter was ever the lips, and when the heart was ever at peace? Why rob these ocents of the joys which pass so quickly, of that precious gift ich they cannot abuse? Why fill with bitterness the fleeting days early childhood, days which will no more return for them than you? Fathers, can you tell when death will call your children him? Do not lay up sorrow for yourselves by robbing them of short span which nature has allotted to them. As soon as they aware of the joy of life, let them rejoice in it, so that whenever d calls them they may not die without having tasted the joy of

How people will cry out against me! I hear from afar the shouts that false wisdom which is ever dragging us onwards, counting present as nothing, and pursuing without a pause a future ich flies as we pursue, that false wisdom which removes us from place and never brings us to any other.

Now is the time, you say, to correct his evil tendencies; we must rease suffering in childhood, when it is less keenly felt, to lessen n manhood. But how do you know that you can carry out all se fine schemes; how do you know that all this fine teaching h which you overwhelm the feeble mind of the child will not do n more harm than good in the future? How do you know that u can spare him anything by the vexations you heap upon him w? Why inflict on him more ills than befit his present condition less you are quite sure that these present ills will save him future And what proof can you give me that those evil tendencies you ofess to cure are not the result of your foolish precautions rather n of nature? What a poor sort of foresight, to make a child etched in the present with the more or less doubtful hope of king him happy at some future day. If such blundering thinkers l to distinguish between liberty and licence, between a merry ld and a spoilt darling, let them learn to discriminate.

Let us not forget what befits our present state in the pursuit of vain fancies. Mankind has its place in the sequence of things childhood has its place in the sequence of human life; the ma must be treated as a man and the child as a child. Give each hi place, and keep him there. Control human passions according t man's nature; that is all we can do for his welfare. The res depends on external forces, which are beyond our control.

Absolute good and evil are unknown to us. In this life they ar blended together; we never enjoy any perfectly pure feeling, no do we remain for more than a moment in the same state. Th feelings of our minds, like the changes in our bodies, are in a continual flux. Good and ill are common to all, but in varying proportions. The happiest is he who suffers least; the most miserable i he who enjoys least. Ever more sorrow than joy—this is the lot o all of us. Man's happiness in this world is but a negative state; i must be reckoned by the fewness of his ills.

Every feeling of hardship is inseparable from the desire to escape from it; every idea of pleasure from the desire to enjoy it. Al desire implies a want, and all wants are painful; hence our wretchedness consists in the disproportion between our desires and ou powers. A conscious being whose powers were equal to his desires would be perfectly happy.

What then is human wisdom? Where is the path of true happiness? The mere limitation of our desires is not enough, for if they were less than our powers, part of our faculties would be idle, and we should not enjoy our whole being; neither is the mere extension of our powers enough, for if our desires were also increased we should only be the more miserable. True happiness consists in decreasing the difference between our desires and our powers, in establishing a perfect equilibrium between the power and the will. Then only, when all its forces are employed, will the soul be at rest and man will find himself in his true position.

In this condition, nature, who does everything for the best, has placed him from the first. To begin with, she gives him only such desires as are necessary for self-preservation and such powers as are sufficient for their satisfaction. All the rest she has stored in his mind as a sort of reserve, to be drawn upon at need. It is only in this primitive condition that we find the equilibrium between desire and power, and then alone man is not unhappy. As soon as his potential powers of mind begin to function, imagination, more powerful than all the rest, awakes, and precedes all the rest. It is imagination which enlarges the bounds of possibility for us, whether for good or ill, and therefore stimulates and feeds desires by the hope of satisfying them. But the object which seemed within our grasp flies quicker than we can follow; when we think we have grasped it, it transforms itself and is again far ahead of us. We no longer perceive the country we have traversed, and we think nothing of it; that which lies before us becomes vaster and stretches still before us. Thus we exhaust our strength, yet never reach our goal, and the nearer we are to pleasure, the further we are from happiness.

On the other hand, the more nearly a man's condition approxi- ates to this state of nature the less difference is there between his sires and his powers, and happiness is therefore less remote. acking everything, he is never less miserable; for misery consists, t in the lack of things, but in the needs which they inspire.

The world of reality has its bounds, the world of imagination is oundless; as we cannot enlarge the one, let us restrict the other; r all the sufferings which really make us miserable arise from the fference between the real and the imaginary. Health, strength, nd a good conscience excepted, all the good things of life are a atter of opinion; except bodily suffering and remorse, all our oes are imaginary. You will tell me this is a commonplace; I mit it, but its practical application is no commonplace, and it is th practice only that we are now concerned.

What do you mean when you say, "Man is weak"? The term eak implies a relation, a relation of the creature to whom it is plied. An insect or a worm whose strength exceeds its needs is rong; an elephant, a lion, a conqueror, a hero, a god himself, hose needs exceed his strength is weak. The rebellious angel ho fought against his own nature was weaker than the happy ortal who is living at peace according to nature. When man is ntent to be himself he is strong indeed; when he strives to be ore than man he is weak indeed. But do not imagine that you n increase your strength by increasing your powers. Not so; if our pride increases more rapidly your strength is diminished. Let measure the extent of our sphere and remain in its centre like the ider in its web; we shall have strength sufficient for our needs, e shall have no cause to lament our weakness, for we shall never aware of it.

The other animals possess only such powers as are required for lf-preservation; man alone has more. Is it not very strange that is superfluity should make him miserable? In every land a man's bour yields more than a bare living. If he were wise enough to sregard this surplus he would always have enough, for he would ver have too much. "Great needs," said Favorin, "spring from eat wealth; and often the best way of getting what we want is to t rid of what we have." By striving to increase our happiness e change it into wretchedness. If a man were content to live, he ould live happy; and he would therefore be good, for what would have to gain by vice?

If we were immortal we should all be miserable; no doubt it is rd to die, but it is sweet to think that we shall not live for ever, nd that a better life will put an end to the sorrows of this world. we had the offer of immortality here below, who would accept the rrowful gift?[1] What resources, what hopes, what consolation ould be left against the cruelties of fate and man's injustice? The norant man never looks before; he knows little of the value of life and does not fear to lose it; the wise man sees things of greater worth and prefers them to it. Half knowledge and sham wisdom set us thinking about death and what lies beyond it; and they thus create the worst of our ills. The wise man bears life's ills all the better because he knows he must die. Life would be too dearly bought did we not know that sooner or later death will end it.

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[1] You understand I am speaking of those who think, and not of the owd.

Our moral ills are the result of prejudice, crime alone excepted, and that depends on ourselves; our bodily ills either put an end to themselves or to us. Time or death will cure them, but the less we know how to bear it, the greater is our pain, and we suffer more in our efforts to cure our diseases than if we endured them. Live according to nature; be patient, get rid of the doctors; you will not escape death, but you will only die once, while the doctors make you die daily through your diseased imagination; their lying art, instead of prolonging your days, robs you of all delight in them. I am always asking what real good this art has done to mankind. True, the doctors cure some who would have died, but they kill millions who would have lived. If you are wise you will decline to take part in this lottery when the odds are so great against you. Suffer, die, or get better; but whatever you do, live while you are alive.

Human institutions are one mass of folly and contradiction. As our life loses its value we set a higher price upon it. The old regret life more than the young; they do not want to lose all they have spent in preparing for its enjoyment. At sixty it is cruel to die when one has not begun to live. Man is credited with a strong desire for self-preservation, and this desire exists; but we fail to perceive that this desire, as felt by us, is largely the work of man. In a natural state man is only eager to preserve his life while he has the means for its preservation; when self-preservation is no longer possible, he resigns himself to his fate and dies without vain torments. Nature teaches us the first law of resignation. Savages, like wild beasts, make very little struggle against death, and meet it almost without a murmur. When this natural law is overthrown reason establishes another, but few discern it, and man's resignation is never so complete as nature's.

Prudence! Prudence which is ever bidding us look forward into the future, a future which in many cases we shall never reach; here is the real source of all our troubles! How mad it is for so short-lived a creature as man to look forward into a future to which he rarely attains, while he neglects the present which is his? this madness is all the more fatal since it increases with years, and the old, always timid, prudent, and miserly, prefer to do without necessaries to-day that they may have luxuries at a hundred. Thus we grasp everything, we cling to everything; we are anxious about time, place, people, things, all that is and will be; we ourselves are but the least part of ourselves. We spread ourselves, so to speak, over the whole world, and all this vast expanse becomes sensitive. No wonder our woes increase when we may be wounded on every side. How ny princes make themselves miserable for the loss of lands they ver saw, and how many merchants lament in Paris over some sfortune in the Indies!

Is it nature that carries men so far from their real selves? Is it r will that each should learn his fate from others and even be the st to learn it; so that a man dies happy or miserable before he ows what he is about. There is a healthy, cheerful, strong, and gorous man; it does me good to see him; his eyes tell of content d well-being; he is the picture of happiness. A letter comes by st; the happy man glances at it, it is addressed to him, he opens and reads it. In a moment he is changed, he turns pale and falls to a swoon. When he comes to himself he weeps, laments, and oans, he tears his hair, and his shrieks re-echo through the air. u would say he was in convulsions. Fool, what harm has this t of paper done you? What limb has it torn away? What crime s it made you commit? What change has it wrought in you to duce you to this state of misery?

Had the letter miscarried, had some kindly hand thrown it into e fire, it strikes me that the fate of this mortal, at once happy and nhappy, would have offered us a strange problem. His misfortunes, u say, were real enough. Granted; but he did not feel them. hat of that? His happiness was imaginary. I admit it; health, alth, a contented spirit, are mere dreams. We no longer live in r own place, we live outside it. What does it profit us to live in ch fear of death, when all that makes life worth living is our own?

Oh, man! live your own life and you will no longer be wretched. eep to your appointed place in the order of nature and nothing n tear you from it. Do not kick against the stern law of necessity, r waste in vain resistance the strength bestowed on you by aven, not to prolong or extend your existence, but to preserve it far and so long as heaven pleases. Your freedom and your wer extend as far and no further than your natural strength; ything more is but slavery, deceit, and trickery. Power itself is rvile when it depends upon public opinion; for you are dependent the prejudices of others when you rule them by means of those ejudices. To lead them as you will, they must be led as they ill. They have only to change their way of thinking and you are rced to change your course of action. Those who approach you ed only contrive to sway the opinions of those you rule, or of e favourite by whom you are ruled, or those of your own family theirs. Had you the genius of Themistocles,[1] viziers, courtiers, iests, soldiers, servants, babblers, the very children themselves, ould lead you like a child in the midst of your legions. Whatever you do, your actual authority can never extend beyond your own powers. As soon as you are obliged to see with another's eyes you must will what he wills. You say with pride, "My people are my subjects." Granted, but what are you? The subject of your ministers. And your ministers, what are they? The subjects of their clerks, their mistresses, the servants of their servants. Grasp all, usurp all, and then pour out your silver with both hands; set up your batteries, raise the gallows and the wheel; make laws, issue proclamations, multiply your spies, your soldiers, your hangmen, your prisons, and your chains. Poor little men, what good does it do you? You will be no better served, you will be none the less robbed and deceived, you will be no nearer absolute power. You will say continually, "It is our will," and you will continually do the will of others.

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[1] "You see that little boy," said Themistocles to his friends, "the fate Greece is in his hands, for he rules his mother and his mother rules me, rule the Athenians and the Athenians rule the Greeks." What petty eatures we should often find controlling great empires if we traced the urse of power from the prince to those who secretly put that power in otion.

There is only one man who gets his own way—he who can get it single-handed; therefore freedom, not power, is the greatest good. That man is truly free who desires what he is able to perform, and does what he desires. This is my fundamental maxim. Apply it to childhood, and all the rules of education spring from it.

Society has enfeebled man, not merely by robbing him of the right to his own strength, but still more by making his strength insufficient for his needs. This is why his desires increase in proportion to his weakness; and this is why the child is weaker than the man. If a man is strong and a child is weak it is not because the strength of the one is absolutely greater than the strength of the other, but because the one can naturally provide for himself and the other cannot. Thus the man will have more desires and the child more caprices, a word which means, I take it, desires which are not true needs, desires which can only be satisfied with the help of others.

I have already given the reason for this state of weakness. Parental affection is nature's provision against it; but parental affection may be carried to excess, it may be wanting, or it may be ill applied. Parents who live under our ordinary social conditions bring their child into these conditions too soon. By increasing his needs they do not relieve his weakness; they rather increase it. They further increase it by demanding of him what nature does not demand, by subjecting to their will what little strength he has to further his own wishes, by making slaves of themselves or of him instead of recognising that mutual dependence which should result from his weakness or their affection.

The wise man can keep his own place; but the child who does not know what his place is, is unable to keep it. There are a thousand ways out of it, and it is the business of those who have charge of the child to keep him in his place, and this is no easy task. He should be neither beast nor man, but a child. He must feel his weakness, but not suffer through it; he must be dependent, but he must not obey; he must ask, not command. He is only subject to others because of his needs, and because they see better than he what he really needs, what may help or hinder his existence. No one, not n his father, has the right to bid the child do what is of no use to n.

When our natural tendencies have not been interfered with by man prejudice and human institutions, the happiness alike of ldren and of men consists in the enjoyment of their liberty. But child's liberty is restricted by his lack of strength. He who does he likes is happy provided he is self-sufficing; it is so with the n who is living in a state of nature. He who does what he likes not happy if his desires exceed his strength; it is so with a child like conditions. Even in a state of nature children only enjoy imperfect liberty, like that enjoyed by men in social life. Each us, unable to dispense with the help of others, becomes so far ak and wretched. We were meant to be men, laws and customs ust us back into infancy. The rich and great, the very kings mselves are but children; they see that we are ready to relieve ir misery; this makes them childishly vain, and they are quite ud of the care bestowed on them, a care which they would never t if they were grown men.

These are weighty considerations, and they provide a solution for the conflicting problems of our social system. There are two ds of dependence: dependence on things, which is the work of ture; and dependence on men, which is the work of society. pendence on things, being non-moral, does no injury to liberty d begets no vices; dependence on men, being out of order,[1] gives e to every kind of vice, and through this master and slave become tually depraved. If there is any cure for this social evil, it is be found in the substitution of law for the individual; in arming e general will with a real strength beyond the power of any dividual will. If the laws of nations, like the laws of nature, uld never be broken by any human power, dependence on men uld become dependence on things; all the advantages of a state nature would be combined with all the advantages of social life the commonwealth. The liberty which preserves a man from e would be united with the morality which raises him to virtue.

Keep the child dependent on things only. By this course of ucation you will have followed the order of nature. Let his reasonable wishes meet with physical obstacles only, or the nishment which results from his own actions, lessons which will recalled when the same circumstances occur again. It is enough prevent him from wrong doing without forbidding him to do rong. Experience or lack of power should take the place of law. ve him, not what he wants, but what he needs. Let there be no estion of obedience for him or tyranny for you. Supply the ength he lacks just so far as is required for freedom, not for wer, so that he may receive your services with a sort of shame, d look forward to the time when he may dispense with them and y achieve the honour of self-help.

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[1] In my *Principles of Political Law* it is proved that no private will can ordered in the social system.

Nature provides for the child's growth in her own fashion, and this should never be thwarted. Do not make him sit still when he wants to run about, nor run when he wants to be quiet. If we did not spoil our children's wills by our blunders their desires would be free from caprice. Let them run, jump, and shout to their heart's content. All their own activities are instincts of the body for its growth in strength; but you should regard with suspicion those wishes which they cannot carry out for themselves, those which others must carry out for them. Then you must distinguish carefully between natural and artificial needs, between the needs of budding caprice and the needs which spring from the overflowing life just described.

I have already told you what you ought to do when a child cries for this thing or that. I will only add that as soon as he has words to ask for what he wants and accompanies his demands with tears, either to get his own way quicker or to over-ride a refusal, he should never have his way. If his words were prompted by a real need you should recognise it and satisfy it at once; but to yield to his tears is to encourage him to cry, to teach him to doubt your kindness, and to think that you are influenced more by his importunity than your own good-will. If he does not think you kind he will soon think you unkind; if he thinks you weak he will soon become obstinate; what you mean to give must be given at once. Be chary of refusing, but, having refused, do not change your mind.

Above all, beware of teaching the child empty phrases of politeness, which serve as spells to subdue those around him to his will, and to get him what he wants at once. The artificial education of the rich never fails to make them politely imperious, by teaching them the words to use so that no one will dare to resist them. Their children have neither the tone nor the manner of suppliants; they are as haughty or even more haughty in their entreaties than in their commands, as though they were more certain to be obeyed. You see at once that "If you please" means "It pleases me," and "I beg" means "I command." What a fine sort of politeness which only succeeds in changing the meaning of words so that every word is a command! For my own part, I would rather Emile were rude than haughty, that he should say "Do this" as a request, rather than "Please" as a command. What concerns me is his meaning, not his words.

There is such a thing as excessive severity as well as excessive indulgence, and both alike should be avoided. If you let children suffer you risk their health and life; you make them miserable now; if you take too much pains to spare them every kind of uneasiness you are laying up much misery for them in the future; you are making them delicate and over-sensitive; you are taking them out of their place among men, a place to which they must sooner or later return, in spite of all your pains. You will say I am falling into the same mistake as those bad fathers whom I blamed for ificing the present happiness of their children to a future which y never be theirs.

ot so; for the liberty I give my pupil makes up for the slight dships to which he is exposed. I see little fellows playing in the w, stiff and blue with cold, scarcely able to stir a finger. They ld go and warm themselves if they chose, but they do not choose; ou forced them to come in they would feel the harshness of straint a hundredfold more than the sharpness of the cold. en what becomes of your grievance? Shall I make your child erable by exposing him to hardships which he is perfectly ready endure? I secure his present good by leaving him his freedom, l his future good by arming him against the evils he will have to r. If he had his choice, would he hesitate for a moment between n and me?

o you think any man can find true happiness elsewhere than in natural state; and when you try to spare him all suffering, are n not taking him out of his natural state? Indeed I maintain t to enjoy great happiness he must experience slight ills; such is nature. Too much bodily prosperity corrupts the morals. A n who knew nothing of suffering would be incapable of ten- ness towards his fellow-creatures and ignorant of the joys of y; he would be hard-hearted, unsocial, a very monster among n.

Do you know the surest way to make your child miserable? Let n have everything he wants; for as his wants increase in propor- n to the ease with which they are satisfied, you will be compelled, ner or later, to refuse his demands, and this unlooked-for refusal ll hurt him more than the lack of what he wants. He will want ur stick first, then your watch, the bird that flies, or the star that nes above him. He will want all he sets eyes on, and unless you re God himself, how could you satisfy him?

Man naturally considers all that he can get as his own. In this se Hobbes' theory is true to a certain extent: Multiply both our hes and the means of satisfying them, and each will be master all. Thus the child, who has only to ask and have, thinks him- f the master of the universe; he considers all men as his slaves; d when you are at last compelled to refuse, he takes your refusal an act of rebellion, for he thinks he has only to command. All e reasons you give him, while he is still too young to reason, are many pretences in his eyes; they seem to him only unkindness; e sense of injustice embitters his disposition; he hates every e. Though he has never felt grateful for kindness, he resents all position.

How should I suppose that such a child can ever be happy? He the slave of anger, a prey to the fiercest passions. Happy! He a tyrant, at once the basest of slaves and the most wretched of eatures. I have known children brought up like this who ex- cted you to knock the house down, to give them the weather-cock the steeple, to stop a regiment on the march so that they might listen to the band; when they could not get their way they screamed and cried and would pay no attention to any one. In vain everybody strove to please them; as their desires were stimulated by the ease with which they got their own way, they set their hearts on impossibilities, and found themselves face to face with opposition and difficulty, pain and grief. Scolding, sulking, or in a rage, they wept and cried all day. Were they really so greatly favoured? Weakness, combined with love of power, produces nothing but folly and suffering. One spoilt child beats the table; another whips the sea. They may beat and whip long enough before they find contentment.

If their childhood is made wretched by these notions of power and tyranny, what of their manhood, when their relations with their fellow-men begin to grow and multiply? They are used to find everything give way to them; what a painful surprise to enter society and meet with opposition on every side, to be crushed beneath the weight of a universe which they expected to move at will. Their insolent manners, their childish vanity, only draw down upon them mortification, scorn, and mockery; they swallow insults like water; sharp experience soon teaches them that they have realised neither their position nor their strength. As they cannot do everything, they think they can do nothing. They are daunted by unexpected obstacles, degraded by the scorn of men; they become base, cowardly, and deceitful, and fall as far below their true level as they formerly soared above it.

Let us come back to the primitive law. Nature has made children helpless and in need of affection; did she make them to be obeyed and feared? Has she given them an imposing manner, a stern eye, a loud and threatening voice with which to make themselves feared? I understand how the roaring of the lion strikes terror into the other beasts, so that they tremble when they behold his terrible mane, but of all unseemly, hateful, and ridiculous sights, was there ever anything like a body of statesmen in their robes of office with their chief at their head bowing down before a swaddled babe, addressing him in pompous phrases, while he cries and slavers in reply?

If we consider childhood itself, is there anything so weak and wretched as a child, anything so utterly at the mercy of those about it, so dependent on their pity, their care, and their affection? Does it not seem as if his gentle face and touching appearance were intended to interest every one on behalf of his weakness and to make them eager to help him? And what is there more offensive, more unsuitable, than the sight of a sulky or imperious child, who commands those about him, and impudently assumes the tones of a master towards those without whom he would perish?

On the other hand, do you not see how children are fettered by the weakness of infancy? Do you not see how cruel it is to increase this servitude by obedience to our caprices, by depriving them of such liberty as they have? a liberty which they can scarcely abuse, a liberty the loss of which will do so little good to them or us. If re is nothing more ridiculous than a haughty child, there is hing that claims our pity like a timid child. With the age of son the child becomes the slave of the community; then why estall this by slavery in the home? Let this brief hour of life be from a yoke which nature has not laid upon it; leave the child use of his natural liberty, which, for a time at least, secures him m the vices of the slave. Bring me those harsh masters, and se fathers who are the slaves of their children, bring them both h their frivolous objections, and before they boast of their own thods let them for once learn the method of nature.

return to practical matters. I have already said your child st not get what he asks, but what he needs;[1] he must never act m obedience, but from necessity.

The very words *obey* and *command* will be excluded from his abulary, still more those of *duty* and *obligation;* but the words ngth, necessity, weakness, and constraint must have a large ce in it. Before the age of reason it is impossible to form any a of moral beings or social relations; so avoid, as far as may be, use of words which express these ideas, lest the child at an early should attach wrong ideas to them, ideas which you cannot or l not destroy when he is older. The first mistaken idea he gets o his head is the germ of error and vice; it is the first step that ds watching. Act in such a way that while he only notices ernal objects his ideas are confined to sensations; let him only the physical world around him. If not, you may be sure that ner he will pay no heed to you at all, or he will form fantastic as of the moral world of which you prate, ideas which you will ver efface as long as he lives.

Reason with children" was Locke's chief maxim; it is in the ght of fashion at present, and I hardly think it is justified by its ults; those children who have been constantly reasoned with ike me as exceedingly silly. Of all man's faculties, reason, which so to speak, compounded of all the rest, is the last and choicest wth, and it is this you would use for the child's early training. make a man reasonable is the coping stone of a good education, l yet you profess to train a child through his reason! You begin the wrong end, you make the end the means. If children under- od reason they would not need education, but by talking to them m their earliest age in a language they do not understand you ustom them to be satisfied with words, to question all that is d to them, to think themselves as wise as their teachers; you in them to be argumentative and rebellious; and whatever you think you gain from motives of reason, you really gain from greediness, fear, or vanity with which you are obliged to reinforce your reasoning.

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[1] We must recognise that pain is often necessary, pleasure is sometimes ded. So there is only one of the child's desires which should never be nplied with, the desire for power. Hence, whenever they ask for thing we must pay special attention to their motive in asking. As as possible give them everything they ask for, provided it can really e them pleasure; refuse everything they demand from mere caprice love of power.

Most of the moral lessons which are and can be given to children may be reduced to this formula:

*Master.* You must not do that.
*Child.* Why not?
*Master.* Because it is wrong.
*Child.* Wrong! What is wrong?
*Master.* What is forbidden you.
*Child.* Why is it wrong to do what is forbidden?
*Master.* You will be punished for disobedience.
*Child.* I will do it when no one is looking.
*Master.* We shall watch you.
*Child.* I will hide.
*Master.* We shall ask you what you were doing.
*Child.* I shall tell a lie.
*Master.* You must not tell lies.
*Child.* Why must not I tell lies?
*Master.* Because it is wrong, etc.

That is the inevitable circle. Go beyond it, and the child will not understand you. What sort of use is there in such teaching? I should greatly like to know what you would substitute for this dialogue. It would have puzzled Locke himself. It is no part of a child's business to know right and wrong, to perceive the reason for a man's duties.

Nature would have them children before they are men. If we try to invert this order we shall produce a forced fruit immature and flavourless, fruit which will be rotten before it is ripe; we shall have young doctors and old children. Childhood has its own ways of seeing, thinking, and feeling; nothing is more foolish than to try and substitute our ways; and I should no more expect judgment in a ten-year-old child than I should expect him to be five feet high. Indeed, what use would reason be to him at that age? It is the curb of strength, and the child does not need the curb.

When you try to persuade your scholars of the duty of obedience, you add to this so-called persuasion compulsion and threats, or still worse, flattery and bribes. Attracted by selfishness or constrained by force, they pretend to be convinced by reason. They see as soon as you do that obedience is to their advantage and disobedience to their disadvantage. But as you only demand disagreeable things of them, and as it is always disagreeable to do another's will, they hide themselves so that they may do as they please, persuaded that they are doing no wrong so long as they are not found out, but ready, if found out, to own themselves in the wrong for fear of worse evils. The reason for duty is beyond their age, and there is not a man in the world who could make them really aware of it; but the fear of punishment, the hope of forgiveness, importunity, the difficulty of answering, wrings from them as many confessions ou want; and you think you have convinced them when you have y wearied or frightened them.

What does it all come to? In the first place, by imposing on m a duty which they fail to recognise, you make them disinclined ubmit to your tyranny, and you turn away their love; you teach m deceit, falsehood, and lying as a way to gain rewards or escape nishment; then by accustoming them to conceal a secret motive der the cloak of an apparent one, you yourself put into their nds the means of deceiving you, of depriving you of a knowledge their real character, of answering you and others with empty rds whenever they have the chance. Laws, you say, though ding on conscience, exercise the same constraint over grown-up n. That is so, but what are these men but children spoilt by ucation? This is just what you should avoid. Use force with ldren and reasoning with men; this is the natural order; the e man needs no laws.

Treat your scholar according to his age. Put him in his place m the first, and keep him in it, so that he no longer tries to leave Then before he knows what goodness is, he will be practising chief lesson. Give him no orders at all, absolutely none. Do even let him think that you claim any authority over him. him only know that he is weak and you are strong, that his dition and yours puts him at your mercy; let this be perceived, rned, and felt. Let him early find upon his proud neck, the vy yoke which nature has imposed upon us, the heavy yoke of essity, under which every finite being must bow. Let him find necessity in things, not in the caprices[1] of man; let the curb be ce, not authority. If there is something he should not do, do forbid him, but prevent him without explanation or reasoning; at you give him, give it at his first word without prayers or reaties, above all without conditions. Give willingly, refuse willingly, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let no entreaties ve you; let your "No," once uttered, be a wall of brass, against ich the child may exhaust his strength some five or six times, in the end he will try no more to overthrow it.

Thus you will make him patient, equable, calm, and resigned, n when he does not get all he wants; for it is in man's nature to r patiently with the nature of things, but not with the ill-will of ther. A child never rebels against, "There is none left," unless thinks the reply is false. Moreover, there is no middle course; must either make no demands on him at all, or else you must mon him to perfect obedience. The worst education of all is to ve him hesitating between his own will and yours, constantly uting whether you or he is master; I would rather a hundred es that he were master.

t is very strange that ever since people began to think about education they should have hit upon no other way of guiding children than emulation, jealousy, envy, vanity, greediness, base cowardice, all the most dangerous passions, passions ever ready to ferment, ever prepared to corrupt the soul even before the body is full-grown. With every piece of precocious instruction which you try to force into their minds you plant a vice in the depths of their hearts; foolish teachers think they are doing wonders when they are making their scholars wicked in order to teach them what goodness is, and then they tell us seriously, "Such is man." Yes, such is man, as you have made him. Every means has been tried except one, the very one which might succeed — well-regulated liberty. Do not undertake to bring up a child if you cannot guide him merely by the laws of what can or cannot be. The limits of the possible and the impossible are alike unknown to him, so they can be extended or contracted around him at your will. Without a murmur he is restrained, urged on, held back, by the hands of necessity alone; he is made adaptable and teachable by the mere force of things, without any chance for vice to spring up in him; for passions do not arise so long as they have accomplished nothing.

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[1] You may be sure the child will regard as caprice any will which oses his own or any will which he does not understand. Now the d does not understand anything which interferes with his own fancies.

Give your scholar no verbal lessons; he should be taught by experience alone; never punish him, for he does not know what it is to do wrong; never make him say, "Forgive me," for he does not know how to do you wrong. Wholly unmoral in his actions, he can do nothing morally wrong, and he deserves neither punishment nor reproof.

Already I see the frightened reader comparing this child with those of our time; he is mistaken. The perpetual restraint imposed upon your scholars stimulates their activity; the more subdued they are in your presence, the more boisterous they are as soon as they are out of your sight. They must make amends to themselves in some way or other for the harsh constraint to which you subject them. Two schoolboys from the town will do more damage in the country than all the children of the village. Shut up a young gentleman and a young peasant in a room; the former will have upset and smashed everything before the latter has stirred from his place. Why is that, unless that the one hastens to misuse a moment's licence, while the other, always sure of freedom, does not use it rashly. And yet the village children, often flattered or constrained, are still very far from the state in which I would have them kept

Let us lay it down as an incontrovertible rule that the first impulses of nature are always right; there is no original sin in the human heart, the how and why of the entrance of every vice can be traced. The only natural passion is self-love or selfishness taken in a wider sense. This selfishness is good in itself and in relation to ourselves; and as the child has no necessary relations to other people he is naturally indifferent to them; his self-love only becomes good or bad by the use made of it and the relations established by its means. Until the time is ripe for the appearance of reason, that guide of selfishness, the main thing is that the child shall do nothing ause you are watching him or listening to him; in a word, nothing ause of other people, but only what nature asks of him; then he l never do wrong.

I do not mean to say that he will never do any mischief, never rt himself, never break a costly ornament if you leave it within reach. He might do much damage without doing wrong, since ong-doing depends on the harmful intention which will never be . If once he meant to do harm, his whole education would be ned; he would be almost hopelessly bad.

Greed considers some things wrong which are not wrong in the es of reason. When you leave free scope to a child's heedlessness, u must put anything he could spoil out of his way, and leave thing fragile or costly within his reach. Let the room be furnished th plain and solid furniture; no mirrors, china, or useless orna- ents. My pupil Emile, who is brought up in the country, shall ve a room just like a peasant's. Why take such pains to adorn it en he will be so little in it? I am mistaken, however; he will nament it for himself, and we shall soon see how.

But if, in spite of your precautions, the child contrives to do some mage, if he breaks some useful article, do not punish him for your relessness, do not even scold him; let him hear no word of reproval, not even let him see that he has vexed you; behave just as if e thing had come to pieces of itself; you may consider you have ne great things if you have managed to hold your tongue.

May I venture at this point to state the greatest, the most im- rtant, the most useful rule of education? It is: Do not save ne, but lose it. I hope that every-day readers will excuse my radoxes; you cannot avoid paradox if you think for yourself, d whatever you may say I would rather fall into paradox than o prejudice. The most dangerous period in human life lies tween birth and the age of twelve. It is the time when errors d vices spring up, while as yet there is no means to destroy them; en the means of destruction are ready, the roots have gone too ep to be pulled up. If the infant sprang at one bound from its ther's breast to the age of reason, the present type of education uld be quite suitable, but its natural growth calls for quite a ferent training. The mind should be left undisturbed till its ulties have developed; for while it is blind it cannot see the rch you offer it, nor can it follow through the vast expanse of eas a path so faintly traced by reason that the best eyes can arcely follow it.

Therefore the education of the earliest years should be merely gative. It consists, not in teaching virtue or truth, but in eserving the heart from vice and from the spirit of error. If only u could let well alone, and get others to follow your example; if u could bring your scholar to the age of twelve strong and althy, but unable to tell his right hand from his left, the eyes of e understanding would be open to reason as soon as you began to ach him. Free from prejudices and free from habits, there would be nothing in him to counteract the effects of your labours. In your hands he would soon become the wisest of men; by doing nothing to begin with, you would end with a prodigy of education.

Reverse the usual practice and you will almost always do right. Fathers and teachers who want to make the child, not a child but a man of learning, think it never too soon to scold, correct, reprove, threaten, bribe, teach, and reason. Do better than they; be reasonable, and do not reason with your pupil, more especially do not try to make him approve what he dislikes; for if reason is always connected with disagreeable matters, you make it distasteful to him, you discredit it at an early age in a mind not yet ready to understand it. Exercise his body, his limbs, his senses, his strength, but keep his mind idle as long as you can. Distrust all opinions which appear before the judgment to discriminate between them. Restrain and ward off strange impressions; and to prevent the birth of evil do not hasten to do well, for goodness is only possible when enlightened by reason. Regard all delays as so much time gained; you have achieved much, you approach the boundary without loss. Leave childhood to ripen in your children. In a word, beware of giving anything they need to-day if it can be deferred without danger to to-morrow.

There is another point to be considered which confirms the suitability of this method: it is the child's individual bent, which must be thoroughly known before we can choose the fittest moral training. Every mind has its own form, in accordance with which it must be controlled; and the success of the pains taken depends largely on the fact that he is controlled in this way and no other. Oh, wise man, take time to observe nature; watch your scholar well before you say a word to him; first leave the germ of his character free to show itself, do not constrain him in anything, the better to see him as he really is. Do you think this time of liberty is wasted? On the contrary, your scholar will be the better employed, for this is the way you yourself will learn not to lose a single moment when time is of more value. If, however, you begin to act before you know what to do, you act at random; you may make mistakes, and must retrace your steps; your haste to reach your goal will only take you further from it. Do not imitate the miser who loses much lest he should lose a little. Sacrifice a little time in early childhood, and it will be repaid you with usury when your scholar is older. The wise physician does not hastily give prescriptions at first sight, but he studies the constitution of the sick man before he prescribes anything; the treatment is begun later, but the patient is cured, while the hasty doctor kills him.

But where shall we find a place for our child so as to bring him up as a senseless being, an automaton? Shall we keep him in the moon, or on a desert island? Shall we remove him from human society? Will he not always have around him the sight and the pattern of the passions of other people? Will he never see children of his own age? Will he not see his parents, his neighbours, his nurse, his erness, his man-servant, his tutor himself, who after all will not an angel? Here we have a real and serious objection. But did ell you that an education according to nature would be an easy k? Oh, men! is it my fault that you have made all good things ficult? I admit that I am aware of these difficulties; perhaps y are insuperable; but nevertheless it is certain that we do to ne extent avoid them by trying to do so. I am showing what should try to attain, I do not say we can attain it, but I do say t whoever comes nearest to it is nearest to success.

Remember you must be a man yourself before you try to train a n; you yourself must set the pattern he shall copy. While the ld is still unconscious there is time to prepare his surroundings, that nothing shall strike his eye but what is fit for his sight. in the respect of every one, begin to win their hearts, so that they y try to please you. You will not be master of the child if you nnot control every one about him; and this authority will never fice unless it rests upon respect for your goodness. There is no estion of squandering one's means and giving money right and t; I never knew money win love. You must neither be harsh r niggardly, nor must you merely pity misery when you can ieve it; but in vain will you open your purse if you do not open ur heart along with it, the hearts of others will always be closed you. You must give your own time, attention, affection, your y self; for whatever you do, people always perceive that your ney is not you. There are proofs of kindly interest which pro- e more results and are really more useful than any gift; how ny of the sick and wretched have more need of comfort than of rity; how many of the oppressed need protection rather than ney? Reconcile those who are at strife, prevent lawsuits; line children to duty, fathers to kindness; promote happy rriages; prevent annoyances; freely use the credit of your pupil's rents on behalf of the weak who cannot obtain justice, the weak o are oppressed by the strong. Be just, human, kindly. Do t give alms alone, give charity; works of mercy do more than ney for the relief of suffering; love others and they will love you; ve them and they will serve you; be their brother and they will your children.

This is one reason why I want to bring up Emile in the country, from those miserable lacqueys, the most degraded of men cept their masters; far from the vile morals of the town, whose ded surface makes them seductive and contagious to children; ile the vices of peasants, unadorned and in their naked grossness, more fitted to repel than to seduce, when there is no motive for itating them.

In the village a tutor will have much more control over the things wishes to show the child; his reputation, his words, his example, l have a weight they would never have in the town; he is of use every one, so every one is eager to oblige him, to win his esteem, appear before the disciple what the master would have him be;

if vice is not corrected, public scandal is at least avoided, which is all that our present purpose requires.

Cease to blame others for your own faults; children are corrupted less by what they see than by your own teaching. With your endless preaching, moralising, and pedantry, for one idea you give your scholars, believing it to be good, you give them twenty more which are good for nothing; you are full of what is going on in your own minds, and you fail to see the effect you produce on theirs. In the continual flow of words with which you overwhelm them, do you think there is none which they get hold of in a wrong sense? Do you suppose they do not make their own comments on your long-winded explanations, that they do not find material for the construction of a system they can understand—one which they will use against you when they get the chance?

Listen to a little fellow who has just been under instruction; let him chatter freely, ask questions, and talk at his ease, and you will be surprised to find the strange forms your arguments have assumed in his mind; he confuses everything, and turns everything topsy-turvy; you are vexed and grieved by his unforeseen objections; he reduces you to be silent yourself or to silence him: and what can he think of silence in one who is so fond of talking? If ever he gains this advantage and is aware of it, farewell education; from that moment all is lost; he is no longer trying to learn, he is trying to refute you.

Zealous teachers, be simple, sensible, and reticent; be in no hurry to act unless to prevent the actions of others. Again and again I say, reject, if it may be, a good lesson for fear of giving a bad one. Beware of playing the tempter in this world, which nature intended as an earthly paradise for men, and do not attempt to give the innocent child the knowledge of good and evil; since you cannot prevent the child learning by what he sees outside himself, restrict your own efforts to impressing those examples on his mind in the form best suited for him.

The explosive passions produce a great effect upon the child when he sees them; their outward expression is very marked; he is struck by this and his attention is arrested. Anger especially is so noisy in its rage that it is impossible not to perceive it if you are within reach. You need not ask yourself whether this is an opportunity for a pedagogue to frame a fine disquisition. What! no fine disquisition, nothing, not a word! Let the child come to you; impressed by what he has seen, he will not fail to ask you questions. The answer is easy; it is drawn from the very things which have appealed to his senses. He sees a flushed face, flashing eyes, a threatening gesture, he hears cries; everything shows that the body is ill at ease. Tell him plainly, without affectation or mystery, "This poor man is ill, he is in a fever." You may take the opportunity of giving him in a few words some idea of disease and its effects; for that too belongs to nature, and is one of the bonds of necessity which he must recognise. By means of this idea, which s not false in itself, may he not early acquire a certain aversion to giving way to excessive passions, which he regards as diseases; and do you not think that such a notion, given at the right moment, will produce a more wholesome effect than the most tedious sermon? But consider the after effects of this idea; you have authority, if ever you find it necessary, to treat the rebellious child as a sick child; to keep him in his room, in bed if need be, to diet him, to make him afraid of his growing vices, to make him hate and dread them without ever regarding as a punishment the strict measures you will perhaps have to use for his recovery. If it happens that you yourself in a moment's heat depart from the calm and self-control which you should aim at, do not try to conceal your fault, but tell him frankly, with a gentle reproach, "My dear, you have hurt me."

Moreover, it is a matter of great importance that no notice should be taken in his presence of the quaint sayings which result from the simplicity of the ideas in which he is brought up, nor should they be quoted in a way he can understand. A foolish laugh may destroy six months' work and do irreparable damage for life. I cannot repeat too often that to control the child one must often control oneself.

I picture my little Emile at the height of a dispute between two neighbours going up to the fiercest of them and saying in a tone of pity, "You are ill, I am very sorry for you." This speech will no doubt have its effect on the spectators and perhaps on the disputants. Without laughter, scolding, or praise I should take him away, willing or no, before he could see this result, or at least before he could think about it; and I should make haste to turn his thoughts to other things, so that he would soon forget all about it.

I do not propose to enter into every detail, but only to explain general rules and to give illustrations in cases of difficulty. I think it is impossible to train a child up to the age of twelve in the midst of society, without giving him some idea of the relations between one man and another, and of the morality of human actions. It is enough to delay the development of these ideas as long as possible, and when they can no longer be avoided to limit them to present needs, so that he may neither think himself master of everything nor do harm to others without knowing or caring. There are calm and gentle characters which can be led a long way in their first innocence without any danger; but there are also stormy dispositions whose passions develop early; you must hasten to make men of them lest you should have to keep them in chains.

Our first duties are to ourselves; our first feelings are centred on self; all our instincts are at first directed to our own preservation and our own welfare. Thus the first notion of justice springs not from what we owe to others, but from what is due to us. Here is another error in popular methods of education. If you talk to children of their duties, and not of their rights, you are beginning at the wrong end, and telling them what they cannot understand, what cannot be of any interest to them.

If I had to train a child such as I have just described, I should say to myself, "A child never attacks people,[1] only things; and he soon learns by experience to respect those older and stronger than himself. Things, however, do not defend themselves. Therefore the first idea he needs is not that of liberty but of property, and that he may get this idea he must have something of his own." It is useless to enumerate his clothes, furniture, and playthings; although he uses these he knows not how or why he has come by them. To tell him they were given him is little better, for giving implies having; so here is property before his own, and it is the principle of property that you want to teach him; moreover, giving is a convention, and the child as yet has no idea of conventions. I hope my reader will note, in this and many other cases, how people think they have taught children thoroughly, when they have only thrust on them words which have no intelligible meaning to them.[2]

We must therefore go back to the origin of property, for that is where the first idea of it must begin. The child, living in the country, will have got some idea of field work; eyes and leisure suffice for that, and he will have both. In every age, and especially in childhood, we want to create, to copy, to produce, to give all the signs of power and activity. He will hardly have seen the gardener at work twice, sowing, planting, and growing vegetables, before he will want to garden himself.

According to the principles I have already laid down, I shall not thwart him; on the contrary, I shall approve of his plan, share his hobby, and work with him, not for his pleasure but my own; at least, so he thinks; I shall be his under-gardener, and dig the ground for him till his arms are strong enough to do it; he will take possession of it by planting a bean, and this is surely a more sacred possession, and one more worthy of respect, than that of Nuñes Balboa, who took possession of South America in the name of the King of Spain, by planting his banner on the coast of the Southern Sea.

We water the beans every day, we watch them coming up with the greatest delight. Day by day I increase this delight by saying, "Those belong to you." To explain what that word "belong" means, I show him how he has given his time, his labour, and his trouble, his very self to it; that in this ground there is a part of himself which he can claim against all the world, as he could with-raw his arm from the hand of another man who wanted to keep it gainst his will.

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[1] A child should never be allowed to play with grown-up people as if they were his inferiors, nor even as if they were only his equals. If he ventured to strike any one in earnest, were it only the footman, were it the hangman himself, let the sufferer return his blows with interest, so that he will not want to do it again. I have seen silly women inciting children to rebellion, encouraging them to hit people, allowing themselves to be beaten, and laughing at the harmless blows, never thinking that those blows were in intention the blows of a murderer, and that the child who desires to beat people now will desire to kill them when he is grown up.

[2] This is why most children want to take back what they have given, and cry if they cannot get it. They do not do this when once they know what a gift is; only they are more careful about giving things away.

One fine day he hurries up with his watering-can in his hand. Vhat a scene of woe! Alas! all the beans are pulled up, the soil dug over, you can scarcely find the place. Oh! what has become f my labour, my work, the beloved fruits of my care and effort? Vho has stolen my property? Who has taken my beans? The oung heart revolts; the first feeling of injustice brings its sorrow nd bitterness; tears come in torrents, the unhappy child fills the ir with cries and groans. I share his sorrow and anger; we look round us, we make inquiries. At last we discover that the ardener did it. We send for him.

But we are greatly mistaken. The gardener, hearing our complaint, begins to complain louder than we:—

What, gentlemen, was it you who spoilt my work! I had sown ome Maltese melons; the seed was given me as something quite ut of the common, and I meant to give you a treat when they were ipe; but you have planted your miserable beans and destroyed ny melons, which were coming up so nicely, and I can never get ny more. You have behaved very badly to me and you have leprived yourselves of the pleasure of eating most delicious melons.

*Jean Jacques.* My poor Robert, you must forgive us. You had iven your labour and your pains to it. I see we were wrong to poil your work, but we will send to Malta for some more seed for ou, and we will never dig the ground again without finding out if ome one else has been beforehand with us.

*Robert.* Well, gentlemen, you need not trouble yourselves, for here is no more waste ground. I dig what my father tilled; every one does the same, and all the land you see has been occupied time out of mind.

*Emile.* Mr. Robert, do people often lose the seed of Maltese melons?

*Robert.* No indeed, sir; we do not often find such silly little entlemen as you. No one meddles with his neighbour's garden; very one respects other people's work so that his own may be safe.

*Emile.* But I have not got a garden.

*Robert.* I don't care; if you spoil mine I won't let you walk in it, or you see I do not mean to lose my labour.

*Jean Jacques.* Could not we suggest an arrangement with this kind Robert? Let him give my young friend and myself a corner of his garden to cultivate, on condition that he has half the crop.

*Robert.* You may have it free. But remember I shall dig up your beans if you touch my melons.

In this attempt to show how a child may be taught certain primitive ideas we see how the notion of property goes back naturally to the right of the first occupier to the results of his work. That is plain and simple, and quite within the child's grasp. From that to the rights of property and exchange there is but a step, after which you must stop short.

You also see that an explanation which I can give in writing in a couple of pages may take a year in practice, for in the course of moral ideas we cannot advance too slowly, nor plant each step too firmly. Young teacher, pray consider this example, and remember that your lessons should always be in deeds rather than words, for children soon forget what they say or what is said to them, but not what they have done nor what has been done to them.

Such teaching should be given, as I have said, sooner or later, as the scholar's disposition, gentle or turbulent, requires it. The way of using it is unmistakable; but to omit no matter of importance in a difficult business let us take another example.

Your ill-tempered child destroys everything he touches. Do not vex yourself; put anything he can spoil out of his reach. He breaks the things he is using; do not be in a hurry to give him more; let him feel the want of them. He breaks the windows of his room; let the wind blow upon him night and day, and do not be afraid of his catching cold; it is better to catch cold than to be reckless. Never complain of the inconvenience he causes you, but let him feel it first. At last you will have the windows mended without saying anything. He breaks them again; then change your plan; tell him dryly and without anger, "The windows are mine, I took pains to have them put in, and I mean to keep them safe." Then you will shut him up in a dark place without a window. At this unexpected proceeding he cries and howls; no one heeds. Soon he gets tired and changes his tone; he laments and sighs; a servant appears, the rebel begs to be let out. Without seeking any excuse for refusing, the servant merely says, "I, too, have windows to keep," and goes away. At last, when the child has been there several hours, long enough to get very tired of it, long enough to make an impression on his memory, some one suggests to him that he should offer to make terms with you, so that you may set him free and he will never break windows again. That is just what he wants. He will send and ask you to come and see him; you will come, he will suggest his plan, and you will agree to it at once, saying, "That is a very good idea; it will suit us both; why didn't you think of it sooner?" Then without asking for any affirmation or confirmation of his promise, you will embrace him joyfully and take him back at once to his own room, considering this agreement as sacred as if he had confirmed it by a formal oath. What idea do you think he will form from these proceedings, as to the fulfilment of a promise and its usefulness? If I am not greatly mistaken, there is not a child upon earth, unless he is utterly spoilt already, who could resist this treatment, or one who would ever dream of breaking windows again on purpose. Follow out the whole train of thought. The naughty little fellow hardly thought when he was making a hole for his beans that he was hewing out a cell in which his own knowledge would soon imprison him.[1]

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[1] Moreover if the duty of keeping his word were not established in the child's mind by its own utility, the child's growing consciousness would

We are now in the world of morals, the door to vice is open. eceit and falsehood are born along with conventions and duties. s soon as we can do what we ought not to do, we try to hide what e ought not to have done. As soon as self-interest makes us give promise, a greater interest may make us break it; it is merely a uestion of doing it with impunity; we naturally take refuge in ncealment and falsehood. As we have not been able to prevent ice, we must punish it. The sorrows of life begin with its mistakes.

I have already said enough to show that children should never ceive punishment merely as such; it should always come as the atural consequence of their fault. Thus you will not exclaim gainst their falsehood, you will not exactly punish them for lying, ut you will arrange that all the ill effects of lying, such as not being elieved when we speak the truth, or being accused of what we have ot done in spite of our protests, shall fall on their heads when they ave told a lie. But let us explain what lying means to the child.

There are two kinds of lies; one concerns an accomplished fact, he other concerns a future duty. The first occurs when we falsely eny or assert that we did or did not do something, or, to put it in eneral terms, when we knowingly say what is contrary to facts. he other occurs when we promise what we do not mean to perform, r, in general terms, when we profess an intention which we do not eally mean to carry out. These two kinds of lie are sometimes und in combination,[1] but their differences are my present business.

He who feels the need of help from others, he who is constantly xperiencing their kindness, has nothing to gain by deceiving them; t is plainly to his advantage that they should see things as they are, est they should mistake his interests. It is therefore plain that ying with regard to actual facts is not natural to children, but lying s made necessary by the law of obedience; since obedience is isagreeable, children disobey as far as they can in secret, and the resent good of avoiding punishment or reproof outweighs the emoter good of speaking the truth. Under a free and natural ducation why should your child lie? What has he to conceal from ou? You do not thwart him, you do not punish him, you demand othing from him. Why should he not tell everything to you as imply as to his little playmate? He cannot see anything more risky in the one course than in the other.

The lie concerning duty is even less natural, since promises to do

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oon impress it on him as a law of conscience, as an innate principle, only requiring suitable experiences for its development. This first outline is not sketched by man, it is engraved on the heart by the author of al ustice. Take away the primitive law of contract and the obligation mposed by contract and there is nothing left of human society but vanity and empty show. He who only keeps his word because it is to his own rofit is hardly more pledged than if he had given no promise at all. This principle is of the utmost importance, and deserves to be thoroughly studied, for man is now beginning to be at war with himself.

[1] Thus the guilty person, accused of some evil deed, defends himself by asserting that he is a good man. His statement is false in itself and false in its application to the matter in hand.

or refrain from doing are conventional agreements which are outside the state of nature and detract from our liberty. Moreover, al promises made by children are in themselves void; when they pledge themselves they do not know what they are doing, for thei narrow vision cannot look beyond the present. A child can hardly lie when he makes a promise; for he is only thinking how he ca get out of the present difficulty, any means which has not a immediate result is the same to him; when he promises for the future he promises nothing, and his imagination is as yet incapable of projecting him into the future while he lives in the present. I he could escape a whipping or get a packet of sweets by promising to throw himself out of the window to-morrow, he would promise on the spot. This is why the law disregards all promises made by minors, and when fathers and teachers are stricter and deman that promises shall be kept, it is only when the promise refers t something the child ought to do even if he had made no promise.

The child cannot lie when he makes a promise, for he does no know what he is doing when he makes his promise. The case i different when he breaks his promise, which is a sort of retrospective falsehood; for he clearly remembers making the promise, but h fails to see the importance of keeping it. Unable to look into th future, he cannot foresee the results of things, and when he break his promises he does nothing contrary to his stage of reasoning.

Children's lies are therefore entirely the work of their teachers and to teach them to speak the truth is nothing less than to teac them the art of lying. In your zeal to rule, control, and teach them you never find sufficient means at your disposal. You wish to gai fresh influence over their minds by baseless maxims, by unreasonabl precepts; and you would rather they knew their lessons and tol lies, than leave them ignorant and truthful.

We, who only give our scholars lessons in practice, who prefer t have them good rather than clever, never demand the truth les they should conceal it, and never claim any promise lest they shoul be tempted to break it. If some mischief has been done in m absence and I do not know who did it, I shall take care not to accus Emile, nor to say, "Did you do it?"[1] For in so doing what shoul I do but teach him to deny it? If his difficult temperament compel me to make some agreement with him, I will take good care that th suggestion always comes from him, never from me; that when h undertakes anything he has always a present and effective interes in fulfilling his promise, and if he ever fails this lie will bring dow on him all the unpleasant consequences which he sees arising fro the natural order of things, and not from his tutor's vengeance t far from having recourse to such cruel measures, I feel almost rtain that Emile will not know for many years what it is to lie, d that when he does find out, he will be astonished and unable to nderstand what can be the use of it. It is quite clear that the less make his welfare dependent on the will or the opinions of others, e less is it to his interest to lie.

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[1] Nothing could be more indiscreet than such a question, especially i the child is guilty. Then if he thinks you know what he has done, h will think you are setting a trap for him, and this idea can only set hi against you. If he thinks you do not know, he will say to himself, "Wh should I make my fault known?" And here we have the first temptatio to falsehood as the direct result of your foolish question.

When we are in no hurry to teach there is no hurry to demand, d we can take our time, so as to demand nothing except under ting conditions. Then the child is training himself, in so far as is not being spoilt. But when a fool of a tutor, who does not know w to set about his business, is always making his pupil promise st this and then that, without discrimination, choice, or propor-on, the child is puzzled and overburdened with all these promises, d neglects, forgets or even scorns them, and considering them as many empty phrases he makes a game of making and breaking omises. Would you have him keep his promise faithfully, be oderate in your claims upon him.

The detailed treatment I have just given to lying may be applied many respects to all the other duties imposed upon children, hereby these duties are made not only hateful but impracticable. or the sake of a show of preaching virtue you make them love ery vice; you instil these vices by forbidding them. Would you ave them pious, you take them to church till they are sick of it; u teach them to gabble prayers until they long for the happy me when they will not have to pray to God. To teach them arity you make them give alms as if you scorned to give yourself. is not the child, but the master, who should give; however much loves his pupil he should vie with him for this honour; he ould make him think that he is too young to deserve it. Alms-ving is the deed of a man who can measure the worth of his gift d the needs of his fellow-men. The child, who knows nothing of ese, can have no merit in giving; he gives without charity, without indness; he is almost ashamed to give, for, to judge by your ractice and his own, he thinks it is only children who give, and that ere is no need for charity when we are grown up.

Observe that the only things children are set to give are things f which they do not know the value, bits of metal carried in their ockets for which they have no further use. A child would rather ive a hundred coins than one cake. But get this prodigal giver to istribute what is dear to him, his toys, his sweets, his own lunch, nd we shall soon see if you have made him really generous.

People try yet another way; they soon restore what he gave to he child, so that he gets used to giving everything which he knows ill come back to him. I have scarcely seen generosity in children xcept of these two types, giving what is of no use to them, or what hey expect to get back again. "Arrange things," says Locke, so that experience may convince them that the most generous iver gets the biggest share." That is to make the child super-cially generous but really greedy. He adds that "children will thus form the habit of liberality." Yes, a usurer's liberality, which expects cent. per cent. But when it is a question of real giving, good-bye to the habit; when they do not get things back, they will not give. It is the habit of the mind, not of the hands, that needs watching. All the other virtues taught to children are like this, and to preach these baseless virtues you waste their youth in sorrow. What a sensible sort of education!

Teachers, have done with these shams; be good and kind; let your example sink into your scholars' memories till they are old enough to take it to heart. Rather than hasten to demand deeds of charity from my pupil I prefer to perform such deeds in his presence, even depriving him of the means of imitating me, as an honour beyond his years; for it is of the utmost importance that he should not regard a man's duties as merely those of a child. If when he sees me help the poor he asks me about it, and it is time to reply to his questions,[1] I shall say, "My dear boy, the rich only exist through the good-will of the poor, so they have promised to feed those who have not enough to live on, either in goods or labour." "Then you promised to do this?" "Certainly; I am only master of the wealth that passes through my hands on the condition attached to its ownership."

After this talk (and we have seen how a child may be brought to understand it) another than Emile would be tempted to imitate me and behave like a rich man; in such a case I should at least take care that it was done without ostentation; I would rather he robbed me of my privilege and hid himself to give. It is a fraud suitable to his age, and the only one I could forgive in him.

I know that all these imitative virtues are only the virtues of a monkey, and that a good action is only morally good when it is done as such and not because of others. But at an age when the heart does not yet feel anything, you must make children copy the deeds you wish to grow into habits, until they can do them with understanding and for the love of what is good. Man imitates, as do the beasts. The love of imitating is well regulated by nature; in society it becomes a vice. The monkey imitates man, whom he fears, and not the other beasts, which he scorns; he thinks what is done by his betters must be good. Among ourselves, our harlequins imitate all that is good to degrade it and bring it into ridicule; knowing their owners' baseness they try to equal what is better than they are, or they strive to imitate what they admire, and their bad taste appears in their choice of models, they would rather deceive others or win applause for their own talents than become wiser or better Imitation has its roots in our desire to escape from ourselves. I I succeed in my undertaking, Emile will certainly have no such wish So we must dispense with any seeming good that might arise from it

Examine your rules of education; you will find them all topsy urvy, especially in all that concerns virtue and morals. The only oral lesson which is suited for a child—the most important lesson r every time of life—is this: "Never hurt anybody." The very le of well-doing, if not subordinated to this rule, is dangerous, false, nd contradictory. Who is there who does no good? Every one oes some good, the wicked as well as the righteous; he makes one appy at the cost of the misery of a hundred, and hence spring all ur misfortunes. The noblest virtues are negative, they are also e most difficult, for they make little show, and do not even make oom for that pleasure so dear to the heart of man, the thought that me one is pleased with us. If there be a man who does no harm his neighbours, what good must he have accomplished! What bold heart, what a strong character it needs! It is not in talking bout this maxim, but in trying to practise it, that we discover oth its greatness and its difficulty.[1]

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[1] It must be understood that I do not answer his questions when he wants that would be to subject myself to his will and to place myself in the mos dangerous state of dependence that ever a tutor was in.

This will give you some slight idea of the precautions I would ave you take in giving children instruction which cannot always e refused without risk to themselves or others, or the far greater sk of the formation of bad habits, which would be difficult to rrect later on; but be sure this necessity will not often arise with hildren who are properly brought up, for they cannot possibly ecome rebellious, spiteful, untruthful, or greedy, unless the seeds f these vices are sown in their hearts. What I have just said pplies therefore rather to the exception than the rule. But the ftener children have the opportunity of quitting their proper conition, and contracting the vices of men, the oftener will these xceptions arise. Those who are brought up in the world must eceive more precocious instruction than those who are brought up retirement. So this solitary education would be preferable, even it did nothing more than leave childhood time to ripen.

There is quite another class of exceptions: those so gifted by ature that they rise above the level of their age. As there are men ho never get beyond infancy, so there are others who are never, so speak, children, they are men almost from birth. The difficulty that these cases are very rare, very difficult to distinguish; while very mother, who knows that a child may be a prodigy, is coninced that her child is that one. They go further; they mistake e common signs of growth for marks of exceptional talent. Liveliess, sharp sayings, romping, amusing simplicity, these are the haracteristic marks of this age, and show that the child is a child indeed. Is it strange that a child who is encouraged to chatter and allowed to say anything, who is restrained neither by consideration nor convention, should chance to say something clever? Were he never to hit the mark, his case would be stranger than that of the astrologer who, among a thousand errors, occasionally predicts the truth. "They lie so often," said Henry IV., "that at last they say what is true." If you want to say something clever, you have only to talk long enough. May Providence watch over those fine folk who have no other claim to social distinction.

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[1] The precept "Never hurt anybody," implies the greatest possible dependence of human society; for in the social state one man's good another man's evil. This relation is part of the nature of things; it is evitable. You may apply this test to man in society and to the hermit discover which is best. A distinguished author says, "None but the icked can live alone." I say, "None but the good can live alone." his proposition, if less sententious, is truer and more logical than the ther. If the wicked were alone, what evil would he do? It is among his llows that he lays his snares for others. If they wish to apply this rgument to the man of property, my answer is to be found in the passage which this note is appended.

The finest thoughts may spring from a child's brain, or rather the best words may drop from his lips, just as diamonds of great worth may fall into his hands, while neither the thoughts nor the diamonds are his own; at that age neither can be really his. The child's sayings do not mean to him what they mean to us, the ideas he attaches to them are different. His ideas, if indeed he has any ideas at all, have neither order nor connection; there is nothing sure, nothing certain, in his thoughts. Examine your so-called prodigy. Now and again you will discover in him extreme activity of mind and extraordinary clearness of thought. More often this same mind will seem slack and spiritless, as if wrapped in mist. Sometimes he goes before you, sometimes he will not stir. One moment you would call him a genius, another a fool. You would be mistaken in both; he is a child, an eaglet who soars aloft for a moment, only to drop back into the nest.

Treat him, therefore, according to his age, in spite of appearances, and beware of exhausting his strength by over-much exercise. If the young brain grows warm and begins to bubble, let it work freely, but do not heat it any further, lest it lose its goodness, and when the first gases have been given off, collect and compress the rest so that in after years they may turn to life-giving heat and real energy. If not, your time and your pains will be wasted, you will destroy your own work, and after foolishly intoxicating yourself with these heady fumes, you will have nothing left but an insipid and worthless wine.

Silly children grow into ordinary men. I know no generalisation more certain than this. It is the most difficult thing in the world to distinguish between genuine stupidity, and that apparent and deceitful stupidity which is the sign of a strong character. A first sight it seems strange that the two extremes should have th same outward signs; and yet it may well be so, for at an age when man has as yet no true ideas, the whole difference between th genius and the rest consists in this: the latter only take in fals ideas, while the former, finding nothing but false ideas, receives n ideas at all. In this he resembles the fool; the one is fit for nothing the other finds nothing fit for him. The only way of distinguishing between them depends upon chance, which may offer the geniu some idea which he can understand, while the fool is always th same. As a child, the young Cato was taken for an idiot by hi parents; he was obstinate and silent, and that was all they per

ved in him; it was only in Sulla's ante-chamber that his uncle
scovered what was in him. Had he never found his way there,
might have passed for a fool till he reached the age of reason.
ad Cæsar never lived, perhaps this same Cato, who discerned his
al genius, and foretold his great schemes, would have passed for
dreamer all his days. Those who judge children hastily are apt
be mistaken; they are often more childish than the child himself.
knew a middle-aged man,[1] whose friendship I esteemed an honour,
o was reckoned a fool by his family. All at once he made his
me as a philosopher, and I have no doubt posterity will give him
high place among the greatest thinkers and the profoundest
etaphysicians of his day.

Hold childhood in reverence, and do not be in any hurry to judge
for good or ill. Leave exceptional cases to show themselves, let
eir qualities be tested and confirmed, before special methods are
opted. Give nature time to work before you take over her
usiness, lest you interfere with her dealings. You assert that you
now the value of time and are afraid to waste it. You fail to
rceive that it is a greater waste of time to use it ill than to do
thing, and that a child ill taught is further from virtue than a
ild who has learnt nothing at all. You are afraid to see him
ending his early years doing nothing. What! is it nothing to be
ppy, nothing to run and jump all day? He will never be so busy
gain all his life long. Plato, in his *Republic*, which is considered so
ern, teaches the children only through festivals, games, songs,
d amusements. It seems as if he had accomplished his purpose
hen he had taught them to be happy; and Seneca, speaking of
e Roman lads in olden days, says, "They were always on their
et, they were never taught anything which kept them sitting."
Were they any the worse for it in manhood? Do not be afraid,
erefore, of this so-called idleness. What would you think of a
an who refused to sleep lest he should waste part of his life? You
ould say, "He is mad; he is not enjoying his life, he is robbing
imself of part of it; to avoid sleep he is hastening his death."
Remember that these two cases are alike, and that childhood is the
leep of reason.

The apparent ease with which children learn is their ruin. You
ail to see that this very facility proves that they are not learning.
Their shining, polished brain reflects, as in a mirror, the things you
how them, but nothing sinks in. The child remembers the words
nd the ideas are reflected back; his hearers understand them, but
o him they are meaningless.

Although memory and reason are wholly different faculties, the
ne does not really develop apart from the other. Before the age
f reason the child receives images, not ideas; and there is this
ifference between them: images are merely the pictures of external
bjects, while ideas are notions about those objects determined by
heir relations. An image when it is recalled may exist by itself in

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[1] The Abbé de Condillac.

the mind, but every idea implies other ideas. When we image w merely perceive, when we reason we compare. Our sensations ar merely passive, our notions or ideas spring from an active principl which judges. The proof of this will be given later.

I maintain, therefore, that as children are incapable of judging they have no true memory. They retain sounds, form, sensation but rarely ideas, and still more rarely relations. You tell me they acquire some rudiments of geometry, and you think you prove you case; not so, it is mine you prove; you show that far from bein able to reason themselves, children are unable to retain the reasoning of others; for if you follow the method of these little geometricians you will see they only retain the exact impression of the figure an the terms of the demonstration. They cannot meet the slightes new objection; if the figure is reversed they can do nothing. Al their knowledge is on the sensation-level, nothing has penetrate to their understanding. Their memory is little better than thei other powers, for they always have to learn over again, when the are grown up, what they learnt as children.

I am far from thinking, however, that children have no sort o reason.[1] On the contrary, I think they reason very well wit regard to things that affect their actual and sensible well-being But people are mistaken as to the extent of their information, an they attribute to them knowledge they do not possess, and mak them reason about things they cannot understand. Anothe mistake is to try to turn their attention to matters which do no concern them in the least, such as their future interest, their happiness when they are grown up, the opinion people will have of the when they are men—terms which are absolutely meaningless whe addressed to creatures who are entirely without foresight. But al the forced studies of these poor little wretches are directed toward matters utterly remote from their minds. You may judge how much attention they can give to them.

The pedagogues, who make a great display of the teaching the give their pupils, are paid to say just the opposite; yet their actions show that they think just as I do. For what do they teach? Words! words! words! Among the various sciences they boas teaching their scholars, they take good care never to choose those hich might be really useful to them, for then they would be com- lled to deal with things and would fail utterly; the sciences they oose are those we seem to know when we know their technical rms—heraldry, geography, chronology, languages, etc., studies remote from man, and even more remote from the child, that it is wonder if he can ever make any use of any part of them.

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[1] I have noticed again and again that it is impossible in writing a lengthy work to use the same words always in the same sense. There is no languag rich enough to supply terms and expressions sufficient for the modification of our ideas. The method of defining every term and constantly substituting the definition for the term defined looks well, but it is impracticable For how can we escape from our vicious circle? Definitions would b all very well if we did not use words in the making of them. In spite o this I am convinced that even in our poor language we can make our meaning clear, not by always using words in the same sense, but by taking car that every time we use a word the sense in which we use it is sufficientl indicated by the sense of the context, so that each sentence in which th word occurs acts as a sort of definition. Sometimes I say children ar incapable of reasoning. Sometimes I say they reason cleverly. I mus admit that my words are often contradictory, but I do not think there i any contradiction in my ideas.

You will be surprised to find that I reckon the study of languages nong the useless lumber of education; but you must remember at I am speaking of the studies of the earliest years, and whatever u may say, I do not believe any child under twelve or fifteen ever ally acquired two languages.

If the study of languages were merely the study of words, that , of the symbols by which language expresses itself, then this ight be a suitable study for children; but languages, as they change e symbols, also modify the ideas which the symbols express. inds are formed by language, thoughts take their colour from its eas. Reason alone is common to all. Every language has its wn form, a difference which may be partly cause and partly effect f differences in national character; this conjecture appears to be nfirmed by the fact that in every nation under the sun speech llows the changes of manners, and is preserved or altered along ith them.

By use the child acquires one of these different forms, and it is e only language he retains till the age of reason. To acquire two nguages he must be able to compare their ideas, and how can he ompare ideas he can barely understand? Everything may have thousand meanings to him, but each idea can only have one form, he can only learn one language. You assure me he learns several nguages; I deny it. I have seen those little prodigies who are upposed to speak half a dozen languages. I have heard them peak first in German, then in Latin, French, or Italian; true, they sed half a dozen different vocabularies, but they always spoke erman. In a word, you may give children as many synonyms as ou like; it is not their language but their words that you change; hey will never have but one language.

To conceal their deficiencies teachers choose the dead languages, n which we have no longer any judges whose authority is beyond ispute. The familiar use of these tongues disappeared long ago, o they are content to imitate what they find in books, and they call hat talking. If the master's Greek and Latin is such poor stuff, what about the children? They have scarcely learnt their primer y heart, without understanding a word of it, when they are set to ranslate a French speech into Latin words; then when they are more advanced they piece together a few phrases of Cicero for prose r a few lines of Vergil for verse. Then they think they can speak Latin, and who will contradict them?

In any study whatsoever the symbols are of no value without the idea of the things symbolised. Yet the education of the child is confined to those symbols, while no one ever succeeds in making him understand the thing signified. You think you are teaching him what the world is like; he is only learning the map; he is taught the names of towns, countries, rivers, which have no existence for him except on the paper before him. I remember seeing a geography somewhere which began with: "What is the world?"—"A sphere of cardboard." That is the child's geography. I maintain that after two years' work with the globe and cosmography, there is not a single ten-year-old child who could find his way from Paris to Saint Denis by the help of the rules he has learnt. I maintain that not one of these children could find his way by the map about the paths on his father's estate without getting lost. These are the young doctors who can tell us the position of Pekin, Ispahan, Mexico, and every country in the world.

You tell me the child must be employed on studies which only need eyes. That may be; but if there are any such studies, they are unknown to me.

It is a still more ridiculous error to set them to study history, which is considered within their grasp because it is merely a collection of facts. But what is meant by this word "fact"? Do you think the relations which determine the facts of history are so easy to grasp that the corresponding ideas are easily developed in the child's mind? Do you think that a real knowledge of events can exist apart from the knowledge of their causes and effects, and that history has so little relation to words that the one can be learnt without the other? If you perceive nothing in a man's actions beyond merely physical and external movements, what do you learn from history? Absolutely nothing; while this study, robbed of all that makes it interesting, gives you neither pleasure nor information. If you want to judge actions by their moral bearings, try to make these moral bearings intelligible to your scholars. You will soon find out if they are old enough to learn history.

Remember, reader, that he who speaks to you is neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but a plain man and a lover of truth; a man who is pledged to no one party or system, a hermit, who mixes little with other men, and has less opportunity of imbibing their prejudices, and more time to reflect on the things that strike him in his intercourse with them. My arguments are based less on theories than on facts, and I think I can find no better way to bring the facts home to you than by quoting continually some example from the observations which suggested my arguments.

I had gone to spend a few days in the country with a worthy mother of a family who took great pains with her children and their education. One morning I was present while the eldest boy had his lessons. His tutor, who had taken great pains to teach him ancient history, began upon the story of Alexander and lighted on the well-known anecdote of Philip the Doctor. There is a picture of it, and the story is well worth study. The tutor, worthy man, made several reflections which I did not like with regard to Alex-

der's courage, but I did not argue with him lest I should lower
m in the eyes of his pupil. At dinner they did not fail to set the
tle fellow talking, French fashion. The eager spirit of a child of
s age, and the confident expectation of applause, made him say a
umber of silly things, and among them from time to time there
ere things to the point, and these made people forget the rest. At
st came the story of Philip the Doctor. He told it very distinctly
d prettily. After the usual meed of praise, demanded by his
other and expected by the child himself, they discussed what he
d said. Most of them blamed Alexander's rashness, some of
em, following the tutor's example, praised his resolution, which
owed me that none of those present really saw the beauty of the
ory. "For my own part," I said, "if there was any courage or
y steadfastness at all in Alexander's conduct I think it was only
piece of bravado." Then every one agreed that it was a piece of
avado. I was getting angry, and would have replied, when a
dy sitting beside me, who had not hitherto spoken, bent towards
e and whispered in my ear. "Jean Jacques," said she, "say no
ore, they will never understand you." I looked at her, I recog-
sed the wisdom of her advice, and I held my tongue.

Several things made me suspect that our young professor had not
the least understood the story he told so prettily. After dinner
took his hand in mine and we went for a walk in the park. When
had questioned him quietly, I discovered that he admired the
aunted courage of Alexander more than any one. But in what do
ou suppose he thought this courage consisted? Merely in swallow-
g a disagreeable drink at a single draught without hesitation and
ithout any signs of dislike. Not a fortnight before the poor child
ad been made to take some medicine which he could hardly
wallow, and the taste of it was still in his mouth. Death, and death
y poisoning, were for him only disagreeable sensations, and senna
as his only idea of poison. I must admit, however, that Alex-
nder's resolution had made a great impression on his young mind,
nd he was determined that next time he had to take medicine
e would be an Alexander. Without entering upon explanations
hich were clearly beyond his grasp, I confirmed him in his praise-
orthy intention, and returned home smiling to myself over the
reat wisdom of parents and teachers who expect to teach history
o children.

Such words as king, emperor, war, conquest, law, and revolution
re easily put into their mouths; but when it is a question of
ttaching clear ideas to these words the explanations are very
ifferent from our talk with Robert the gardener.

I feel sure some readers dissatisfied with that "Say no more, Jean
acques," will ask what I really saw to admire in the conduct of
lexander. Poor things! if you need telling, how can you com-
rehend it? Alexander believed in virtue, he staked his head, he
taked his own life on that faith, his great soul was fitted to hold
uch a faith. To swallow that draught was to make a noble pro-

fession of the faith that was in him. Never did mortal man recite a finer creed. If there is an Alexander in our own days, show me such deeds.

If children have no knowledge of words, there is no study that is suitable for them. If they have no real memory, for I do not call that a memory which only recalls sensations. What is the use of inscribing on their brains a list of symbols which mean nothing to them? They will learn the symbols when they learn the things signified; why give them the useless trouble of learning them twice over? And yet what dangerous prejudices are you implanting when you teach them to accept as knowledge words which have no meaning for them. The first meaningless phrase, the first thing taken for granted on the word of another person without seeing its use for himself, this is the beginning of the ruin of the child's judgment. He may dazzle the eyes of fools long enough before he recovers from such a loss.[1]

No, if nature has given the child this plasticity of brain which fits him to receive every kind of impression, it was not that you should imprint on it the names and dates of kings, the jargon of heraldry the globe and geography, all those words without present meaning or future use for the child, which flood of words overwhelms his sad and barren childhood. But by means of this plasticity all the ideas he can understand and use, all that concern his happiness and wil some day throw light upon his duties, should be traced at an early age in indelible characters upon his brain, to guide him to live in such a way as befits his nature and his powers.

Without the study of books, such a memory as the child may possess is not left idle; everything he sees and hears makes an impression on him, he keeps a record of men's sayings and doings and his whole environment is the book from which he unconsciously enriches his memory, till his judgment is able to profit by it.

To select these objects, to take care to present him constantly with those he may know, to conceal from him those he ought no to know, this is the real way of training his early memory; and in this way you must try to provide him with a storehouse of knowledge which will serve for his education in youth and his conduc throughout life. True, this method does not produce infant prodigies nor will it reflect glory upon their tutors and governesses, but i produces men, strong, right-thinking men, vigorous both in min body, men who do not win admiration as children, but honour men.

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[1] The learning of most philosophers is like the learning of children Vast erudition results less in the multitude of ideas than in a multitude o images. Dates, names, places, all objects isolated or unconnected wit ideas are merely retained in the memory for symbols, and we rarely reca any of these without seeing the right or left page of the book in which w read it, or the form in which we first saw it. Most science was of this kin till recently. The science of our times is another matter; study an observation are things of the past; we dream and the dreams of a ba night are given to us as philosophy. You will say I too am a dreamer I admit it, but I do what the others fail to do, I give my dreams as dreams and leave the reader to discover whether there is anything in them which may prove useful to those who are awake.

mile will not learn anything by heart, not even fables, not even fables of La Fontaine, simple and delightful as they are, for the rds are no more the fable than the words of history are history. w can people be so blind as to call fables the child's system of rals, without considering that the child is not only amused by the logue but misled by it? He is attracted by what is false and he sses the truth, and the means adopted to make the teaching asant prevent him profiting by it. Men may be taught by fables; ldren require the naked truth.

All children learn La Fontaine's fables, but not one of them derstands them. It is just as well that they do not understand, the morality of the fables is so mixed and so unsuitable for their that it would be more likely to incline them to vice than to tue. "More paradoxes!" you exclaim. Paradoxes they may , but let us see if there is not some truth in them.

I maintain that the child does not understand the fables he is ght, for however you try to explain them, the teaching you wish extract from them demands ideas which he cannot grasp, while poetical form which makes it easier to remember makes it rder to understand, so that clearness is sacrificed to facility. thout quoting the host of wholly unintelligible and useless fables ich are taught to children because they happen to be in the same k as the others, let us keep to those which the author seems to ve written specially for children.

In the whole of La Fontaine's works I only know five or six fables spicuous for child-like simplicity; I will take the first of these an example, for it is one whose moral is most suitable for all ages, which children get hold of with the least difficulty, which they ve most pleasure in learning, one which for this very reason the thor has placed at the beginning of his book. If his object were lly to delight and instruct children, this fable is his masterpiece. t us go through it and examine it briefly.

## THE FOX AND THE CROW

### A FABLE

"Maître corbeau, sur un arbre perché" (Mr. Crow perched on a e).—"Mr.!" what does that word really mean? What does it an before a proper noun? What is its meaning here? What a crow? What is "un arbre perché"? We do not say "on a e perched," but perched on a tree. So we must speak of poetical ersions, we must distinguish between prose and verse.

'Tenait dans son bec un fromage" (Held a cheese in his beak).— at sort of a cheese? Swiss, Brie, or Dutch? If the child has ver seen crows, what is the good of talking about them? If he seen crows will he believe that they can hold a cheese in their ak? Your illustrations should always be taken from nature.

“Maître renard, par l’odeur alléché” (Mr. Fox, attracted by the smell).—Another Master! But the title suits the fox, who is master of all the tricks of his trade. You must explain what a fox is, and distinguish between the real fox and the conventional fox of the fables.

“Alléché.” The word is obsolete; you will have to explain it. You will say it is only used in verse. Perhaps the child will ask why people talk differently in verse. How will you answer that question?

“Alléché, par l’odeur d’un fromage.” The cheese was held in his beak by a crow perched on a tree; it must indeed have smelt strong if the fox, in his thicket or his earth, could smell it. This is the way you train your pupil in that spirit of right judgment, which rejects all but reasonable arguments, and is able to distinguish between truth and falsehood in other tales.

“Lui tient à peu près ce langage” (Spoke to him after this fashion).—“Ce langage.” So foxes talk, do they! They talk like crows! Mind what you are about, oh, wise tutor; weigh your answer before you give it, it is more important than you suspect.

“Eh! Bonjour, Monsieur le Corbeau!” (“Good-day, Mr. Crow!”)—Mr.! The child sees this title laughed to scorn before he knows it is a title of honour. Those who say “Monsieur *du* Corbeau” will find their work cut out for them to explain that “du.”

“Que vous êtes joli! Que vous me semblez beau!” (“How handsome you are, how beautiful in my eyes!”)—Mere padding. The child, finding the same thing repeated twice over in different words, is learning to speak carelessly. If you say this redundance is a device of the author, a part of the fox’s scheme to make his praise seem all the greater by his flow of words, that is a valid excuse for me, but not for my pupil.

“Sans mentir, si votre ramage” (“Without lying, if your song”).—“Without lying.” So people do tell lies sometimes. What will the child think of you if you tell him the fox only says “Sans mentir” because he is lying?

“Repondait à votre plumage” (“Answered to your fine feathers”).—“Answered!” What does that mean? Try to make the child compare qualities so different as those of song and plumage; you will see how much he understands.

“Vous seriez le phénix des hôtes de ces bois!” (“You would b the phœnix of all the inhabitants of this wood!”)—The phœnix What is a phœnix? All of a sudden we are floundering in the lie of antiquity—we are on the edge of mythology.

“The inhabitants of this wood.” What figurative language The flatterer adopts the grand style to add dignity to his speech, t make it more attractive. Will the child understand this cunning Does he know, how could he possibly know, what is meant by gran style and simple style?

“A ces mots le corbeau ne se sent pas de joie” (At these words the crow is beside himself with delight).—To realise the full force o his proverbial expression we must have experienced very strong eeling.

“ Et, pour montrer sa belle voix ” (And, to show his fine voice).—emember that the child, to understand this line and the whole ble, must know what is meant by the crow's fine voice.

“ Il ouvre un large bec, laisse tomber sa proie ” (He opens his ide beak and drops his prey).—This is a splendid line; its very ound suggests a picture. I see the great big ugly gaping beak, I ear the cheese crashing through the branches; but this kind of eauty is thrown away upon children.

“ Le renard s'en saisit, et dit, ‘ Mon bon monsieur ’ ” (The fox atches it, and says, “ My dear sir ”).—So kindness is already folly. ou certainly waste no time in teaching your children.

“ Apprenez que tout flatteur ” (“ You must learn that every atterer ”).—A general maxim. The child can make neither head or tail of it.

“ Vit au depens de celui qui l'écoute ” (“ Lives at the expense of ne person who listens to his flattery ”).—No child of ten ever underood that.

“ Ce leçon vaut bien un fromage, sans doute ” (“ No doubt this esson is well worth a cheese ”).—This is intelligible and its meaning very good. Yet there are few children who could compare a heese and a lesson, few who would not prefer the cheese. You ill therefore have to make them understand that this is said in ockery. What subtlety for a child!

“ Le corbeau, honteux et confus ” (The crow, ashamed and conused).—Anothing pleonasm, and there is no excuse for it this time.

“ Jura, mais un peu tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus ” (Swore, ut rather too late, that he would not be caught in that way again). —“ Swore.” What master will be such a fool as to try to explain o a child the meaning of an oath?

What a host of details! but much more would be needed for the nalysis of all the ideas in this fable and their reduction to the simple nd elementary ideas of which each is composed. But who thinks his analysis necessary to make himself intelligible to children? Who of us is philosopher enough to be able to put himself in the hild's place? Let us now proceed to the moral.

Should we teach a six-year-old child that there are people who atter and lie for the sake of gain? One might perhaps teach them hat there are people who make fools of little boys and laugh at heir foolish vanity behind their backs. But the whole thing is poilt by the cheese. You are teaching them how to make another rop his cheese rather than how to keep their own. This is my econd paradox, and it is not less weighty than the former one.

Watch children learning their fables and you will see that when hey have a chance of applying them they almost always use them xactly contrary to the author's meaning; instead of being on their uard against the fault which you would prevent or cure, they are isposed to like the vice by which one takes advantage of another's defects. In the above fable children laugh at the crow, but the all love the fox. In the next fable you expect them to follow th example of the grasshopper. Not so, they will choose the ant They do not care to abase themselves, they will always choose th principal part—this is the choice of self-love, a very natural choice But what a dreadful lesson for children! There could be no monste more detestable than a harsh and avaricious child, who realise what he was asked to give and what he refused. The ant doe more; she teaches him not merely to refuse but to revile.

In all the fables where the lion plays a part, usually the chie part, the child pretends to be the lion, and when he has to presid over some distribution of good things, he takes care to keep everything for himself; but when the lion is overthrown by the gnat, th child is the gnat. He learns how to sting to death those whom h dare not attack openly.

From the fable of the sleek dog and the starving wolf he learns lesson of licence rather than the lesson of moderation which yo profess to teach him. I shall never forget seeing a little girl weepin bitterly over this tale, which had been told her as a lesson i obedience. The poor child hated to be chained up; she felt th chain chafing her neck; she was crying because she was not wolf.

So from the first of these fables the child learns the basest flattery from the second, cruelty; from the third, injustice; from the fourth satire; from the fifth, insubordination. The last of these lesson is no more suitable for your pupils than for mine, though he has n use for it. What results do you expect to get from your teachin when it contradicts itself? But perhaps the same system of moral which furnishes me with objections against the fables supplies yo with as many reasons for keeping to them. Society requires a rule o morality in our words; it also requires a rule of morality in our deeds and these two rules are quite different. The former is contained i the Catechism and it is left there; the other is contained in L Fontaine's fables for children and his tales for mothers. The sam author does for both.

Let us make a bargain, M. de la Fontaine. For my own part, undertake to make your books my favourite study; I undertake t love you, and to learn from your fables, for I hope I shall not mistak their meaning. As to my pupil, permit me to prevent him studyin any one of them till you have convinced me that it is good for hi to learn things three-fourths of which are unintelligible to him, an until you can convince me that in those fables he can understand h will never reverse the order and imitate the villain instead of takin warning from his dupe.

When I thus get rid of children's lessons, I get rid of the chie cause of their sorrows, namely their books. Reading is the curse childhood, yet it is almost the only occupation you can find fo children. Emile, at twelve years old, will hardly know what a boo is. "But," you say, "he must, at least, know how to read."

en reading is of use to him, I admit he must learn to read, but then he will only find it a nuisance.

children are not to be required to do anything as a matter of dience, it follows that they will only learn what they perceive to of real and present value, either for use or enjoyment; what er motive could they have for learning? The art of speaking to absent friends, of hearing their words; the art of letting them w at first hand our feelings, our desires, and our longings, is an whose usefulness can be made plain at any age. How is it that art, so useful and pleasant in itself, has become a terror to dren? Because the child is compelled to acquire it against his , and to use it for purposes beyond his comprehension. A child no great wish to perfect himself in the use of an instrument of ure, but make it a means to his pleasure, and soon you will not able to keep him from it.

People make a great fuss about discovering the best way to teach dren to read. They invent "bureaux" [1] and cards, they turn nursery into a printer's shop. Locke would have them taught read by means of dice. What a fine idea! And the pity of it! re is a better way than any of those, and one which is generally rlooked—it consists in the desire to learn. Arouse this desire in ur scholar and have done with your "bureaux" and your dice ny method will serve.

resent interest, that is the motive power, the only motive power t takes us far and safely. Sometimes Emile receives notes of itation from his father or mother, his relations or friends; he is ited to a dinner, a walk, a boating expedition, to see some public ertainment. These notes are short, clear, plain, and well written. ne one must read them to him, and he cannot always find anyly when wanted; no more consideration is shown to him than he nself showed to you yesterday. Time passes, the chance is lost. e note is read to him at last, but it is too late. Oh! if only he had own how to read! He receives other notes, so short, so interest-, he would like to try to read them. Sometimes he gets help, metimes none. He does his best, and at last he makes out half note; it is something about going to-morrow to drink cream—ere? With whom? He cannot tell—how hard he tries to ke out the rest! I do not think Emile will need a "bureau." all I proceed to the teaching of writing? No, I am ashamed to with these trifles in a treatise on education.

I will just add a few words which contain a principle of great portance. It is this—What we are in no hurry to get is usually tained with speed and certainty. I am pretty sure Emile will rn to read and write before he is ten, just because I care very le whether he can do so before he is fifteen; but I would rather

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*Translator's note.*—The "bureau" was a sort of case containing ters to be put together to form words. It was a favourite device for teaching of reading and gave its name to a special method, called the reau-method, of learning to read.

he never learnt to read at all, than that this art should be acquire at the price of all that makes reading useful. What is the use o reading to him if he always hates it? "Id imprimis cavere oportebit ne studia, qui amare nondum potest, oderit, et amaritudinem seme perceptam etiam ultra rudes annos reformidet."—Quintil.

The more I urge my method of letting well alone, the mor objections I perceive against it. If your pupil learns nothing fron you, he will learn from others. If you do not instil truth he wi learn falsehoods; the prejudices you fear to teach him he wi acquire from those about him, they will find their way throug every one of his senses; they will either corrupt his reason befor it is fully developed or his mind will become torpid through inaction and will become engrossed in material things. If we do not forn the habit of thinking as children, we shall lose the power of thinkin for the rest of our life.

I fancy I could easily answer that objection, but why should answer every objection? If my method itself answers your objec tions, it is good; if not, it is good for nothing. I continue m explanation.

If, in accordance with the plan I have sketched, you follow rule which are just the opposite of the established practice, if instead c taking your scholar far afield, instead of wandering with him i distant places, in far-off lands, in remote centuries, in the ends c the earth, and in the very heavens themselves, you try to keep hin to himself, to his own concerns, you will then find him able to per ceive, to remember, and even to reason; this is nature's order. A the sentient being becomes active his discernment develops alon with his strength. Not till his strength is in excess of what is neede for self-preservation, is the speculative faculty developed, th faculty adapted for using this superfluous strength for othe purposes. Would you cultivate your pupil's intelligence, cultivat the strength it is meant to control. Give his body constant exercis make it strong and healthy, in order to make him good and wise let him work, let him do things, let him run and shout, let him b always on the go; make a man of him in strength, and he will soo be a man in reason.

Of course by this method you will make him stupid if you a always giving him directions, always saying come here, go there, sto do this, don't do that. If your head always guides his hands, his ow mind will become useless. But remember the conditions we lai down; if you are a mere pedant it is not worth your while to rea my book.

It is a lamentable mistake to imagine that bodily activity hinde the working of the mind, as if these two kinds of activity ought n to advance hand in hand, and as if the one were not intended to a as guide to the other.

There are two classes of men who are constantly engaged in bodil activity, peasants and savages, and certainly neither of these pa the least attention to the cultivation of the mind. Peasants a gh, coarse, and clumsy; savages are noted, not only for their n senses, but for great subtility of mind. Speaking generally, re is nothing duller than a peasant or sharper than a savage. at is the cause of this difference? The peasant has always done ne was told, what his father did before him, what he himself always done; he is the creature of habit, he spends his life nost like an automaton on the same tasks; habit and obedience e taken the place of reason.

he case of the savage is very different; he is tied to no one place, has no prescribed task, no superior to obey, he knows no law but own will; he is therefore forced to reason at every step he takes. can neither move nor walk without considering the consequences. us the more his body is exercised, the more alert is his mind; his ngth and his reason increase together, and each helps to develop other.

h, learned tutor, let us see which of our two scholars is most like savage and which is most like the peasant. Your scholar is ject to a power which is continually giving him instruction; he s only at the word of command; he dare not eat when he is hungry, laugh when he is merry, nor weep when he is sad, nor offer one nd rather than the other, nor stir a foot unless he is told to do it; ore long he will not venture to breathe without orders. What ld you have him think about, when you do all the thinking for ? He rests securely on your foresight, why should he think for self? He knows you have undertaken to take care of him, to ure his welfare, and he feels himself freed from this responsibility. judgment relies on yours; what you have not forbidden that does, knowing that he runs no risk. Why should he learn the s of rain? He knows you watch the clouds for him. Why uld he time his walk? He knows there is no fear of your letting miss his dinner hour. He eats till you tell him to stop, he stops en you tell him to do so; he does not attend to the teaching of his stomach, but yours. In vain do you make his body soft by ction; his understanding does not become subtle. Far from it, complete your task of discrediting reason in his eyes, by making use such reasoning power as he has on the things which seem of t importance to him. As he never finds his reason any use to , he decides at last that it is useless. If he reasons badly he be found fault with; nothing worse will happen to him; and he been found fault with so often that he pays no attention to it, h a common danger no longer alarms him.

et you will find he has a mind. He is quick enough to chatter h the women in the way I spoke of further back; but if he is in ger, if he must come to a decision in difficult circumstances, you find him a hundredfold more stupid and silly than the son of roughest labourer.

As for my pupil, or rather Nature's pupil, he has been trained m the outset to be as self-reliant as possible, he has not formed habit of constantly seeking help from others, still less of displaying his stores of learning. On the other hand, he exercises discrim nation and forethought, he reasons about everything that concer himself. He does not chatter, he acts. Not a word does he kno of what is going on in the world at large, but he knows ve thoroughly what affects himself. As he is always stirring he compelled to notice many things, to recognise many effects; soon acquires a good deal of experience. Nature, not man, is h schoolmaster, and he learns all the quicker because he is not awa that he has any lesson to learn. So mind and body work togethe He is always carrying out his own ideas, not those of other peopl and thus he unites thought and action; as he grows in health a strength he grows in wisdom and discernment. This is the way attain later on to what is generally considered incompatible, thoug most great men have achieved it, strength of body and strength mind, the reason of the philosopher and the vigour of the athlete.

Young teacher, I am setting before you a difficult task, the art controlling without precepts, and doing everything without doi anything at all. This art is, I confess, beyond your years, it is n calculated to display your talents nor to make your value known your scholar's parents; but it is the only road to success. You w never succeed in making wise men if you do not first make lit imps of mischief. This was the education of the Spartans; they we not taught to stick to their books, they were set to steal their dinne Were they any the worse for it in after life? Ever ready for victor they crushed their foes in every kind of warfare, and the prati Athenians were as much afraid of their words as of their blows.

When education is most carefully attended to, the teacher issu his orders and thinks himself master, but it is the child who is real master. He uses the tasks you set him to obtain what he wa from you, and he can always make you pay for an hour's industry a week's complaisance. You must always be making bargains wi him. These bargains, suggested in your fashion, but carried out his, always follow the direction of his own fancies, especially wh you are foolish enough to make the condition some advantage he almost sure to obtain, whether he fulfils his part of the bargain not. The child is usually much quicker to read the master's though than the master to read the child's feelings. And that is as it shou be, for all the sagacity which the child would have devoted to se preservation, had he been left to himself, is now devoted to t rescue of his native freedom from the chains of his tyrant; wh the latter, who has no such pressing need to understand the chi sometimes finds that it pays him better to leave him in idleness vanity.

Take the opposite course with your pupil; let him always thi he is master while you are really master. There is no subjecti so complete as that which preserves the forms of freedom; it is th that the will itself is taken captive. Is not this poor child, with knowledge, strength, or wisdom, entirely at your mercy? Are y not master of his whole environment so far as it affects him? Can make of him what you please? His work and play, his pleasure pain, are they not, unknown to him, under your control? No bt he ought only to do what he wants, but he ought to want to nothing but what you want him to do. He should never take a you have not foreseen, nor utter a word you could not foretell. hen he can devote himself to the bodily exercises adapted to his without brutalising his mind; instead of developing his cunning evade an unwelcome control, you will then find him entirely upied in getting the best he can out of his environment with a w to his present welfare, and you will be surprised by the subtlety he means he devises to get for himself such things as he can ain, and to really enjoy things without the aid of other people's as. You leave him master of his own wishes, but you do not ltiply his caprices. When he only does what he wants, he will n only do what he ought, and although his body is constantly in tion, so far as his sensible and present interests are concerned, will find him developing all the reason of which he is capable, better and in a manner much better fitted for him than in purely oretical studies.

hus when he does not find you continually thwarting him, when no longer distrusts you, no longer has anything to conceal from , he will neither tell you lies nor deceive you; he will show him- fearlessly as he really is, and you can study him at your ease, surround him with all the lessons you would have him learn, hout awaking his suspicions.

either will he keep a curious and jealous eye on your own con- t, nor take a secret delight in catching you at fault. It is a at thing to avoid this. One of the child's first objects is, as I e said, to find the weak spots in its rulers. Though this leads to efulness, it does not arise from it, but from the desire to evade a agreeable control. Overburdened by the yoke laid upon him, tries to shake it off, and the faults he finds in his master give him ood opportunity for this. Still the habit of spying out faults delighting in them grows upon people. Clearly we have opped another of the springs of vice in Emile's heart. Having hing to gain from my faults, he will not be on the watch for m, nor will he be tempted to look out for the faults of others.

ll these methods seem difficult because they are new to us, but y ought not to be really difficult. I have a right to assume that have the knowledge required for the business you have chosen; you know the usual course of development of the human ught, that you can study mankind and man, that you know rehand the effect on your pupil's will of the various objects ed to his age which you put before him. You have the tools the art to use them; are you not master of your trade?

ou speak of childish caprice; you are mistaken. Children's rices are never the work of nature, but of bad discipline; they e either obeyed or given orders, and I have said again and again, y must do neither. Your pupil will have the caprices you have taught him; it is fair you should bear the punishment of your ow faults. "But how can I cure them?" do you say? That ma still be done by better conduct on your own part and great patience I once undertook the charge of a child for a few weeks; he wa accustomed not only to have his own way, but to make every on else do as he pleased; he was therefore capricious. The very firs day he wanted to get up at midnight, to try how far he could g with me. When I was sound asleep he jumped out of bed, got hi dressing-gown, and waked me up. I got up and lighted the candle which was all he wanted. After a quarter of an hour he becam sleepy and went back to bed quite satisfied with his experiment Two days later he repeated it, with the same success and with n sign of impatience on my part. When he kissed me as he lay dow I said to him very quietly, "My little dear, this is all very well, bu do not try it again." His curiosity was aroused by this, and th very next day he did not fail to get up at the same time and wok me to see whether I should dare to disobey him. I asked what h wanted, and he told me he could not sleep. "So much the wors for you," I replied, and I lay quiet. He seemed perplexed by thi way of speaking. He felt his way to the flint and steel and tried t strike a light. I could not help laughing when I heard him strik his fingers. Convinced at last that he could not manage it, h brought the steel to my bed; I told him I did not want it, and turned my back to him. Then he began to rush wildly about th room, shouting, singing, making a great noise, knocking agains chairs and tables, but taking, however, good care not to hurt him self seriously, but screaming loudly in the hope of alarming m All this had no effect, but I perceived that though he was prepare for scolding or anger, he was quite unprepared for indifference.

However, he was determined to overcome my patience with hi own obstinacy, and he continued his racket so successfully that a last I lost my temper. I foresaw that I should spoil the whol business by an unseemly outburst of passion. I determined o another course. I got up quietly, went to the tinder box, but coul not find it; I asked him for it, and he gave it me, delighted to hav won the victory over me. I struck a light, lighted the candle, too my young gentleman by the hand and led him quietly into a adjoining dressing-room with the shutters firmly fastened, an nothing he could break.

I left him there without a light; then locking him in I went bac to my bed without a word. What a noise there was! That wa what I expected, and took no notice. At last the noise ceased; listened, heard him settling down, and I was quite easy about hi Next morning I entered the room at daybreak, and my little reb was lying on a sofa enjoying a sound and much needed sleep aft his exertions.

The matter did not end there. His mother heard that the chil had spent a great part of the night out of bed. That spoilt th whole thing; her child was as good as dead. Finding a good chan revenge, he pretended to be ill, not seeing that he would gain hing by it. They sent for the doctor. Unluckily for the mother, doctor was a practical joker, and to amuse himself with her rors he did his best to increase them. However, he whispered ue, "Leave it to me, I promise to cure the child of wanting to be for some time to come." As a matter of fact he prescribed bed d dieting, and the child was handed over to the apothecary. I hed to see the mother cheated on every hand except by me, om she hated because I did not deceive her.

After pretty severe reproaches, she told me her son was delicate, t he was the sole heir of the family, his life must be preserved at costs, and she would not have him contradicted. In that I roughly agreed with her, but what she meant by contradicting s not obeying him in everything. I saw I should have to treat mother as I had treated the son. "Madam," I said coldly, do not know how to educate the heir to a fortune, and what is re, I do not mean to study that art. You can take that as tled." I was wanted for some days longer, and the father oothed things over. The mother wrote to the tutor to hasten his urn, and the child, finding he got nothing by disturbing my rest, yet by being ill, decided at last to get better and to go to sleep.

You can form no idea of the number of similar caprices to which little tyrant had subjected his unlucky tutor; for his education s carried on under his mother's eye, and she would not allow her n and heir to be disobeyed in anything. Whenever he wanted go out, you must be ready to take him, or rather to follow him, d he always took good care to choose the time when he knew his tor was very busy. He wished to exercise the same power over and to avenge himself by day for having to leave me in peace night. I gladly agreed and began by showing plainly how eased I was to give him pleasure; after that when it was a matter curing him of his fancies I set about it differently.

In the first place, he must be shown that he was in the wrong. is was not difficult; knowing that children think only of the esent, I took the easy advantage which foresight gives; I took re to provide him with some indoor amusement of which he was ry fond. Just when he was most occupied with it, I went and ggested a short walk, and he sent me away. I insisted, but he id no attention. I had to give in, and he took note of this sign submission.

The next day it was my turn. As I expected, he got tired of his cupation; I, however, pretended to be very busy. That was ough to decide him. He came to drag me from my work, to take m at once for a walk. I refused; he persisted. "No," I said, when I did what you wanted, you taught me how to get my own ay; I shall not go out." "Very well," he replied eagerly, "I shall out by myself." "As you please," and I returned to my work.

He put on his things rather uneasily when he saw I did not follow s example. When he was ready he came and made his bow; I bowed too; he tried to frighten me with stories of the expeditions he was going to make; to hear him talk you would think he was going to the world's end. Quite unmoved, I wished him a pleasant journey. He became more and more perplexed. However, he put a good face on it, and when he was ready to go out he told his footman to follow him. The footman, who had his instructions, replied that he had no time, and that he was busy carrying out my orders, and he must obey me first. For the moment the child was taken aback. How could he think they would really let him go out alone, him, who, in his own eyes, was the most important person in the world, who thought that everything in heaven and earth was wrapped up in his welfare? However, he was beginning to feel his weakness, he perceived that he should find himself alone among people who knew nothing of him. He saw beforehand the risks he would run; obstinacy alone sustained him; very slowly and unwillingly he went downstairs. At last he went out into the street, consoling himself a little for the harm that might happen to himself, in the hope that I should be held responsible for it.

This was just what I expected. All was arranged beforehand, and as it meant some sort of public scene I had got his father's consent. He had scarcely gone a few steps, when he heard, first on this side then on that, all sorts of remarks about himself. "What a pretty little gentleman, neighbour? Where is he going all alone? He will get lost! I will ask him into our house." "Take care you don't. Don't you see he is a naughty little boy, who has been turned out of his own house because he is good for nothing? You must not stop naughty boys; let him go where he likes." "Well, well; the good God take care of him. I should be sorry if anything happened to him." A little further on he met some young urchins of about his own age who teased him and made fun of him. The further he got the more difficulties he found. Alone and unprotected he was at the mercy of everybody, and he found to his great surprise that his shoulder knot and his gold lace commanded no respect.

However, I had got a friend of mine, who was a stranger to him, to keep an eye on him. Unnoticed by him, this friend followed him step by step, and in due time he spoke to him. The rôle, like that of Sbrigani in *Pourceaugnac*, required an intelligent actor, and it was played to perfection. Without making the child fearful and timid by inspiring excessive terror, he made him realise so thoroughly the folly of his exploit that in half an hour's time he brought him home to me, ashamed and humble, and afraid to look me in the face.

To put the finishing touch to his discomfiture, just as he was coming in his father came down on his way out and met him on the stairs. He had to explain where he had been, and why I was not with him.[1] The poor child would gladly have sunk into the earth.

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[1] In a case like this there is no danger in asking a child to tell the truth, for he knows very well that it cannot be hid, and that if he ventured to tell a lie he would be found out at once.

s father did not take the trouble to scold him at length, but said th more severity than I should have expected, "When you want go out by yourself, you can do so, but I will not have a rebel in house, so when you go, take good care that you never come ck."

As for me, I received him somewhat gravely, but without blame d without mockery, and for fear he should find out we had been ying with him, I declined to take him out walking that day. xt day I was well pleased to find that he passed in triumph with through the very same people who had mocked him the previous y, when they met him out by himself. You may be sure he ver threatened to go out without me again.

By these means and other like them I succeeded during the short ne I was with him in getting him to do everything I wanted thout bidding him or forbidding him to do anything, without eaching or exhortation, without wearying him with unnecessary sons. So he was pleased when I spoke to him, but when I was ent he was frightened, for he knew there was something amiss, d he always got his lesson from the thing itself. But let us return our subject.

The body is strengthened by this constant exercise under the idance of nature herself, and far from brutalising the mind, this ercise develops in it the only kind of reason of which young ildren are capable, the kind of reason most necessary at every e. It teaches us how to use our strength, to perceive the relations tween our own and neighbouring bodies, to use the natural tools, hich are within our reach and adapted to our senses. Is there ything sillier than a child brought up indoors under his mother's e, who, in his ignorance of weight and resistance, tries to uproot tall tree or pick up a rock. The first time I found myself outside eneva I tried to catch a galloping horse, and I threw stones at ont Salève, two leagues away; I was the laughing stock of the hole village, and was supposed to be a regular idiot. At eighteen e are taught in our natural philosophy the use of the lever; every llage boy of twelve knows how to use a lever better than the everest mechanician in the academy. The lessons the scholars arn from one another in the playground are worth a hundredfold ore than what they learn in the class-room.

Watch a cat when she comes into a room for the first time; she es from place to place, she sniffs about and examines everything, e is never still for a moment; she is suspicious of everything till e has examined it and found out what it is. It is the same with e child when he begins to walk, and enters, so to speak, the room the world around him. The only difference is that, while both se sight, the child uses his hands and the cat that subtle sense of ell which nature has bestowed upon it. It is this instinct, rightly r wrongly educated, which makes children skilful or clumsy, uick or slow, wise or foolish.

As a man's first natural impulse is to measure himself with his environment, to discover in every object he sees those sensibl qualities which may concern himself, so his first study is a kind o experimental physics for his own preservation. He is turned awa from this and sent to speculative studies before he has found hi proper place in the world. While his delicate and flexible limb can adjust themselves to the bodies upon which they are intende to act, while his senses are keen and as yet free from illusions, the is the time to exercise both limbs and senses in their proper business It is the time to learn to perceive the physical relations betwee ourselves and things. Since everything that comes into the huma mind enters through the gates of sense, man's first reason is reason of sense-experience. It is this that serves as a foundatio for the reason of the intelligence; our first teachers in natura philosophy are our feet, hands, and eyes. To substitute books fo them does not teach us to reason, it teaches us to use the reason o others rather than our own; it teaches us to believe much and kno little.

Before you can practise an art you must first get your tools; an if you are to make good use of those tools, they must be fashione sufficiently strong to stand use. To learn to think we must therefore exercise our limbs, our senses, and our bodily organs, which ar the tools of the intellect; and to get the best use out of these tools the body which supplies us with them must be strong and healthy Not only is it quite a mistake that true reason is developed apar from the body, but it is a good bodily constitution which makes th workings of the mind easy and correct.

While I am showing how the child's long period of leisure shoul be spent, I am entering into details which may seem absurd. Yo will say, "This is a strange sort of education, and it is subject t your own criticism, for it only teaches what no one needs to learn Why spend your time in teaching what will come of itself withou care or trouble? Is there any child of twelve who is ignorant o all you wish to teach your pupil, while he also knows what hi master has taught him."

Gentlemen, you are mistaken. I am teaching my pupil an ar the acquirement of which demands much time and trouble, an ar which your scholars certainly do not possess; it is the art of bein ignorant; for the knowledge of any one who only thinks he knows what he really does know is a very small matter. You teach science well and good; I am busy fashioning the necessary tools for it acquisition. Once upon a time, they say the Venetians wer displaying the treasures of the Cathedral of Saint Mark to th Spanish ambassador; the only comment he made was, "Qui no c'e la radice." When I see a tutor showing off his pupil's learning I am always tempted to say the same to him.

Every one who has considered the manner of life among th ancients, attributes the strength of body and mind by which the are distinguished from the men of our own day to their gymnasti exercises. The stress laid by Montaigne upon this opinion, show it had made a great impression on him; he returns to it again d again. Speaking of a child's education he says, "To strengthen mind you must harden the muscles; by training the child to our you train him to suffering; he must be broken in to the dships of gymnastic exercises to prepare him for the hardships dislocations, colics, and other bodily ills." The philosopher cke, the worthy Rollin, the learned Fleury, the pedant De uzas, differing as they do so widely from one another, are agreed this one matter of sufficient bodily exercise for children. This is wisest of their precepts, and the one which is certain to be glected. I have already dwelt sufficiently on its importance, d as better reasons and more sensible rules cannot be found than se in Locke's book, I will content myself with referring to it, er taking the liberty of adding a few remarks of my own.

The limbs of a growing child should be free to move easily in his thing; nothing should cramp their growth or movement; there uld be nothing tight, nothing fitting closely to the body, no belts any kind. The French style of dress, uncomfortable and un- althy for a man, is especially bad for children. The stagnant mours, whose circulation is interrupted, putrify in a state of action, and this process proceeds more rapidly in an inactive and lentary life; they become corrupt and give rise to scurvy; this ease, which is continually on the increase among us, was almost known to the ancients, whose way of dressing and living pro- cted them from it. The hussar's dress, far from correcting this ult, increases it, and compresses the whole of the child's body, by ay of dispensing with a few bands. The best plan is to keep ildren in frocks as long as possible and then to provide them with ose clothing, without trying to define the shape which is only other way of deforming it. Their defects of body and mind may be traced to the same source, the desire to make men of them fore their time.

There are bright colours and dull; children like the bright colours st, and they suit them better too. I see no reason why such tural suitability should not be taken into consideration; but as on as they prefer a material because it is rich, their hearts are ready given over to luxury, to every caprice of fashion, and this ste is certainly not their own. It is impossible to say how much ucation is influenced by this choice of clothes, and the motives r this choice. Not only do short-sighted mothers offer ornaments rewards to their children, but there are foolish tutors who threaten make their pupils wear the plainest and coarsest clothes as a unishment. "If you do not do your lessons better, if you do not ke more care of your clothes, you shall be dressed like that little asant boy." This is like saying to them, "Understand that othes make the man." Is it to be wondered at that our young eople profit by such wise teaching, that they care for nothing but ess, and that they only judge of merit by its outside.

If I had to bring such a spoilt child to his senses, I would take care that his smartest clothes were the most uncomfortable, that he was always cramped, constrained, and embarrassed in every way; freedom and mirth should flee before his splendour. If he wanted to take part in the games of children more simply dressed, they should cease their play and run away. Before long I should make him so tired and sick of his magnificence, such a slave to his gold-laced coat, that it would become the plague of his life, and he would be less afraid to behold the darkest dungeon than to see the preparations for his adornment. Before the child is enslaved by our prejudices his first wish is always to be free and comfortable. The plainest and most comfortable clothes, those which leave him most liberty, are what he always likes best.

There are habits of body suited for an active life and others for a sedentary life. The latter leaves the humours an equable and uniform course, and the body should be protected from changes in temperature; the former is constantly passing from action to rest, from heat to cold, and the body should be inured to these changes. Hence people, engaged in sedentary pursuits indoors, should always be warmly dressed, to keep their bodies as nearly as possible at the same temperature at all times and seasons. Those, however, who come and go in sun, wind, and rain, who take much exercise, and spend most of their time out of doors, should always be lightly clad, so as to get used to the changes in the air and to every degree of temperature without suffering inconvenience. I would advise both never to change their clothes with the changing seasons, and that would be the invariable habit of my pupil Emile. By this I do not mean that he should wear his winter clothes in summer like many people of sedentary habits, but that he should wear his summer clothes in winter like hard-working folk. Sir Isaac Newton always did this, and he lived to be eighty.

Emile should wear little or nothing on his head all the year round. The ancient Egyptians always went bareheaded; the Persians used to wear heavy tiaras and still wear large turbans, which according to Chardin are required by their climate. I have remarked elsewhere on the difference observed by Herodotus on a battle-field between the skulls of the Persians and those of the Egyptians. Since it is desirable that the bones of the skull should grow harder and more substantial, less fragile and porous, not only to protect the brain against injuries but against colds, fever, and every influence of the air, you should therefore accustom your children to go bareheaded winter and summer, day and night. If you make them wear a night-cap to keep their hair clean and tidy, let it be thin and transparent like the nets with which the Basques cover their hair. I am aware that most mothers will be more impressed by Chardin's observations than my arguments, and will think that all climates are the climate of Persia, but I did not choose a European pupil to turn him into an Asiatic.

Children are generally too much wrapped up, particularly in infancy. They should be accustomed to cold rather than heat;

great cold never does them any harm, if they are exposed to it soon enough; but their skin is still too soft and tender and leaves too free a course for perspiration, so that they are inevitably exhausted by excessive heat. It has been observed that infant mortality is greatest in August. Moreover, it seems certain from a comparison of northern and southern races that we become stronger by bearing extreme cold rather than excessive heat. But as the child's body grows bigger and his muscles get stronger, train him gradually to bear the rays of the sun. Little by little you will harden him till he can face the burning heat of the tropics without danger.

Locke, in the midst of the manly and sensible advice he gives us, falls into inconsistencies one would hardly expect in such a careful thinker. The same man who would have children take an ice-cold bath summer and winter, will not let them drink cold water when they are hot, or lie on damp grass. But he would never have their shoes water-tight; and why should they let in more water when the child is hot than when he is cold, and may we not draw the same inference with regard to the feet and body that he draws with regard to the hands and feet and the body and face? If he would have a man all face, why blame me if I would have him all feet?

To prevent children drinking when they are hot, he says they should be trained to eat a piece of bread first. It is a strange thing to make a child eat because he is thirsty; I would as soon give him a drink when he is hungry. You will never convince me that our first instincts are so ill-regulated that we cannot satisfy them without endangering our lives. Were that so, the man would have perished over and over again before he had learned how to keep himself alive.

Whenever Emile is thirsty let him have a drink, and let him drink fresh water just as it is, not even taking the chill off it in the depths of winter and when he is bathed in perspiration. The only precaution I advise is to take care what sort of water you give him. If the water comes from a river, give it him just as it is; if it is spring-water let it stand a little exposed to the air before he drinks it. In warm weather rivers are warm; it is not so with springs, whose water has not been in contact with the air. You must wait till the temperature of the water is the same as that of the air. In winter, on the other hand, spring water is safer than river water. It is, however, unusual and unnatural to perspire greatly in winter, especially in the open air, for the cold air constantly strikes the skin and drives the perspiration inwards, and prevents the pores opening enough to give it passage. Now I do not intend Emile to take his exercise by the fireside in winter, but in the open air and among the ice. If he only gets warm with making and throwing snowballs, let him drink when he is thirsty, and go on with his game after drinking, and you need not be afraid of any ill effects. And if any other exercise makes him perspire let him drink cold water even in winter provided he is thirsty. Only take care to take him to get the water some little distance away. In such col as I am supposing, he would have cooled down sufficiently when h got there to be able to drink without danger. Above all, take care t conceal these precautions from him. I would rather he were ill no and then, than always thinking about his health.

Since children take such violent exercise they need a great dea of sleep. The one makes up for the other, and this shows that bot are necessary. Night is the time set apart by nature for rest. It i an established fact that sleep is quieter and calmer when the sun i below the horizon, and that our senses are less calm when the air i warmed by the rays of the sun. So it is certainly the healthies plan to rise with the sun and go to bed with the sun. Hence in ou country man and all the other animals with him want more slee in winter than in summer. But town life is so complex, so unnatural so subject to chances and changes, that it is not wise to accustom man to such uniformity that he cannot do without it. No doubt he must submit to rules; but the chief rule is this—be able to break the rule if necessary. So do not be so foolish as to soften your pupi by letting him always sleep his sleep out. Leave him at first to the law of nature without any hindrance, but never forget that under our conditions he must rise above this law; he must be able to go to bed late and rise early, be awakened suddenly, or sit up all night without ill effects. Begin early and proceed gently, a step at a time, and the constitution adapts itself to the very conditions which would destroy it if they were imposed for the first time on the grown man.

In the next place he must be accustomed to sleep in an uncomfortable bed, which is the best way to find no bed uncomfortable. Speaking generally, a hard life, when once we have become used to it, increases our pleasant experiences; an easy life prepares the way for innumerable unpleasant experiences. Those who are too tenderly nurtured can only sleep on down; those who are used to sleep on bare boards can find them anywhere. There is no such thing as a hard bed for the man who falls asleep at once.

The body is, so to speak, melted and dissolved in a soft bed where one sinks into feathers and eider-down. The reins when too warmly covered become inflamed. Stone and other diseases are often due to this, and it invariably produces a delicate constitution, which is the seed-ground of every ailment.

The best bed is that in which we get the best sleep. Emile and I will prepare such a bed for ourselves during the daytime. We do not need Persian slaves to make our beds; when we are digging the soil we are turning our mattresses. I know that a healthy child may be made to sleep or wake almost at will. When the child is put to bed and his nurse grows weary of his chatter, she says to him, "Go to sleep." That is much like saying, "Get well," when he is ill. The right way is to let him get tired of himself. Talk so much that he is compelled to hold his tongue, and he will soon be asleep. Here is at least one use for sermons, and you may as well preach to him as rock his cradle; but if you use this narcotic at night, do not use it by day.

I shall sometimes rouse Emile, not so much to prevent his sleeping too much, as to accustom him to anything—even to waking with a start. Moreover, I should be unfit for my business if I could not make him wake himself, and get up, so to speak, at my will, without being called.

If he wakes too soon, I shall let him look forward to a tedious morning, so that he will count as gain any time he can give to sleep. If he sleeps too late I shall show him some favourite toy when he wakes. If I want him to wake at a given hour I shall say, "To-morrow at six I am going fishing," or "I shall take a walk to such and such a place. Would you like to come too?" He assents, and begs me to wake him. I promise, or do not promise, as the case requires. If he wakes too late, he finds me gone. There is something amiss if he does not soon learn to wake himself.

Moreover, should it happen, though it rarely does, that a sluggish child desires to stagnate in idleness, you must not give way to this tendency, which might stupefy him entirely, but you must apply some stimulus to wake him. You must understand that is no question of applying force, but of arousing some appetite which leads to action, and such an appetite, carefully selected on the lines laid down by nature, kills two birds with one stone.

If one has any sort of skill, I can think of nothing for which a taste, a very passion, cannot be aroused in children, and that without vanity, emulation, or jealousy. Their keenness, their spirit of imitation, is enough of itself; above all, there is their natural liveliness, of which no teacher so far has contrived to take advantage. In every game, when they are quite sure it is only play, they endure without complaint, or even with laughter, hardships which they would not submit to otherwise without floods of tears. The sports of the young savage involve long fasting, blows, burns, and fatigue of every kind, a proof that even pain has a charm of its own, which may remove its bitterness. It is not every master, however, who knows how to season this dish, nor can every scholar eat it without making faces. However, I must take care or I shall be wandering off again after exceptions.

It is not to be endured that man should become the slave of pain, disease, accident, the perils of life, or even death itself; the more familiar he becomes with these ideas the sooner he will be cured of that over-sensitiveness which adds to the pain by impatience in bearing it; the sooner he becomes used to the sufferings which may overtake him, the sooner he shall, as Montaigne has put it, rob those pains of the sting of unfamiliarity, and so make his soul strong and invulnerable; his body will be the coat of mail which stops all the darts which might otherwise find a vital part. Even the approach of death, which is not death itself, will scarcely be felt as such; he will not die, he will be, so to speak, alive or dead and nothing more. Montaigne might say of him as he did of a certain king of Morocco, "No man ever prolonged his life so far into death." A child serves his apprenticeship in courage and endurance as well as in other virtues; but you cannot teach children these virtues by name alone; they must learn them unconsciously through experience.

But speaking of death, what steps shall I take with regard to my pupil and the smallpox? Shall he be inoculated in infancy, or shall I wait till he takes it in the natural course of things? The former plan is more in accordance with our practice, for it preserves his life at a time when it is of greater value, at the cost of some danger when his life is of less worth; if indeed we can use the word danger with regard to inoculation when properly performed.

But the other plan is more in accordance with our general principles—to leave nature to take the precautions she delights in, precautions she abandons whenever man interferes. The natural man is always ready; let nature inoculate him herself, she will choose the fitting occasion better than we.

Do not think I am finding fault with inoculation, for my reasons for exempting my pupil from it do not in the least apply to yours. Your training does not prepare them to escape catching smallpox as soon as they are exposed to infection. If you let them take it anyhow, they will probably die. I perceive that in different lands the resistance to inoculation is in proportion to the need for it; and the reason is plain. So I scarcely condescend to discuss this question with regard to Emile. He will be inoculated or not according to time, place, and circumstances; it is almost a matter of indifference, as far as he is concerned. If it gives him smallpox, there will be the advantage of knowing what to expect, knowing what the disease is; that is a good thing, but if he catches it naturally it will have kept him out of the doctor's hands, which is better.

An exclusive education, which merely tends to keep those who have received it apart from the mass of mankind, always selects such teaching as is costly rather than cheap, even when the latter is of more use. Thus all carefully educated young men learn to ride, because it is costly, but scarcely any of them learn to swim, as it costs nothing, and an artisan can swim as well as any one. Yet without passing through the riding school, the traveller learns to mount his horse, to stick on it, and to ride well enough for practical purposes; but in the water if you cannot swim you will drown, and we cannot swim unless we are taught. Again, you are not forced to ride on pain of death, while no one is sure of escaping such a common danger as drowning. Emile shall be as much at home in the water as on land. Why should he not be able to live in every element? If he could learn to fly, he should be an eagle; I would make him a salamander, if he could bear the heat.

People are afraid lest the child should be drowned while he is learning to swim; if he dies while he is learning, or if he dies because he has not learnt, it will be your own fault. Foolhardiness is the result of vanity; we are not rash when no one is looking. Emile will not be foolhardy, though all the world were watching him. As the exercise does not depend on its danger, he will learn to swim the Hellespont by swimming, without any danger, a stream in his father's park; but he must get used to danger too, so as not to be flustered by it. This is an essential part of the apprenticeship I spoke of just now. Moreover, I shall take care to proportion the danger to his strength, and I shall always share it myself, so that I need scarcely fear any imprudence if I take as much care for his life as for my own.

A child is smaller than a man; he has not the man's strength or reason, but he sees and hears as well or nearly as well; his sense of taste is very good, though he is less fastidious, and he distinguishes scents as clearly though less sensuously. The senses are the first of our faculties to mature; they are those most frequently overlooked or neglected.

To train the senses it is not enough merely to use them; we must learn to judge by their means, to learn to feel, so to speak; for we cannot touch, see, or hear, except as we have been taught.

There is a mere natural and mechanical use of the senses which strengthens the body without improving the judgment. It is all very well to swim, run, jump, whip a top, throw stones; but have we nothing but arms and legs? Have we not eyes and ears as well; and are not these organs necessary for the use of the rest? Do not merely exercise the strength, exercise all the senses by which it is guided; make the best use of every one of them, and check the results of one by the other. Measure, count, weigh, compare. Do not use force till you have estimated the resistance; let the estimation of the effect always precede the application of the means. Get the child interested in avoiding insufficient or superfluous efforts. If in this way you train him to calculate the effects of all his movements, and to correct his mistakes by experience, is it not clear that the more he does the wiser he will become?

Take the case of moving a heavy mass; if he takes too long a lever, he will waste his strength; if it is too short, he will not have strength enough; experience will teach him to use the very stick he needs. This knowledge is not beyond his years. Take, for example, a load to be carried; if he wants to carry as much as he can, and not to take up more than he can carry, must he not calculate the weight by the appearance? Does he know how to compare masses of like substance and different size, or to choose between masses of the same size and different substances? he must set to work to compare their specific weights. I have seen a young man, very highly educated, who could not be convinced, till he had tried it, that a bucket full of blocks of oak weighed less than the same bucket full of water.

All our senses are not equally under our control. One of them, touch, is always busy during our waking hours; it is spread over the whole surface of the body, like a sentinel ever on the watch to warn us of anything which may do us harm. Whether we will or not, we learn to use it first of all by experience, by constant practic and therefore we have less need for special training for it. Yet v know that the blind have a surer and more delicate sense of touc than we, for not being guided by the one sense, they are forced get from the touch what we get from sight. Why, then, are not v trained to walk as they do in the dark, to recognise what we touc to distinguish things about us; in a word, to do at night and in th dark what they do in the daytime without sight? We are bett off than they while the sun shines; in the dark it is their turn to our guide. We are blind half our time, with this difference: th really blind always know what to do, while we are afraid to stir i the dark. We have lights, you say. What! always artificial aid Who can insure that they will always be at hand when required. had rather Emil's eyes were in his finger tips, than in the chandler shop.

If you are shut up in a building at night, clap your hands, you wi know from the sound whether the space is large or small, if you ar in the middle or in one corner. Half a foot from a wall the ai which is refracted and does not circulate freely, produces a differen effect on your face. Stand still in one place and turn this way an that; a slight draught will tell you if there is a door open. If yo are on a boat you will perceive from the way the air strikes you face not merely the direction in which you are going, but whethe the current is bearing you slow or fast. These observations an many others like them can only be properly made at night; however much attention we give to them by daylight, we are alway helped or hindered by sight, so that the results escape us. Ye here we use neither hand nor stick. How much may be learnt b touch, without ever touching anything!

I would have plenty of games in the dark! This suggestion i more valuable than it seems at first sight. Men are naturall afraid of the dark; so are some animals.[1] Only a few men ar freed from this burden by knowledge, determination, and courag I have seen thinkers, unbelievers, philosophers, exceedingly brav by daylight, tremble like women at the rustling of a leaf in the dark This terror is put down to nurses' tales; this is a mistake; it has natural cause. What is this cause? What makes the deaf suspicious and the lower classes superstitious? Ignorance of th things about us, and of what is taking place around us.[2] Accustome

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[1] This terror is very noticeable during great eclipses of the sun.

[2] Another cause has been well explained by a philosopher, often quote in this work, a philosopher to whose wide views I am very greatly indebte

"When under special conditions we cannot form a fair idea of distanc when we can only judge things by the size of the angle or rather of th image formed in our eyes, we cannot avoid being deceived as to the siz of these objects. Every one knows by experience how when we ar travelling at night we take a bush near at hand for a great tree at a distanc and *vice versa*. In the same way, if the objects were of a shape unknow to us, so that we could not tell their size in that way, we should be equall mistaken with regard to it. If a fly flew quickly past a few inches from ou o perceive things from a distance and to calculate their effects, ow can I help supposing, when I cannot see, that there are hosts f creatures and all sorts of movements all about me which may do ne harm, and against which I cannot protect myself? In vain do know I am safe where I am; I am never so sure of it as when I an actually see it, so that I have always a cause for fear which did ot exist in broad daylight. I know, indeed, that a foreign body an scarcely act upon me without some slight sound, and how ntently I listen! At the least sound which I cannot explain, the esire of self-preservation makes me picture everything that would ut me on my guard, and therefore everything most calculated to larm me.

I am just as uneasy if I hear no sound, for I might be taken nawares without a sound. I must picture things as they were efore, as they ought to be; I must see what I do not see. Thus riven to exercise my imagination, it soon becomes my master, and

yes, we should think it was a distant bird; a horse standing still at a istance from us in the midst of open country, in a position somewhat like hat of a sheep, would be taken for a large sheep, so long as we did not erceive that it was a horse; but as soon as we recognise what it is, it seems s large as a horse,and we at once correct our former judgment.

" Whenever one finds oneself in unknown places at night where we annot judge of distance, and where we cannot recognise objects by their hape on account of the darkness, we are in constant danger of forming nistaken judgments as to the objects which present themselves to our otice. Hence that terror, that kind of inward fear experienced by most eople on dark nights. This is foundation for the supposed appearances f spectres, or gigantic and terrible forms which so many people profess o have seen. They are generally told that they imagined these things, et they may really have seen them, and it is quite possible they really aw what they say they did see; for it will always be the case that when ve can only estimate the size of an object by the angle it forms in the eye, hat object will swell and grow as we approach it; and if the spectator hought it several feet high when it was thirty or forty feet away, it will eem very large indeed when it is a few feet off; this must indeed astonish nd alarm the spectator until he touches it and perceives what it is, for s soon as he perceives what it is, the object which seemed so gigantic vill suddenly shrink and assume its real size, but if we run away or are fraid to approach, we shall certainly form no other idea of the thing han the image formed in the eye, and we shall have really seen a gigantic igure of alarming size and shape. There is, therefore, a natural ground or the tendency to see ghosts, and these appearances are not merely the reation of the imagination, as the men of science would have us think."— Buffon, *Nat. Hist.*

In the text I have tried to show that they are always partly the creation f the imagination, and with regard to the cause explained in this quotation, t is clear that the habit of walking by night should teach us to distinguish hose appearances which similarity of form and diversity of distance end to the objects seen in the dark. For if the air is light enough for us o see the outlines there must be more air between us and them when hey are further off, so that we ought to see them less distinctly when urther off, which should be enough, when we are used to it, to prevent he error described by M. Buffon. Whichever explanation you prefer, ny mode of procedure is still efficacious, and experience entirely onfirms it.

what I did to reassure myself only alarms me more. I hear a nois it is a robber; I hear nothing, it is a ghost. The watchfulne inspired by the instinct of self-preservation only makes me mor afraid. Everything that ought to reassure me exists only for m reason, and the voice of instinct is louder than that of reaso What is the good of thinking there is nothing to be afraid of, sinc in that case there is nothing we can do?

The cause indicates the cure. In everything habit overpower imagination; it is only aroused by what is new. It is no longe imagination, but memory which is concerned with what we se every day, and that is the reason of the maxim, "Ab assuetis no fit passio," for it is only at the flame of imagination that the passion are kindled. Therefore do not argue with any one whom you wan to cure of the fear of darkness; take him often into dark places an be assured this practice will be of more avail than all the argument of philosophy. The tiler on the roof does not know what it is to b dizzy, and those who are used to the dark will not be afraid.

There is another advantage to be gained from our games in th dark. But if these games are to be a success I cannot speak to strongly of the need for gaiety. Nothing is so gloomy as the dark do not shut your child up in a dungeon, let him laugh when he goe into a dark place, let him laugh when he comes out, so that th thought of the game he is leaving and the games he will play nex may protect him from the fantastic imagination which might la hold on him.

There comes a stage in life beyond which we progress backwards I feel I have reached this stage. I am, so to speak, returning t a past career. The approach of age makes us recall the happ days of our childhood. As I grow old I become a child again, an I recall more readily what I did at ten than at thirty. Reader, forgive me if I sometimes draw my examples from my own experience. If this book is to be well written, I must enjoy writing it.

I was living in the country with a pastor called M. Lambercier. My companion was a cousin richer than myself, who was regarded as the heir to some property, while I, far from my father, was but a poor orphan. My big cousin Bernard was unusually timid, especially at night. I laughed at his fears, till M. Lambercier was tired of my boasting, and determined to put my courage to the proof. One autumn evening, when it was very dark, he gave me the church key, and told me to go and fetch a Bible he had left in the pulpit. To put me on my mettle he said something which made it impossible for me to refuse.

I set out without a light; if I had had one, it would perhaps have been even worse. I had to pass through the graveyard; I crossed it bravely, for as long as I was in the open air I was never afraid of the dark.

As I opened the door I heard a sort of echo in the roof; it sounded like voices and it began to shake my Roman courage. Having opened the door I tried to enter, but when I had gone a few steps I stopped. At the sight of the profound darkness in which the vast building lay I was seized with terror and my hair stood on end. I turned, I went out through the door, and took to my heels. In the yard I found a little dog, called Sultan, whose caresses reassured me. Ashamed of my fears, I retraced my steps, trying to take Sultan with me, but he refused to follow. Hurriedly I opened the door and entered the church. I was hardly inside when terror again got hold of me and so firmly that I lost my head, and though the pulpit was on the right, as I very well knew, I sought it on the left, and entangling myself among the benches I was completely lost. Unable to find either pulpit or door, I fell into an indescribable state of mind. At last I found the door and managed to get out of the church and run away as I had done before, quite determined never to enter the church again except in broad daylight.

I returned to the house; on the doorstep I heard M. Lambercier laughing, laughing, as I supposed, at me. Ashamed to face his laughter, I was hesitating to open the door, when I heard Miss Lambercier, who was anxious about me, tell the maid to get the lantern, and M. Lambercier got ready to come and look for me. escorted by my gallant cousin, who would have got all the credit for the expedition. All at once my fears departed, and left me merely surprised at my terror. I ran, I fairly flew, to the church; without losing my way, without groping about, I reached the pulpit, took the Bible, and ran down the steps. In three strides I was out of the church, leaving the door open. Breathless, I entered the room and threw the Bible on the table, frightened indeed, but throbbing with pride that I had done it without the proposed assistance.

You will ask if I am giving this anecdote as an example, and as an illustration, of the mirth which I say should accompany these games. Not so, but I give it as a proof that there is nothing so well calculated to reassure any one who is afraid in the dark as to hear sounds of laughter and talking in an adjoining room. Instead of playing alone with your pupil in the evening, I would have you get together a number of merry children; do not send them alone to begin with, but several together, and do not venture to send any one quite alone, until you are quite certain beforehand that he will not be too frightened.

I can picture nothing more amusing and more profitable than such games, considering how little skill is required to organise them. In a large room I should arrange a sort of labyrinth of tables, arm-chairs, chairs, and screens. In the inextricable windings of this labyrinth I should place some eight or ten sham boxes, and one real box almost exactly like them, but well filled with sweets. I should describe clearly and briefly the place where the right box would be found. I should give instructions sufficient to enable people more attentive and less excitable than children to find it.[1] Then having made the little competitors draw lots, I should send first one ar then another till the right box was found. I should increase th difficulty of the task in proportion to their skill.

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[1] To practise them in attention, only tell them things which it is clearly to their present interest that they should understand thoroughly; above

Picture to yourself a youthful Hercules returning, box in hanc quite proud of his expedition. The box is placed on the table an opened with great ceremony. I can hear the bursts of laughte and the shouts of the merry party when, instead of the looked-fo sweets, he finds, neatly arranged on moss or cotton-wool, a beetl a snail, a bit of coal, a few acorns, a turnip, or some such thin Another time in a newly whitewashed room, a toy or some sma article of furniture would be hung on the wall and the childre would have to fetch it without touching the wall. When the chil who fetches it comes back, if he has failed ever so little to fulfil th conditions, a dab of white on the brim of his cap, the tip of his shoe the flap of his coat or his sleeve, will betray his lack of skill.

This is enough, or more than enough, to show the spirit of thes games. Do not read my book if you expect me to tell you everything.

What great advantages would be possessed by a man so educated when compared with others. His feet are accustomed to treac firmly in the dark, and his hands to touch lightly; they will guid him safely in the thickest darkness. His imagination is busy witl the evening games of his childhood, and will find it difficult to turn towards objects of alarm. If he thinks he hears laughter, it will b the laughter of his former playfellows, not of frenzied spirits; if h thinks there is a host of people, it will not be the witches' sabbath but the party in his tutor's study. Night only recalls these cheerfu memories, and it will never alarm him; it will inspire delight rathe than fear. He will be ready for a military expedition at any hour with or without his troop. He will enter the camp of Saul, he wil find his way, he will reach the king's tent without waking any one and he will return unobserved. Are the steeds of Rhesus to be stolen, you may trust him. You will scarcely find a Ulysses among men educated in any other fashion.

I have known people who tried to train the children not to fear the dark by startling them. This is a very bad plan; its effects are just the opposite of those desired, and it only makes children more timid. Neither reason nor habit can secure us from the fear of a present danger whose degree and kind are unknown, nor from the fear of surprises which we have often experienced. Yet how will you make sure that you can preserve your pupil from such accidents? I consider this the best advice to give him beforehand. I should say to Emile, "This is a matter of self-defence, for the aggressor does not let you know whether he means to hurt or frighten you, and as the advantage is on his side you cannot even take refuge in flight. Therefore seize boldly anything, whether man or beast, which takes you unawares in the dark. Grasp it, squeeze it

all be brief, never say a word more than is necessary. But neither let your speech be obscure nor of doubful meaning.

with all your might; if it struggles, strike, and do not spare your blows; and whatever he may say or do, do not let him go till you know just who he is. The event will probably prove that you had little to be afraid of, but this way of treating practical jokers would naturally prevent their trying it again.

Although touch is the sense oftenest used, its discrimination remains, as I have already pointed out, coarser and more imperfect than that of any other sense, because we always use sight along with it; the eye perceives the thing first, and the mind almost always judges without the hand. On the other hand, discrimination by touch is the surest just because of its limitations; for extending only as far as our hands can reach, it corrects the hasty judgments of the other senses, which pounce upon objects scarcely perceived, while what we learn by touch is learnt thoroughly. Moreover, touch, when required, unites the force of our muscles to the action of the nerves; we associate by simultaneous sensations our ideas of temperature, size, and shape, to those of weight and density. Thus touch is the sense which best teaches us the action of foreign bodies upon ourselves, the sense which most directly supplies us with the knowledge required for self-preservation.

As the trained touch takes the place of sight, why should it not, to some extent, take the place of hearing, since sounds set up, in sonorous bodies, vibrations perceptible by touch? By placing the hand on the body of a 'cello one can distinguish without the use of eye or ear, merely by the way in which the wood vibrates and trembles, whether the sound given out is sharp or flat, whether it is drawn from the treble string or the base. If our touch were trained to note these differences, no doubt we might in time become so sensitive as to hear a whole tune by means of our fingers. But if we admit this, it is clear that one could easily speak to the deaf by means of music; for tone and measure are no less capable of regular combination than voice and articulation, so that they might be used as the elements of speech.

There are exercises by which the sense of touch is blunted and deadened, and others which sharpen it and make it delicate and discriminating. The former, which employ much movement and force for the continued impression of hard bodies, make the skin hard and thick, and deprive it of its natural sensitiveness. The latter are those which give variety to this feeling, by slight and repeated contact, so that the mind is attentive to constantly recurring impressions, and readily learns to discern their variations. This difference is clear in the use of musical instruments. The harsh and painful touch of the 'cello, bass-viol, and even of the violin, hardens the finger-tips, although it gives flexibility to the fingers. The soft and smooth touch of the harpsichord makes the fingers both flexible and sensitive. In this respect the harpsichord is to be preferred.

The skin protects the rest of the body, so it is very important to harden it to the effects of the air that it may be able to bear its changes. With regard to this I may say I would not have the har roughened by too servile application to the same kind of work, n should the skin of the hand become hardened so as to lose its delica sense of touch which keeps the body informed of what is going o and by the kind of contact sometimes makes us shudder in differe ways even in the dark.

Why should my pupil be always compelled to wear the skin of a ox under his foot? What harm would come of it if his own ski could serve him at need as a sole. It is clear that a delicate ski could never be of any use in this way, and may often do harm. Th Genevese, aroused at midnight by their enemies in the depth c winter, seized their guns rather than their shoes. Who can te whether the town would have escaped capture if its citizens had no been able to go barefoot?

Let a man be always fore-armed against the unforeseen. Le Emile run about barefoot all the year round, upstairs, downstairs and in the garden. Far from scolding him, I shall follow hi example; only I shall be careful to remove any broken glass. shall soon proceed to speak of work and manual occupations Meanwhile, let him learn to perform every exercise which encourage agility of body; let him learn to hold himself easily and steadily i any position, let him practise jumping and leaping, climbing tree and walls. Let him always find his balance, and let his ever movement and gesture be regulated by the laws of weight, lon before he learns to explain them by the science of statics. By th way his foot is planted on the ground, and his body supported o his leg, he ought to know if he is holding himself well or ill. A easy carriage is always graceful, and the steadiest positions are th most elegant. If I were a dancing master I would refuse to play th monkey tricks of Marcel, which are only fit for the stage where they are performed; but instead of keeping my pupil busy with fancy steps, I would take him to the foot of a cliff. There I would show him how to hold himself, how to carry his body and head, how to place first a foot then a hand, to follow lightly the steep, toilsome and rugged paths, to leap from point to point, either up or down He should emulate the mountain-goat, not the ballet dancer.

As touch confines its operations to the man's immediate surroundings, so sight extends its range beyond them; it is this which makes it misleading; man sees half his horizon at a glance. In the midst of this host of simultaneous impressions and the thoughts excited by them, how can he fail now and then to make mistakes? Thus sight is the least reliable of our senses, just because it has the widest range; it functions long before our other senses, and its work is too hasty and on too large a scale to be corrected by the rest. Moreover, the very illusions of perspective are necessary if we are to arrive at a knowledge of space and compare one part of space with another. Without false appearances we should never see anything at a distance; without the gradations of size and tone we could not judge of distance, or rather distance would have no existence for us. If two trees, one of which was a hundred paces from us and the other ten, looked equally large and distinct, we should think they were side by side. If we perceived the real dimensions of things, we should know nothing of space; everything would seem close to our eyes.

The angle formed between any objects and our eye is the only means by which our sight estimates their size and distance, and as this angle is the simple effect of complex causes, the judgment we form does not distinguish between the several causes; we are compelled to be inaccurate. For how can I tell, by sight alone, whether the angle at which an object appears to me smaller than another, indicates that it is really smaller or that it is further off.

Here we must just reverse our former plan. Instead of simplifying the sensation, always reinforce it and verify it by means of another sense. Subject the eye to the hand, and, so to speak, restrain the precipitation of the former sense by the slower and more reasoned pace of the latter. For want of this sort of practice our sight measurements are very imperfect. We cannot correctly, and at a glance, estimate height, length, breadth, and distance; and the fact that engineers, surveyors, architects, masons, and painters are generally quicker to see and better able to estimate distances correctly, proves that the fault is not in our eyes, but in our use of them. Their occupations give them the training we lack, and they check the equivocal results of the angle of vision by its accompanying experiences, which determine the relations of the two causes of this angle for their eyes.

Children will always do anything that keeps them moving freely. There are countless ways of rousing their interest in measuring, perceiving, and estimating distance. There is a very tall cherry tree; how shall we gather the cherries? Will the ladder in the barn be big enough? There is a wide stream; how shall we get to the other side? Would one of the wooden planks in the yard reach from bank to bank? From our windows we want to fish in the moat; how many yards of line are required? I want to make a swing between two trees; will two fathoms of cord be enough? They tell me our room in the new house will be twenty-five feet square; do you think it will be big enough for us? Will it be larger than this? We are very hungry; here are two villages, which can we get to first for our dinner?

An idle, lazy child was to be taught to run. He had no liking for this or any other exercise, though he was intended for the army. Somehow or other he had got it into his head that a man of his rank need know nothing and do nothing—that his birth would serve as a substitute for arms and legs, as well as for every kind of virtue. The skill of Chiron himself would have failed to make a fleet-footed Achilles of this young gentleman. The difficulty was increased by my determination to give him no kind of orders. I had renounced all right to direct him by preaching, promises, threats, emulation, or the desire to show off. How should I make him want to run without saying anything? I might run myself, but he might not follow m example, and this plan had other drawbacks. Moreover, I mus find some means of teaching him through this exercise, so as t train mind and body to work together. This is how I, or rathe how the teacher who supplied me with this illustration, set about it

When I took him a walk of an afternoon I sometimes put in m pocket a couple of cakes, of a kind he was very fond of; we eac ate one while we were out, and we came back well pleased with ou outing. One day he noticed I had three cakes; he could have easily eaten six, so he ate his cake quickly and asked for the other. "No," said I, "I could eat it myself, or we might divide it, but I would rather see those two little boys run a race for it." I called them to us, showed them the cake, and suggested that they should race for it. They were delighted. The cake was placed on a large stone which was to be the goal; the course was marked out, we sat down, and at a given signal off flew the children! The victor seized the cake and ate it without pity in the sight of the spectators and of his defeated rival.

The sport was better than the cake; but the lesson did not take effect all at once, and produced no result. I was not discouraged, nor did I hurry; teaching is a trade at which one must be able to lose time and save it. Our walks were continued, sometimes we took three cakes, sometimes four, and from time to time there were one or two cakes for the racers. If the prize was not great, neither was the ambition of the competitors. The winner was praised and petted, and everything was done with much ceremony. To give room to run and to add interest to the race I marked out a longer course and admitted several fresh competitors. Scarcely had they entered the lists than all the passers-by stopped to watch. They were encouraged by shouting, cheering, and clapping. I sometimes saw my little man trembling with excitement, jumping up and shouting when one was about to reach or overtake another—to him these were the Olympian games.

However, the competitors did not always play fair, they got in each other's way, or knocked one another down, or put stones on the track. That led us to separate them and make them start from different places at equal distances from the goal. You will soon see the reason for this, for I must describe this important affair at length.

Tired of seeing his favourite cakes devoured before his eyes, the young lord began to suspect that there was some use in being a quick runner, and seeing that he had two legs of his own, he began to practise running on the quiet. I took care to see nothing, but I knew my stratagem had taken effect. When he thought he was good enough (and I thought so too), he pretended to tease me to give him the other cake. I refused; he persisted, and at last he said angrily, "Well, put it on the stone and mark out the course, and we shall see." "Very good," said I, laughing, "You will get a good appetite, but you will not get the cake." Stung by my mockery, he took heart, won the prize, all the more easily because I had marked out a very short course and taken care that the best runner was out of the way. It will be evident that, after the first step, I had no difficulty in keeping him in training. Soon he took such a fancy for this form of exercise that without any favour he was almost certain to beat the little peasant boys at running, however long the course.

The advantage thus obtained led unexpectedly to another. So long as he seldom won the prize, he ate it himself like his rivals, but as he got used to victory he grew generous, and often shared it with the defeated. That taught me a lesson in morals and I saw what was the real root of generosity.

While I continued to mark out a different starting place for each competitor, he did not notice that I had made the distances unequal, so that one of them, having farther to run to reach the goal, was clearly at a disadvantage. But though I left the choice to my pupil he did not know how to take advantage of it. Without thinking of the distance, he always chose the smoothest path, so that I could easily predict his choice, and could almost make him win or lose the cake at my pleasure. I had more than one end in view in this stratagem; but as my plan was to get him to notice the difference himself, I tried to make him aware of it. Though he was generally lazy and easy going, he was so eager in his sports and trusted me so completely that I had great difficulty in making him see that I was cheating him. When at last I managed to make him see it in spite of his excitement, he was angry with me. "What have you to complain of?" said I. "In a gift which I propose to give of my own free will am not I master of the conditions? Who makes you run? Did I promise to make the courses equal? Is not the choice yours? Do not you see that I am favouring you, and that the inequality you complain of is all to your advantage, if you knew how to use it?" That was plain to him; and to choose he must observe more carefully. At first he wanted to count the paces, but a child measures paces slowly and inaccurately; moreover, I decided to have several races on one day; and the game having become a sort of passion with the child, he was sorry to waste in measuring the portion of time intended for running. Such delays are not in accordance with a child's impatience; he tried therefore to see better and to reckon the distance more accurately at sight. It was now quite easy to extend and develop this power. At length, after some months' practice, and the correction of his errors, I so trained his power of judging at sight that I had only to place an maginary cake on any distant object and his glance was nearly as accurate as the surveyor's chain.

Of all the senses, sight is that which we can least distinguish rom the judgments of the mind; so it takes a long time to learn to ee. It takes a long time to compare sight and touch, and to train the former sense to give a true report of shape and distance. Without touch, without progressive motion, the sharpest eyes in the world could give us no idea of space. To the oyster the whole world must seem a point, and it would seem nothing more to it eve if it had a human mind. It is only by walking, feeling, counting measuring the dimensions of things, that we learn to judge ther rightly; but, on the other hand, if we were always measuring, ou senses would trust to the instrument and would never gain con fidence. Nor must the child pass abruptly from measurement t judgment; he must continue to compare the parts when he coul not compare the whole; he must substitute his estimated aliquo parts for exact aliquot parts, and instead of always applying th measure by hand he must get used to applying it by eye alone. would, however, have his first estimates tested by measurement, s that he may correct his errors, and if there is a false impression lef upon the senses he may correct it by a better judgment. The sam natural standards of measurement are in use almost everywhere the man's foot, the extent of his outstretched arms, his height When the child wants to measure the height of a room, his tuto may serve as a measuring rod; if he is estimating the height of steeple let him measure it by the house; if he wants to know how many leagues of road there are, let him count the hours spent i walking along it. Above all, do not do this for him; let him do i himself.

One cannot learn to estimate the extent and size of bodies withou at the same time learning to know and even to copy their shape for at bottom this copying depends entirely on the laws of perspective, and one cannot estimate distance without some feeling fo these laws. All children in the course of their endless imitatio try to draw; and I would have Emile cultivate this art; not s much for art's sake, as to give him exactness of eye and flexibility of hand. Generally speaking, it matters little whether he is acquainted with this or that occupation, provided he gains clearness of sense-perception and the good bodily habits which belong to the exercise in question. So I shall take good care not to provide him with a drawing master, who would only set him to copy copies and draw from drawings. Nature should be his only teacher, and things his only models. He should have the real thing before his eyes, not its copy on paper. Let him draw a house from a house, a tree from a tree, a man from a man; so that he may train himself to observe objects and their appearance accurately and not to take false and conventional copies for truth. I would even train him to draw only from objects actually before him and not from memory, so that, by repeated observation, their exact form may be impressed on his imagination, for fear lest he should substitute absurd and fantastic forms for the real truth of things, and lose his sense of proportion and his taste for the beauties of nature.

Of course I know that in this way he will make any number of daubs before he produces anything recognisable, that it will be long before he attains to the graceful outline and light touch of the draughtsman; perhaps he will never have an eye for picturesque effect or a good taste in drawing. On the other hand, he will ertainly get a truer eye, a surer hand, a knowledge of the real elations of form and size between animals, plants, and natural bjects, together with a quicker sense of the effects of perspective. 'hat is just what I wanted, and my purpose is rather that he should now things than copy them. I would rather he showed me a plant f acanthus even if he drew a capital with less accuracy.

Moreover, in this occupation as in others, I do not intend my upil to play by himself; I mean to make it pleasanter for him by lways sharing it with him. He shall have no other rival; but ine will be a continual rivalry, and there will be no risk attaching › it; it will give interest to his pursuits without awaking jealousy etween us. I shall follow his example and take up a pencil; at rst I shall use it as unskilfully as he. I should be an Apelles if I id not set myself daubing. To begin with, I shall draw a man ıch as lads draw on walls, a line for each arm, another for each g, with the fingers longer than the arm. Long after, one or other us will notice this lack of proportion; we shall observe that the g is thick, that this thickness varies, that the length of the arm is roportionate to the body. In this improvement I shall either go de by side with my pupil, or so little in advance that he will always vertake me easily and sometimes get ahead of me. We shall get rushes and paints, we shall try to copy the colours of things and ıeir whole appearance, not merely their shape. We shall colour rints, we shall paint, we shall daub; but in all our daubing we shall searching out the secrets of nature, and whatever we do shall be one under the eye of that master.

We badly needed ornaments for our room, and now we have them ady to our hand. I will have our drawings framed and covered ith good glass, so that no one will touch them, and thus seeing ıem where we put them, each of us has a motive for taking care of s own. I arrange them in order round the room, each drawing peated some twenty or thirty times, thus showing the author's rogress in each specimen, from the time when the house is merely rude square, till its front view, its side view, its proportions, its ght and shade are all exactly portrayed. These gradations will rtainly furnish us with pictures, a source of interest to ourselves d of curiosity to others, which will spur us on to further emulaon. The first and roughest drawings I put in very smart gilt ames to show them off; but as the copy becomes more accurate d the drawing really good, I only give it a very plain dark frame; needs no other ornament than itself, and it would be a pity if the ame distracted the attention which the picture itself deserves. ıus we each aspire to a plain frame, and when we desire to pour orn on each other's drawings, we condemn them to a gilded frame. me day perhaps "the gilt frame" will become a proverb among , and we shall be surprised to find how many people show what ey are really made of by demanding a gilt frame.

I have said already that geometry is beyond the child's reach; t that is our own fault. We fail to perceive that their method is not ours, that what is for us the art of reasoning, should be fo them the art of seeing. Instead of teaching them our way, we shoul do better to adopt theirs, for our way of learning geometry is quit as much a matter of imagination as of reasoning. When a proposition is enunciated you must imagine the proof; that is, you mus discover on what proposition already learnt it depends, and of al the possible deductions from that proposition you must choose jus the one required.

In this way the closest reasoner, if he is not inventive, may fin himself at a loss. What is the result? Instead of making u discover proofs, they are dictated to us; instead of teaching us t reason, our memory only is employed.

Draw accurate figures, combine them together, put them one upo another, examine their relations, and you will discover the whole o elementary geometry in passing from one observation to another without a word of definitions, problems, or any other form o demonstration but super-position. I do not profess to teach Emil geometry; he will teach me; I shall seek for relations, he will fin them, for I shall seek in such a fashion as to make him find. Fo instance, instead of using a pair of compasses to draw a circle, shall draw it with a pencil at the end of bit of string attached to pivot. After that, when I want to compare the radii one witl another, Emile will laugh at me and show me that the same threa at full stretch cannot have given distances of unequal length. If wish to measure an angle of 60° I describe from the apex of the angle, not an arc, but a complete circle, for with children nothing must be taken for granted. I find that the part of the circle containe between the two lines of the angle is the sixth part of a circle. Ther I describe another and larger circle from the same centre, and I find the second arc is again the sixth part of its circle. I describe a third concentric circle with a similar result, and I continue with more and more circles till Emile, shocked at my stupidity, shows me that every arc, large or small, contained by the same angle will always be the sixth part of its circle. Now we are ready to use the protractor.

To prove that two adjacent angles are equal to two right angles people describe a circle. On the contrary I would have Emile observe the fact in a circle, and then I should say, "If we took away the circle and left the straight lines, would the angles have changed their size, etc.?"

Exactness in the construction of figures is neglected; it is taken for granted and stress is laid on the proof. With us, on the other hand, there will be no question of proof. Our chief business will be to draw very straight, accurate, and even lines, a perfect square, a really round circle. To verify the exactness of a figure we will test it by each of its sensible properties, and that will give us a chance to discover fresh properties day by day. We will fold the two semi-circles along the diameter, the two halves of the square by the diagonal; he will compare our two figures to see who has ot the edges to fit most exactly, *i.e.*, who has done it best; we hould argue whether this equal division would always be possible parallelograms, trapezes, etc. We shall sometimes try to fore-ast the result of an experiment, to find reasons, etc.

Geometry means to my scholar the successful use of the rule and ompass; he must not confuse it with drawing, in which these nstruments are not used. The rule and compass will be locked up, that he will not get into the way of messing about with them, ut we may sometimes take our figures with us when we go for a alk, and talk over what we have done, or what we mean to do.

I shall never forget seeing a young man at Turin, who had learnt a child the relations of contours and surfaces by having to choose very day isoperimetric cakes among cakes of every geometrical gure. The greedy little fellow had exhausted the art of Archimedes find which were the biggest.

When the child flies a kite he is training eye and hand to accuracy; hen he whips a top, he is increasing his strength by using it, but ithout learning anything. I have sometimes asked why children e not given the same games of skill as men; tennis, mall, billiards, chery, football, and musical instruments. I was told that some these are beyond their strength, that the child's senses are not fficiently developed for others. These do not strike me as valid asons; a child is not as tall as a man, but he wears the same sort coat; I do not want him to play with our cues at a billiard-table ree feet high; I do not want him knocking about among our mes, nor carrying one of our racquets in his little hand; but let m play in a room whose windows have been protected; at first t him only use soft balls, let his first racquets be of wood, then of rchment, and lastly of gut, according to his progress. You efer the kite because it is less tiring and there is no danger. You e doubly wrong. Kite-flying is a sport for women, but every oman will run away from a swift ball. Their white skins were not eant to be hardened by blows and their faces were not made for uises. But we men are made for strength; do you think we can tain it without hardship, and what defence shall we be able to ake if we are attacked? People always play carelessly in games ere there is no danger. A falling kite hurts nobody, but nothing akes the arm so supple as protecting the head, nothing makes the ght so accurate as having to guard the eye. To dash from one d of the room to another, to judge the rebound of a ball before it uches the ground, to return it with strength and accuracy, such mes are not so much sports fit for a man, as sports fit to make a an of him.

The child's limbs, you say, are too tender. They are not so strong those of a man, but they are more supple. His arm is weak, ll it is an arm, and it should be used with due consideration as use other tools. Children have no skill in the use of their hands. at is just why I want them to acquire skill; a man with as little actice would be just as clumsy. We can only learn the use of our limbs by using them. It is only by long experience that learn to make the best of ourselves, and this experience is the object of study to which we cannot apply ourselves too early.

What is done can be done. Now there is nothing commo than to find nimble and skilful children whose limbs are as act as those of a man. They may be seen at any fair, swinging, wa ing on their hands, jumping, dancing on the tight rope. For ma years past, troops of children have attracted spectators to ballets at the Italian Comedy House. Who is there in Germa and Italy who has not heard of the famous pantomime company Nicolini? Has it ever occurred to any one that the movements these children were less finished, their postures less graceful, th ears less true, their dancing more clumsy than those of grown-dancers? If at first the fingers are thick, short, and awkward, dimpled hands unable to grasp anything, does this prevent ma children from learning to read and write at an age when oth cannot even hold a pen or pencil? All Paris still recalls the lit English girl of ten who did wonders on the harpsichord. I or saw a little fellow of eight, the son of a magistrate, who was set li a statuette on the table among the dishes, to play on a fiddle alm a big as himself, and even artists were surprised at his execution.

To my mind, these and many more examples prove that supposed incapacity of children for our games is imaginary, a that if they are unsuccessful in some of them, it is for want practice.

You will tell me that with regard to the body I am falling into same mistake of precocious development which I found fault wi for the mind. The cases are very different: in the one, progress apparent only; in the other it is real. I have shown that childr have not the mental development they appear to have, while th really do what they seem to do. Besides, we must never forget that this should be play, the easy and voluntary control of the mov ments which nature demands of them, the art of varying their gam to make them pleasanter, without the least bit of constraint transform them into work; for what games do they play in whi I cannot find material for instruction for them? And even i could not do so, so long as they are amusing themselves harmles and passing the time pleasantly, their progress in learning is not of such great importance. But if one must be teaching them t or that at every opportunity, it cannot be done without constrai vexation, or tedium.

What I have said about the use of the two senses whose use most constant and most important, may serve as an example how to train the rest. Sight and touch are applied to bodies rest and bodies in motion, but as hearing is only affected by vib tions of the air, only a body in motion can make a noise or soun if everything were at rest we should never hear. At night, wh we ourselves only move as we choose, we have nothing to fear moving bodies; hence we need a quick ear, and power to jud om the sensations experienced whether the body which causes hem is large or small, far off or near, whether its movements are entle or violent. When once the air is set in motion, it is subject repercussions which produce echoes, these renew the sensations nd make us hear a loud or penetrating sound in another quarter. you put your ear to the ground you may hear the sound of men's oices or horses' feet in a plain or valley much further off than when ou stand upright.

As we have made a comparison between sight and touch, it will e as well to do the same for hearing, and to find out which of the vo impressions starting simultaneously from a given body first aches the sense-organ. When you see the flash of a cannon, you ave still time to take cover; but when you hear the sound it is too te, the ball is close to you. One can reckon the distance of a understorm by the interval between the lightning and the thunder. et the child learn all these facts, let him learn those that are within s reach by experiment, and discover the rest by induction; but I ould far rather he knew nothing at all about them, than that you ould tell him.

In the voice we have an organ answering to hearing; we have no ch organ answering to sight, and we do not repeat colours as we peat sounds. This supplies an additional means of cultivating e ear by practising the active and passive organs one with the her.

Man has three kinds of voice, the speaking or articulate voice, e singing or melodious voice, and the pathetic or expressive voice, hich serves as the language of the passions, and gives life to song d speech. The child has these three voices, just as the man has em, but he does not know how to use them in combination. ke us, he laughs, cries, laments, shrieks, and groans, but he does t know how to combine these inflexions with speech or song. ese three voices find their best expression in perfect music. ildren are incapable of such music, and their singing lacks feeling. the same way their spoken language lacks expression; they out, but they do not speak with emphasis, and there is as little wer in their voice as there is emphasis in their speech. Our pil's speech will be plainer and simpler still, for his passions are ll asleep, and will not blend their tones with his. Do not, therere, set him to recite tragedy or comedy, nor try to teach declaman so-called. He will have too much sense to give voice to things cannot understand, or expression to feelings he has never known. Teach him to speak plainly and distinctly, to articulate clearly, pronounce correctly and without affectation, to perceive and itate the right accent in prose and verse, and always to speak d enough to be heard, but without speaking too loud—a common ult with school-children. Let there be no waste in anything.

The same method applies to singing; make his voice smooth and e, flexible and full, his ear alive to time and tune, but nothing ore. Descriptive and theatrical music is not suitable at his age—

I would rather he sang no words; if he must have words, I woul try to compose songs on purpose for him, songs interesting to child, and as simple as his own thoughts.

You may perhaps suppose that as I am in no hurry to teac Emile to read and write, I shall not want to teach him to rea music. Let us spare his brain the strain of excessive attention, an let us be in no hurry to turn his mind towards conventional sign I grant you there seems to be a difficulty here, for if at first sigh the knowledge of notes seems no more necessary for singing than th knowledge of letters for speaking, there is really this differenc between them: When we speak, we are expressing our own thoughts when we sing we are expressing the thoughts of others. Now i order to express them we must read them.

But at first we can listen to them instead of reading them, and song is better learnt by ear than by eye. Moreover, to learn musi thoroughly we must make songs as well as sing them, and the tw processes must be studied together, or we shall never have any rea knowledge of music. First give your young musician practice i very regular, well-cadenced phrases; then let him connect thes phrases with the very simplest modulations; then show him thei relation one to another by correct accent, which can be done by fit choice of cadences and rests. On no account give him anythin unusual, or anything that requires pathos or expression. A simple tuneful air, always based on the common chords of the key, wit its bass so clearly indicated that it is easily felt and accompanied for to train his voice and ear he should always sing with the harpsichord.

We articulate the notes we sing the better to distinguish them hence the custom of sol-faing with certain syllables. To tell the key one from another they must have names and fixed intervals; henc the names of the intervals, and also the letters of the alphabe attached to the keys of the clavier and the notes of the scale. and *A* indicate fixed sounds, invariable and always rendered by th same keys; *Ut* and *La* are different. *Ut* is always the dominant o a major scale, or the leading-note of a minor scale. *La* is alway the dominant of a minor scale or the sixth of a major scale. Thu the letters indicate fixed terms in our system of music, and th syllables indicate terms homologous to the similar relations i different keys. The letters show the keys on the piano, and th syllables the degrees in the scale. French musicians have made strange muddle of this. They have confused the meaning of th syllables with that of the letters, and while they have unnecessaril given us two sets of symbols for the keys of the piano, they hav left none for the chords of the scales; so that *Ut* and *C* are alway the same for them; this is not and ought not to be; if so, what i the use of *C?* Their method of sol-faing is, therefore, extremel and needlessly difficult, neither does it give any clear idea to th mind; since, by this method, *Ut* and *Me*, for example, may mea either a major third, a minor third, an augmented third, or iminished third. What a strange thing that the country which roduces the finest books about music should be the very country here it is hardest to learn music!

Let us adopt a simpler and clearer plan with our pupil; let him ave only two scales whose relations remain unchanged, and ndicated by the same symbols. Whether he sings or plays, let im learn to fix his scale on one of the twelve tones which may erve as a base, and whether he modulates in *D*, *C*, or *G*, let the lose be always *Ut* or *La*, according to the scale. In this way he ill understand what you mean, and the essential relations for orrect singing and playing will always be present in his mind; is execution will be better and his progress quicker. There is othing funnier than what the French call "natural sol-faing;" it onsists in removing the real meaning of things and putting in their lace other meanings which only distract us. There is nothing ore natural than sol-faing by transposition, when the scale is ransposed. But I have said enough, and more than enough, about usic; teach it as you please, so long as it is nothing but play.

We are now thoroughly acquainted with the condition of foreign odies in relation to our own, their weight, form, colour, density, ize, distance, temperature, stability, or motion. We have learnt hich of them to approach or avoid, how to set about overcoming heir resistance or to resist them so as to prevent ourselves from jury; but this is not enough. Our own body is constantly asting and as constantly requires to be renewed. Although we ave the power of changing other substances into our own, our hoice is not a matter of indifference. Everything is not food for an, and what may be food for him is not all equally suitable; it epends on his racial constitution, the country he lives in, his dividual temperament, and the way of living which his condition emands.

If we had to wait till experience taught us to know and choose t food for ourselves, we should die of hunger or poison; but a kindly rovidence which has made pleasure the means of self-preservation sentient beings teaches us through our palate what is suitable r our stomach. In a state of nature there is no better doctor an a man's own appetite, and no doubt in a state of nature man uld find the most palateable food the most wholesome.

Nor is this all. Our Maker provides, not only for those needs he as created, but for those we create for ourselves; and it is to keep e balance between our wants and our needs that he has caused our stes to change and vary with our way of living. The further we e from a state of nature, the more we lose our natural tastes; or ther, habit becomes a second nature, and so completely replaces r real nature, that we have lost all knowledge of it.

From this it follows that the most natural tastes should be the mplest, for those are more easily changed; but when they are arpened and stimulated by our fancies they assume a form which incapable of modification. The man who so far has not adapted himself to one country can learn the ways of any country wha soever; but the man who has adopted the habits of one particul country can never shake them off.

This seems to be true of all our senses, especially of taste. O first food is milk; we only become accustomed by degrees to stron flavours; at first we dislike them. Fruit, vegetables, herbs, an then fried meat without salt or seasoning, formed the feasts primitive man. When the savage tastes wine for the first time, h makes a grimace and spits it out; and even among ourselves man who has not tasted fermented liquors before twenty canno get used to them; we should all be sober if we did not have win when we were children. Indeed, the simpler our tastes are, th more general they are; made dishes are those most frequentl disliked. Did you ever meet with any one who disliked bread water? Here is the finger of nature, this then is our rule. Preserv the child's primitive tastes as long as possible; let his food be plai and simple, let strong flavours be unknown to his palate, and d not let his diet be too uniform.

I am not asking, for the present, whether this way of living healthier or no; that is not what I have in view. It is enough fo me to know that my choice is more in accordance with nature, and tha it can be more readily adapted to other conditions. In my opinio those who say children should be accustomed to the food they wi have when they are grown up are mistaken. Why should the food be the same when their way of living is so different? A ma worn out by labour, anxiety, and pain needs tasty foods to giv fresh vigour to his brain; a child fresh from his games, a child whos body is growing, needs plentiful food which will supply more chyl Moreover the grown man has already a settled profession, occupa tion, and home, but who can tell what Fate holds in store for th child? Let us not give him so fixed a bent in any direction tha he cannot change it if required without hardship. Do not brin him up so that he would die of hunger in a foreign land if he doe not take a French cook about with him; do not let him say at som future time that France is the only country where the food is fit t eat. By the way, that is a strange way of praising one's countr On the other hand, I myself should say that the French are th only people who do not know what good food is, since they requi such a special art to make their dishes eatable.

Of all our different senses, we are usually most affected by tast Thus it concerns us more nearly to judge aright of what wi actually become part of ourselves, than of that which will merel form part of our environment. Many things are matters of in difference to touch, hearing, and sight; but taste is affected b almost everything. Moreover the activity of this sense is wholl physical and material; of all the senses, it alone makes no appea to the imagination, or at least, imagination plays a smaller part i its sensations; while imitation and imagination often bring moralit into the impressions of the other senses. Thus, speaking generally ft and pleasure-loving minds, passionate and truly sensitive spositions, which are easily stirred by the other senses, are usually different to this. From this very fact, which apparently places ste below our other senses and makes our inclination towards it e more despicable, I draw just the opposite conclusion—that the st way to lead children is by the mouth. Greediness is a better otive than vanity; for the former is a natural appetite directly pendent on the senses, while the latter is the outcome of conntion, it is the slave of human caprice and liable to every kind of use. Believe me the child will cease to care about his food only o soon, and when his heart is too busy, his palate will be idle. hen he is grown up greediness will be expelled by a host of stronger ssions, while vanity will only be stimulated by them; for this ter passion feeds upon the rest till at length they are all swallowed in it. I have sometimes studied those men who pay great tention to good eating, men whose first waking thought is—What all we have to eat to-day? men who describe their dinner with much detail as Polybius describes a combat. I have found ese so-called men were only children of forty, without strength or gour—*fruges consumere nati*. Gluttony is the vice of feeble minds. e gourmand has his brains in his palate, he can do nothing but ; he is so stupid and incapable that the table is the only place him, and dishes are the only things he knows anything about. t us leave him to this business without regret; it is better for n and for us.

It is a small mind that fears lest greediness should take root in child who is fit for something better. The child thinks of thing but his food, the youth pays no heed to it at all; every kind food is good, and we have other things to attend to. Yet I uld not have you use the low motive unwisely. I would not ve you trust to dainties rather than to the honour which is the vard of a good deed. But childhood is, or ought to be, a time of y and merry sports, and I do not see why the rewards of purely dily exercises should not be material and sensible rewards. If a le lad in Majorca sees a basket on the tree-top and brings it down h his sling, is it not fair that he should get something by this, d a good breakfast should repair the strength spent in getting it. young Spartan, facing the risk of a hundred stripes, slips skilfully o the kitchen, and steals a live fox-cub, carries it off in his ment, and is scratched, bitten till the blood comes, and for shame he should be caught the child allows his bowels to be torn out hout a movement or a cry, is it not fair that he should keep spoils, that he should eat his prey after it has eaten him? A d meal should never be a reward; but why should it not be netimes the result of efforts made to get it. Emile does not sider the cake I put on the stone as a reward for good running; knows that the only way to get the cake is to get there first.

'his does not contradict my previous rules about simple food; to tempt a child's appetite you need not stimulate it, you need only satisfy it; and the commonest things will do this if you d not attempt to refine children's taste. Their perpetual hunge the result of their need for growth, will be the best sauce. Frui milk, a piece of cake just a little better than ordinary bread, an above all the art of dispensing these things prudently, by thes means you may lead a host of children to the world's end, withou on the one hand giving them a taste for strong flavours, nor on th other hand letting them get tired of their food.

The indifference of children towards meat is one proof that th taste for meat is unnatural; their preference is for vegetable food such as milk, pastry, fruit, etc. Beware of changing this natura taste and making children flesh-eaters, if not for their health's sak for the sake of their character; for how can one explain away th fact that great meat-eaters are usually fiercer and more cruel tha other men; this has been recognised at all times and in all place The English are noted for their cruelty[1] while the Gaures[2] are th gentlest of men. All savages are cruel, and it is not their custom that tend in this direction; their cruelty is the result of their foo They go to war as to the chase, and treat men as they would trea bears. Indeed in England butchers are not allowed to give evidenc in a court of law,[3] no more can surgeons. Great criminals prepar themselves for murder by drinking blood. Homer makes his flesh-eating Cyclops a terrible man, while his Lotus-eaters are so delightful that those who went to trade with them forgot even their ow country to dwell among them.

"You ask me," said Plutarch, "why Pythagoras abstained fro eating the flesh of beasts, but I ask you, what courage must hav been needed by the first man who raised to his lips the flesh of th slain, who broke with his teeth the bones of a dying beast, who ha dead bodies, corpses, placed before him and swallowed down limb which a few moments ago were bleating, bellowing, walking, an seeing? How could his hand plunge the knife into the heart of sentient creature, how could his eyes look on murder, how could h behold a poor helpless animal bled to death, scorched, and dismembered? how can he bear the sight of this quivering flesh? doe not the very smell of it turn his stomach? is he not repelled, disgusted, horror-struck, when he has to handle the blood from thes wounds, and to cleanse his fingers from the dark and viscous blood-stains?

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[1] I am aware that the English make a boast of their humanity and of th kindly disposition of their race, which they call "good-natured people;" but in vain do they proclaim this fact; no one else says it of them.

[2] The Banians, who abstain from flesh even more completely than th Gaures, are almost as gentle as the Gaures themselves, but as their moralit is less pure and their form of worship less reasonable they are not suc good men.

[3] One of the English translators of my book has pointed out my mistak and both of them have corrected it. Butchers and surgeons are allowe to give evidence in the law courts, but butchers may not serve on jurie in criminal cases, though surgeons are allowed to do so.

“ The scorched skins wriggled upon the ground,
The shrinking flesh bellowed upon the spit.
Man cannot eat them without a shudder;
He seems to hear their cries within his breast.

“ Thus must he have felt the first time he did despite to nature nd made this horrible meal; the first time he hungered for the ving creature, and desired to feed upon the beast which was still razing; when he bade them slay, dismember, and cut up the sheep hich licked his hands. It is those who began these cruel feasts, ot those who abandon them, who should cause surprise, and there ere excuses for those primitive men, excuses which we have not, nd the absence of such excuses multiplies our barbarity a hundredld.

“ ‘Mortals, beloved of the gods,’ says this primitive man, ‘comare our times with yours; see how happy you are, and how retched were we. The earth, newly formed, the air heavy with oisture, were not yet subjected to the rule of the seasons. Threeourths of the surface of the globe was flooded by the ever-shifting hannels of rivers uncertain of their course, and covered with ools, lakes, and bottomless morasses. The remaining quarter was overed with woods and barren forests. The earth yielded no ood fruit, we had no instruments of tillage, we did not even know he use of them, and the time of harvest never came for those who ad sown nothing. Thus hunger was always in our midst. In inter, mosses and the bark of trees were our common food. A few reen roots of dogs-bit or heather were a feast, and when men found eech-mast, nuts, or acorns, they danced for joy round the beech or ak, to the sound of some rude song, while they called the earth heir mother and their nurse. This was their only festival, their nly sport; all the rest of man’s life was spent in sorrow, pain, and unger.

“ ‘ At length, when the bare and naked earth no longer offered us ny food, we were compelled in self-defence to outrage nature, and o feed upon our companions in distress, rather than perish with hem. But you, oh, cruel men! who forces you to shed blood? ehold the wealth of good things about you, the fruits yielded by he earth, the wealth of field and vineyard; the animals give their ilk for your drink and their fleece for your clothing. What more o you ask? What madness compels you to commit such murders, hen you have already more than you can eat or drink? Why o you slander our mother earth, and accuse her of denying you ood? Why do you sin against Ceres, the inventor of the sacred ws, and against the gracious Bacchus, the comforter of man, as if heir lavish gifts were not enough to preserve mankind? Have you he heart to mingle their sweet fruits with the bones upon your able, to eat with the milk the blood of the beasts which gave it? he lions and panthers, wild beasts as you call them, are driven o follow their natural instinct, and they kill other beasts that they ay live. But, a hundredfold fiercer than they, you fight against your instincts without cause, and abandon yourselves to the most cruel pleasures. The animals you eat are not those who devour others; you do not eat the carnivorous beasts, you take them as your pattern. You only hunger for the sweet and gentle creatures which harm no one, which follow you, serve you, and are devoured by you as the reward of their service.

"'O unnatural murderer! if you persist in the assertion that nature has made you to devour your fellow-creatures, beings of flesh and blood, living and feeling like yourself, stifle if you can that horror with which nature makes you regard these horrible feasts; slay the animals yourself, slay them, I say, with your own hands, without knife or mallet; tear them with your nails like the lion and the bear, take this ox and rend him in pieces, plunge your claws into his hide; eat this lamb while it is yet alive, devour its warm flesh, drink its soul with its blood. You shudder! you dare not feel the living throbbing flesh between your teeth? Ruthless man; you begin by slaying the animal and then you devour it, as if to slay it twice. It is not enough. You turn against the dead flesh, it revolts you, it must be transformed by fire, boiled and roasted, seasoned and disguised with drugs; you must have butchers, cooks, turnspits, men who will rid the murder of its horrors, who will dress the dead bodies so that the taste deceived by these disguises will not reject what is strange to it, and will feast on corpses, the very sight of which would sicken you.'"

Although this quotation is irrelevant, I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it, and I think few of my readers will resent it.

In conclusion, whatever food you give your children, provided you accustom them to nothing but plain and simple dishes, let them eat and run and play as much as they want; you may be sure they will never eat too much and will never have indigestion; but if you keep them hungry half their time, when they do contrive to evade your vigilance, they will take advantage of it as far as they can; they will eat till they are sick, they will gorge themselves till they can eat no more. Our appetite is only excessive because we try to impose on it rules other than those of nature, opposing, controlling, prescribing, adding, or substracting; the scales are always in our hands, but the scales are the measure of our caprices not of our stomachs. I return to my usual illustration; among peasants the cupboard and the apple-loft are always left open, and indigestion is unknown alike to children and grown-up people.

If, however, it happened that a child were too great an eater, though, under my system, I think it is impossible, he is so easily distracted by his favourite games that one might easily starve him without his knowing it. How is it that teachers have failed to use such a safe and easy weapon. Herodotus records that the Lydians,[1] ıder the pressure of great scarcity, decided to invent sports and her amusements with which to cheat their hunger, and they ıssed whole days without thought of food. Your learned teachers ay have read this passage time after time without seeing how it ight be applied to children. One of these teachers will probably ll me that a child does not like to leave his dinner for his lessons. ou are right, sir—I was not thinking of that sort of sport.

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[1] The ancient historians are full of opinions which may be useful, even if the facts which they present are false. But we do not know how to make any real use of history. Criticism and erudition are our only care; as if it mattered more that a statement were true or false than that

The sense of smell is to taste what sight is to touch; it goes before and gives it warning that it will be affected by this or that sub-ance; and it inclines it to seek or shun this experience according the impressions received beforehand. I have been told that vages receive impressions quite different from ours, and that ey have quite different ideas with regard to pleasant or un-easant odours. I can well believe it. Odours alone are slight nsations; they affect the imagination rather than the senses, d they work mainly through the anticipations they arouse. This ing so, and the tastes of savages being so unlike the taste of vilised men, they should lead them to form very different ideas ith regard to flavours and therefore with regard to the odours hich announce them. A Tartar must enjoy the smell of a haunch of itrid horseflesh, much as a sportsman enjoys a very high partridge. Our idle sensations, such as the scents wafted from the flower ds, must pass unnoticed among men who walk too much to care r strolling in a garden, and do not work enough to find pleasure repose. Hungry men would find little pleasure in scents which d not proclaim the approach of food.

Smell is the sense of the imagination; as it gives tone to the rves it must have a great effect on the brain; that is why it vives us for the time, but eventually causes exhaustion. Its fects on love are pretty generally recognised. The sweet perfumes a dressing-room are not so slight a snare as you may fancy them, d I hardly know whether to congratulate or condole with that ise and somewhat insensible person whose senses are never stirred the scent of the flowers his mistress wears in her bosom.

Hence the sense of smell should not be over-active in early ildhood; the imagination, as yet unstirred by changing passions, scarcely susceptible of emotion, and we have not enough experience discern beforehand from one sense the promise of another. This ew is confirmed by observation, and it is certain that the sense smell is dull and almost blunted in most children. Not that their nsations are less acute than those of grown-up people, but that ere is no idea associated with them; they do not easily experience easure or pain, and are not flattered or hurt as we are. Without ing beyond my system, and without recourse to comparative atomy, I think we can easily see why women are generally fonder perfumes than men.

should be able to get a useful lesson from it. A wise man should nsider history a tissue of fables whose morals are well adapted to the man heart.

It is said that from early childhood the Redskins of Canada train their sense of smell to such a degree of subtlety that, although they have dogs, they do not condescend to use them in hunting—they are their own dogs. Indeed I believe that if children were trained to scent their dinner as a dog scents game, their sense of smell might be nearly as perfect; but I see no very real advantage to be derived from this sense, except by teaching the child to observe the relation between smell and taste. Nature has taken care to compel us to learn these relations. She has made the exercise of the latter sense practically inseparable from that of the former, by placing their organs close together, and by providing, in the mouth, a direct pathway between them, so that we taste nothing without smelling it too. Only I would not have these natural relations disturbed in order to deceive the child, *e.g.*, to conceal the taste of medicine with an aromatic odour, for the discord between the senses is too great for deception, the more active sense overpowers the other, the medicine is just as distasteful, and this disagreeable association extends to every sensation experienced at the time; so the slightest of these sensations recalls the rest to his imagination and a very pleasant perfume is for him only a nasty smell; thus our foolish precautions increase the sum total of his unpleasant sensations at the cost of his pleasant sensations.

In the following books I have still to speak of the training of a sort of sixth sense, called common-sense, not so much because it is common to all men, but because it results from the well-regulated use of the other five, and teaches the nature of things by the sum-total of their external aspects. So this sixth sense has no special organ, it has its seat in the brain, and its sensations which are purely internal are called percepts or ideas. The number of these ideas is the measure of our knowledge; exactness of thought depends on their clearness and precision; the art of comparing them one with another is called human reason. Thus what I call the reasoning of the senses, or the reasoning of the child, consists in the formation of simple ideas through the associated experience of several sensations; what I call the reasoning of the intellect, consists in the formation of complex ideas through the association of several simple ideas.

If my method is indeed that of nature, and if I am not mistaken in the application of that method, we have led our pupil through the region of sensation to the bounds of the child's reasoning; the first step we take beyond these bounds must be the step of a man. But before we make this fresh advance, let us glance back for a moment at the path we have hitherto followed. Every age, every station in life, has a perfection, a ripeness, of its own. We have often heard the phrase "a grown man;" but we will consider "a grown child." This will be a new experience and none the less pleasing.

The life of finite creatures is so poor and narrow that the mere sight of what is arouses no emotion. It is fancy which decks reality, and if imagination does not lend its charm to that which touches our senses, our barren pleasure is confined to the senses alone, hile the heart remains cold. The earth adorned with the treasures f autumn displays a wealth of colour which the eye admires; but his admiration fails to move us, it springs rather from thought han from feeling. In spring the country is almost bare and leafless, he trees give no shade, the grass has hardly begun to grow, yet the eart is touched by the sight. In this new birth of nature, we feel he revival of our own life; the memories of past pleasures surround s; tears of delight, those companions of pleasure ever ready to ccompany a pleasing sentiment, tremble on our eyelids. Animated, vely, and delightful though the vintage may be, we behold it ithout a tear.

And why is this? Because imagination adds to the sight of pring the image of the seasons which are yet to come; the eye sees he tender shoot, the mind's eye beholds its flowers, fruit, and foliage, nd even the mysteries they may conceal. It blends successive tages into one moment's experience; we see things, not so much s they will be, but as we would have them be, for imagination has nly to take her choice. In autumn, on the other hand, we only ehold the present; if we wish to look forward to spring, winter ars the way, and our shivering imagination dies away among its rost and snow.

This is the source of the charm we find in beholding the beauties f childhood, rather than the perfection of manhood. When do we eally delight in beholding a man? When the memory of his deeds ads us to look back over his life and his youth is renewed in our yes. If we are reduced to viewing him as he is, or to picturing im as he will be in old age, the thought of declining years destroys ll our pleasure. There is no pleasure in seeing a man hastening to is grave; the image of death makes all hideous.

But when I think of a child of ten or twelve, strong, healthy, ell-grown for his age, only pleasant thoughts are called up, whether f the present or the future. I see him keen, eager, and full of life, ree from gnawing cares and painful forebodings, absorbed in this resent state, and delighting in a fullness of life which seems to xtend beyond himself. I look forward to a time when he will use is daily increasing sense, intelligence and vigour, those growing owers of which he continually gives fresh proof. I watch the hild with delight, I picture to myself the man with even greater leasure. His eager life seems to stir my own pulses, I seem to ve his life and in his vigour I renew my own.

The hour strikes, the scene is changed. All of a sudden his eye rows dim, his mirth has fled. Farewell mirth, farewell untrammelled ports in which he delighted. A stern, angry man takes him by the and, saying gravely, "Come with me, sir," and he is led away. s they are entering the room, I catch a glimpse of books. Books, hat dull food for a child of his age! The poor child allows himself be dragged away; he casts a sorrowful look on all about him, nd departs in silence, his eyes swollen with the tears he dare not hed, and his heart bursting with the sighs he dare not utter.

You who have no such cause for fear, you for whom no perio of life is a time of weariness and tedium, you who welcome day without care and nights without impatience, you who only recko time by your pleasures, come, my happy kindly pupil, and consol us for the departure of that miserable creature. Come! Here he i and at his approach I feel a thrill of delight which I see he shares It is his friend, his comrade, who meets him; when he sees me h knows very well that he will not be long without amusement; w are never dependent on each other, but we are always on goo terms, and we are never so happy as when together.

His face, his bearing, his expression, speak of confidence an contentment; health shines in his countenance, his firm step speak of strength; his colour, delicate but not sickly, has nothing o softness or effeminacy. Sun and wind have already set the honourable stamp of manhood on his countenance; his rounded muscle already begin to show some signs of growing individuality; his eyes as yet unlighted by the flame of feeling, have at least all their nativ calm. They have not been darkened by prolonged sorrow, nor ar his cheeks furrowed by ceaseless tears. Behold in his quick an certain movements the natural vigour of his age and the confidenc of independence. His manner is free and open, but without a trac of insolence or vanity; his head which has not been bent over book does not fall upon his breast; there is no need to say, "Hold you head up," he will neither hang his head for shame or fear.

Make room for him, gentlemen, in your midst; question hin boldly; have no fear of importunity, chatter, or impertinen questions. You need not be afraid that he will take possession o you and expect you to devote yourself entirely to him, so that you cannot get rid of him.

Neither need you look for compliments from him; nor will h tell you what I have taught him to say; expect nothing from hin but the plain, simple truth, without addition or ornament an without vanity. He will tell you the wrong things he has don and thought as readily as the right, without troubling himself i the least as to the effect of his words upon you; he will use speech with all the simplicity of its first beginnings.

We love to augur well of our children, and we are continually regretting the flood of folly which overwhelms the hopes we woul fain have rested on some chance phrase. If my scholar rarely give me cause for such prophecies, neither will he give me cause for suc regrets, for he never says a useless word, and does not exhaus himself by chattering when he knows there is no one to listen t him. His ideas are few but precise, he knows nothing by rote bu much by experience. If he reads our books worse than othe children, he reads far better in the book of nature; his thoughts ar not in his tongue but in his brain; he has less memory and mor judgment; he can only speak one language, but he understand what he is saying, and if his speech is not so good as that of othe children his deeds are better.

He does not know the meaning of habit, routine, and custom; vhat he did yesterday has no control over what he is doing[1] to-day; e follows no rule, submits to no authority, copies no pattern, and nly acts or speaks as he pleases. So do not expect set speeches or tudied manners from him, but just the faithful expression of his houghts and the conduct that springs from his inclinations.

You will find he has a few moral ideas concerning his present tate and none concerning manhood; what use could he make of hem, for the child is not, as yet, an active member of society. Speak to him of freedom, of property, or even of what is usually lone; he may understand you so far; he knows why his things are is own, and why other things are not his, and nothing more. Speak to him of duty or obedience; he will not know what you are alking about; bid him do something and he will pay no attention; ut say to him, "If you will give me this pleasure, I will repay it vhen required," and he will hasten to give you satisfaction, for he sks nothing better than to extend his domain, to acquire rights ver you, which will, he knows, be respected. Maybe he is not sorry o have a place of his own, to be reckoned of some account; but if e has formed this latter idea, he has already left the realms of ature, and you have failed to bar the gates of vanity.

For his own part, should he need help, he will ask it readily of he first person he meets. He will ask it of a king as readily as of is servant; all men are equals in his eyes. From his way of asking ou will see he knows you owe him nothing, that he is asking a avour. He knows too that humanity moves you to grant this avour; his words are few and simple. His voice, his look, his esture are those of a being equally familiar with compliance and efusal. It is neither the crawling, servile submission of the slave, or the imperious tone of the master, it is a modest confidence in ankind; it is the noble and touching gentleness of a creature, ree, yet sensitive and feeble, who asks aid of a being, free, but strong nd kindly. If you grant his request he will not thank you, but e will feel he has incurred a debt. If you refuse he will neither omplain nor insist; he knows it is useless; he will not say, "They efused to help me," but "It was impossible," and as I have already aid, we do not rebel against necessity when once we have erceived it.

Leave him to himself and watch his actions without speaking; onsider what he is doing and how he sets about it. He does not equire to convince himself that he is free, so he never acts thoughtlessly and merely to show that he can do what he likes; does he not know that he is always his own master? He is quick, alert, and ready; his movements are eager as befits his age, but you will not find one which has no end in view. Whatever he wants, he will never attempt what is beyond his powers, for he has learnt by experience what those powers are; his means will always be adapted to the end in view, and he will rarely attempt anything without the certainty of success; his eye is keen and true; he will not be so stupid as to go and ask other people about what he sees; he will examine it on his own account, and before he asks he will try every means at his disposal to discover what he wants to know for himself. If he lights upon some unexpected difficulty, he will be less upset than others; if there is danger he will be less afraid. His imagination is still asleep and nothing has been done to arouse it; he only sees what is really there, and rates the danger at its true worth; so he never loses his head. He does not rebel against necessity, her hand is too heavy upon him; he has borne her yoke all his life long, he is well used to it; he is always ready for anything.

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[1] Habit owes its charm to man's natural idleness, and this idleness grows pon us if indulged; it is easier to do what we have already done, there is beaten path which is easily followed. Thus we may observe that habit very strong in the aged and in the indolent, and very weak in the young d active. The rule of habit is only good for feeble hearts, and it makes em more and more feeble day by day. The only useful habit for children to be accustomed to submit without difficulty to necessity, and the only seful habit for man is to submit without difficulty to the rule of reason. very other habit is a vice.

Work or play are all one to him, his games are his work; he knows no difference. He brings to everything the cheerfulness of interest, the charm of freedom, and he shows the bent of his own mind and the extent of his knowledge. Is there anything better worth seeing, anything more touching or more delightful, than a pretty child, with merry, cheerful glance, easy contented manner, open smiling countenance, playing at the most important things, or working at the lightest amusements?

Would you now judge him by comparison? Set him among other children and leave him to himself. You will soon see which has made most progress, which comes nearer to the perfection of childhood. Among all the children in the town there is none more skilful and none so strong. Among young peasants he is their equal in strength and their superior in skill. In everything within a child's grasp he judges, reasons, and shows a forethought beyond the rest. Is it a matter of action, running, jumping, or shifting things, raising weights or estimating distance, inventing games, carrying off prizes; you might say, "Nature obeys his word," so easily does he bend all things to his will. He is made to lead, to rule his fellows; talent and experience take the place of right and authority. In any garb, under any name, he will still be first, everywhere he will rule the rest, they will always feel his superiority, he will be master without knowing it, and they will serve him unawares.

He has reached the perfection of childhood; he has lived the life of a child; his progress has not been bought at the price of his happiness, he has gained both. While he has acquired all the wisdom of a child, he has been as free and happy as his health permits. If the Reaper Death should cut him off and rob us of our hopes, we need not bewail alike his life and death, we shall not have the added grief of knowing that we caused him pain; we will say, His childhood, at least, was happy; we have robbed him of othing that nature gave him."

The chief drawback to this early education is that it is only ppreciated by the wise; to vulgar eyes the child so carefully lucated is nothing but a rough little boy. A tutor thinks rather f the advantage to himself than to his pupil; he makes a point of owing that there has been no time wasted; he provides his pupil ith goods which can be readily displayed in the shop window, ccomplishments which can be shown off at will; no matter whether ey are useful, provided they are easily seen. Without choice or iscrimination he loads his memory with a pack of rubbish. If the ild is to be examined he is set to display his wares; he spreads em out, satisfies those who behold them, packs up his bundle and oes his way. My pupil is poorer, he has no bundle to display, he as only himself to show. Now neither child nor man can be read t a glance. Where are the observers who can at once discern the aracteristics of this child? There are such people, but they are w and far between; among a thousand fathers you will scarcely nd one.

Too many questions are tedious and revolting to most of us and pecially to children. After a few minutes their attention flags, ey cease to listen to your everlasting questions and reply at andom. This way of testing them is pedantic and useless; a hance word will often show their sense and intelligence better than uch talking, but take care that the answer is neither a matter of hance nor yet learnt by heart. A man must needs have a good udgment if he is to estimate the judgment of a child.

I heard the late Lord Hyde tell the following story about one of is friends. He had returned from Italy after a three years' absence, nd was anxious to test the progress of his son, a child of nine or en. One evening he took a walk with the child and his tutor across level space where the schoolboys were flying their kites. As they ent, the father said to his son, "Where is the kite that casts this hadow?" Without hesitating and without glancing upwards the hild replied, "Over the high road." "And indeed," said Lord Iyde, "the high road was between us and the sun." At these ords, the father kissed his child, and having finished his examinaion he departed. The next day he sent the tutor the papers settling n annuity on him in addition to his salary.

What a father! and what a promising child! The question is xactly adapted to the child's age, the answer is perfectly simple; ut see what precision it implies in the child's judgment. Thus id the pupil of Aristotle master the famous steed which no squire ad ever been able to tame.

# BOOK III

The whole course of man's life up to adolescence is a period o weakness; yet there comes a time during these early years whe the child's strength overtakes the demands upon it, when th growing creature, though absolutely weak, is relatively strong His needs are not fully developed and his present strength is mor than enough for them. He would be a very feeble man, but he is strong child.

What is the cause of man's weakness? It is to be found in th disproportion between his strength and his needs. It is our passion that make us weak, for our natural strength is not enough for thei satisfaction. To limit our desires comes to the same thing, therefore as to increase our strength. When we can do more than we want we have strength enough and to spare, we are really strong. This i the third stage of childhood, the stage with which I am about t deal. I still speak of childhood for want of a better word; for ou scholar is approaching adolescence, though he has not yet reache the age of puberty.

About twelve or thirteen the child's strength increases far more rapidly than his needs. The strongest and fiercest of the passion is still unknown, his physical development is still imperfect an seems to await the call of the will. He is scarcely aware of extreme of heat and cold and braves them with impunity. He needs n coat, his blood is warm; no spices, hunger is his sauce, no food comes amiss at this age; if he is sleepy he stretches himself on the ground and goes to sleep; he finds all he needs within his reach; he is not tormented by any imaginary wants; he cares nothing what others think; his desires are not beyond his grasp; not only is he self-sufficing, but for the first and last time in his life he has more strength than he needs.

I know beforehand what you will say. You will not assert that the child has more needs than I attribute to him, but you will deny his strength. You forget that I am speaking of my own pupil, not of those puppets who walk with difficulty from one room to another, who toil indoors and carry bundles of paper. Manly strength, you say, appears only with manhood; the vital spirits, distilled in their proper vessels and spreading through the whole body, can alone make the muscles firm, sensitive, tense, and springy, can alone cause real strength. This is the philosophy of the study; I appeal to that of experience. In the country districts, I see big lads hoeing, digging, guiding the plough, filling the wine-cask, driving the cart, like their fathers; you would take them for grown men if their voices did not betray them. Even in our towns, iron-workers', tool makers', and blacksmiths' lads are almost as strong as eir masters and would be scarcely less skilful had their training gun earlier. If there is a difference, and I do not deny that there it is, I repeat, much less than the difference between the stormy ssions of the man and the few wants of the child. Moreover, it is ot merely a question of bodily strength, but more especially of rength of mind, which reinforces and directs the bodily strength.

This interval in which the strength of the individual is in excess his wants is, as I have said, relatively though not absolutely the ne of greatest strength. It is the most precious time in his life; comes but once; it is very short, all too short, as you will see hen you consider the importance of using it aright.

He has, therefore, a surplus of strength and capacity which he ll never have again. What use shall he make of it? He will rive to use it in tasks which will help at need. He will, so to eak, cast his present surplus into the storehouse of the future; e vigorous child will make provision for the feeble man; but he ll not store his goods where thieves may break in, nor in barns hich are not his own. To store them aright, they must be in e hands and the head, they must be stored within himself. This the time for work, instruction, and inquiry. And note that this no arbitrary choice of mine, it is the way of nature herself.

Human intelligence is finite, and not only can no man know erything, he cannot even acquire all the scanty knowledge of hers. Since the contrary of every false proposition is a truth, ere are as many truths as falsehoods. We must, therefore, choose hat to teach as well as when to teach it. Some of the information thin our reach is false, some is useless, some merely serves to ff up its possessor. The small store which really contributes our welfare alone deserves the study of a wise man, and therefore a child whom one would have wise. He must know not merely hat is, but what is useful.

From this small stock we must also deduct those truths which quire a full grown mind for their understanding, those which ppose a knowledge of man's relations to his fellow-men—a knowdge which no child can acquire; these things, although in themves true, lead an inexperienced mind into mistakes with regard other matters.

We are now confined to a circle, small indeed compared with the ole of human thought, but this circle is still a vast sphere when easured by the child's mind. Dark places of the human undernding, what rash hand shall dare to raise your veil? What pitls does our so-called science prepare for the miserable child. uld you guide him along this dangerous path and draw the veil om the face of nature? Stay your hand. First make sure that ither he nor you will become dizzy. Beware of the specious arms of error and the intoxicating fumes of pride. Keep this th ever before you—Ignorance never did any one any harm, or alone is fatal, and we do not lose our way through ignorance t through self-confidence.

His progress in geometry may serve as a test and a true measur of the growth of his intelligence, but as soon as he can distinguis between what is useful and what is useless, much skill and discretion are required to lead him towards theoretical studies. Fo example, would you have him find a mean proportional betwee two lines, contrive that he should require to find a square equal t a given rectangle; if two mean proportionals are required, yo must first contrive to interest him in the doubling of the cube See how we are gradually approaching the moral ideas whic distinguish between good and evil. Hitherto we have known n law but necessity, now we are considering what is useful; we sha soon come to what is fitting and right.

Man's diverse powers are stirred by the same instinct. Th bodily activity, which seeks an outlet for its energies, is succeede by the mental activity which seeks for knowledge. Children ar first restless, then curious; and this curiosity, rightly directed, i the means of development for the age with which we are dealing Always distinguish between natural and acquired tendencies. Ther is a zeal for learning which has no other foundation than a wish t appear learned, and there is another which springs from man' natural curiosity about all things far or near which may affec himself. The innate desire for comfort and the impossibility o its complete satisfaction impel him to the endless search for fres means of contributing to its satisfaction. This is the first principl of curiosity; a principle natural to the human heart, though it growth is proportional to the development of our feeling an knowledge. If a man of science were left on a desert island wit his books and instruments and knowing that he must spend th rest of his life there, he would scarcely trouble himself about th solar system, the laws of attraction, or the differential calculus. H might never even open a book again; but he would never rest til he had explored the furthest corner of his island, however large i might be. Let us therefore omit from our early studies such knowledge as has no natural attraction for us, and confine ourselves t such things as instinct impels us to study.

Our island is this earth; and the most striking object we behol is the sun. As soon as we pass beyond our immediate surroundings, one or both of these must meet our eye. Thus the philosoph of most savage races is mainly directed to imaginary divisions o the earth or to the divinity of the sun.

What a sudden change you will say. Just now we were concerne with what touches ourselves, with our immediate environment, an all at once we are exploring the round world and leaping to th bounds of the universe. This change is the result of our growin strength and of the natural bent of the mind. While we were wea and feeble, self-preservation concentrated our attention on ourselves now that we are strong and powerful, the desire for a wider spher carries us beyond ourselves as far as our eyes can reach. But a the intellectual world is still unknown to us, our thoughts ar ounded by the visible horizon, and our understanding only develops ithin the limits of our vision.

Let us transform our sensations into ideas, but do not let us mp all at once from the objects of sense to objects of thought, he latter are attained by means of the former. Let the senses e the only guide for the first workings of reason. No book but e world, no teaching but that of fact. The child who reads ases to think, he only reads. He is acquiring words not knowledge.

Teach your scholar to observe the phenomena of nature; you will on rouse his curiosity, but if you would have it grow, do not be too great a hurry to satisfy this curiosity. Put the problems efore him and let him solve them himself. Let him know nothing ecause you have told him, but because he has learnt it for himself. et him not be taught science, let him discover it. If ever you bstitute authority for reason he will cease to reason; he will e a mere plaything of other people's thoughts.

You wish to teach this child geography and you provide him ith globes, spheres, and maps. What elaborate preparations! hat is the use of all these symbols; why not begin by showing m the real thing so that he may at least know what you are lking about?

One fine evening we are walking in a suitable place where the ide horizon gives us a full view of the setting sun, and we note the jects which mark the place where it sets. Next morning we turn to the same place for a breath of fresh air before sun-rise. e see the rays of light which announce the sun's approach; the ow increases, the east seems afire, and long before the sun appears e light leads us to expect its return. Every moment you expect see it. There it is at last! A shining point appears like a flash lightning and soon fills the whole space; the veil of darkness rolls ay, man perceives his dwelling place in fresh beauty. During e night the grass has assumed a fresher green; in the light of rly dawn, and gilded by the first rays of the sun, it seems covered ith a shining network of dew reflecting the light and colour. The rds raise their chorus of praise to greet the Father of life, not one them is mute; their gentle warbling is softer than by day, it presses the langour of a peaceful waking. All these produce an pression of freshness which seems to reach the very soul. It is brief hour of enchantment which no man can resist; a sight so and, so fair, so delicious, that none can behold it unmoved.

Fired with this enthusiasm, the master wishes to impart it to the ild. He expects to rouse his emotion by drawing attention to s own. Mere folly! The splendour of nature lives in man's heart; be seen, it must be felt. The child sees the objects themselves, t does not perceive their relations, and cannot hear their harmony. needs knowledge he has not yet acquired, feelings he has not yet perienced, to receive the complex impression which results from these separate sensations. If he has not wandered over arid ains, if his feet have not been scorched by the burning sands of the desert, if he has not breathed the hot and oppressive air reflect from the glowing rocks, how shall he delight in the fresh air of fine morning. The scent of flowers, the beauty of foliage, t moistness of the dew, the soft turf beneath his feet, how shall these delight his senses. How shall the song of the birds arou voluptuous emotion if love and pleasure are still unknown to hin How shall he behold with rapture the birth of this fair day, if h imagination cannot paint the joys it may bring in its track? Ho can he feel the beauty of nature, while the hand that formed it unknown?

Never tell the child what he cannot understand: no description no eloquence, no figures of speech, no poetry. The time has n come for feeling or taste. Continue to be clear and cold; the tin will come only too soon when you must adopt another tone.

Brought up in the spirit of our maxims, accustomed to make h own tools and not to appeal to others until he has tried and faile he will examine everything he sees carefully and in silence. F thinks rather than questions. Be content, therefore, to show hi things at a fit season; then, when you see that his curiosity thoroughly aroused, put some brief question which will set hi trying to discover the answer.

On the present occasion when you and he have carefully observe the rising sun, when you have called his attention to the mountair and other objects visible from the same spot, after he has chattere freely about them, keep quiet for a few minutes as if lost in though and then say, "I think the sun set over there last night; it ros here this morning. How can that be?" Say no more; if he ask questions, do not answer them; talk of something else. Let hi alone, and be sure he will think about it.

To train a child to be really attentive so that he may be reall impressed by any truth of experience, he must spend anxious day before he discovers that truth. If he does not learn enough in th way, there is another way of drawing his attention to the matte Turn the question about. If he does not know how the sun get from the place where it sets to where it rises, he knows at least ho it travels from sunrise to sunset, his eyes teach him that. Use th second question to throw light on the first; either your pupil is regular dunce or the analogy is too clear to be missed. This is h first lesson in cosmography.

As we always advance slowly from one sensible idea to anothe and as we give time enough to each for him to become really familia with it before we go on to another, and lastly as we never force ou scholar's attention, we are still a long way from a knowledge of th course of the sun or the shape of the earth; but as all the apparen movements of the celestial bodies depend on the same principl and the first observation leads on to all the rest, less effort is neede though more time, to proceed from the diurnal revolution to th calculation of eclipses, than to get a thorough understanding c day and night.

Since the sun revolves round the earth it describes a circle, and ery circle must have a centre; that we know already. This ntre is invisible, it is in the middle of the earth, but we can mark ut two opposite points on the earth's surface which correspond to . A skewer passed through the three points and prolonged to the y at either end would represent the earth's axis and the sun's ily course. A round teetotum revolving on its point represents e sky turning on its axis, the two points of the teetotum are the o poles; the child will be delighted to find one of them, and I ow him the tail of the Little bear. Here is a another game for the rk. Little by little we get to know the stars, and from this comes wish to know the planets and observe the constellations.

We saw the sun rise at midsummer, we shall see it rise at ristmas or some other fine winter's day; for you know we are lie-a-beds and we enjoy the cold. I take care to make this cond observation in the same place as the first, and if skilfully ad up to, one or other will certainly exclaim, "What a funny ing! The sun is not rising in the same place; here are our land- arks, but it is rising over there. So there is the summer east and e winter east, etc." Young teacher, you are on the right track. ese examples should show you how to teach the sphere without y difficulty, taking the earth for the earth and the sun for the n.

As a general rule—never substitute the symbol for the thing nified, unless it is impossible to show the thing itself; for the ild's attention is so taken up with the symbol that he will forget at it signifies.

I consider the armillary sphere a clumsy disproportioned bit of paratus. The confused circles and the strange figures described it suggest witchcraft and frighten the child. The earth is too all, the circles too large and too numerous, some of them, the lures, for instance, are quite useless, and the thickness of the steboard gives them an appearance of solidity so that they are ken for circular masses having a real existence, and when you tell e child that these are imaginary circles, he does not know what is looking at and is none the wiser.

We are unable to put ourselves in the child's place, we fail to ter into his thoughts, we invest him with our own ideas, and ile we are following our own chain of reasoning, we merely fill head with errors and absurdities.

Should the method of studying science be analytic or synthetic? ople dispute over this question, but it is not always necessary to oose between them. Sometimes the same experiments allow one use both analysis and synthesis, and thus to guide the child the method of instruction when he fancies he is only analysing. en, by using both at once, each method confirms the results of other. Starting from opposite ends, without thinking of follow- the same road, he will unexpectedly reach their meeting place this will be a delightful surprise. For example, I would begin geography at both ends and add to the study of the earth's revolution the measurement of its divisions, beginning at home. Whil the child is studying the sphere and is thus transported to th heavens, bring him back to the divisions of the globe and show hi his own home.

His geography will begin with the town he lives in and his father country house, then the places between them, the rivers near them and then the sun's aspect and how to find one's way by its ai This is the meeting place. Let him make his own map, a ver simple map, at first containing only two places; others may b added from time to time, as he is able to estimate their distanc and position. You see at once what a good start we have give him by making his eye his compass.

No doubt he will require some guidance in spite of this, but ver little, and that little without his knowing it. If he goes wrong le him alone, do not correct his mistakes; hold your tongue till h finds them out for himself and corrects them, or at most arrang something, as opportunity offers, which may show him his mistake If he never makes mistakes he will never learn anything thoroughly Moreover, what he needs is not an exact knowledge of local topography, but how to find out for himself. No matter whether h carries maps in his head provided he understands what they mean and has a clear idea of the art of making them. See what a differenc there is already between the knowledge of your scholars and th ignorance of mine. They learn maps, he makes them. Here ar fresh ornaments for his room.

Remember that this is the essential point in my method—Do no teach the child many things, but never to let him form inaccurat or confused ideas. I care not if he knows nothing provided he i not mistaken, and I only acquaint him with truths to guard hi against the errors he might put in their place. Reason and judgment come slowly, prejudices flock to us in crowds, and from thes he must be protected. But if you make science itself your objec you embark on an unfathomable and shoreless ocean, an ocea strewn with reefs from which you will never return. When I see man in love with knowledge, yielding to its charms and flitting fro one branch to another unable to stay his steps, he seems to me lik a child gathering shells on the sea-shore, now picking them u then throwing them aside for others which he sees beyond them then taking them again, till overwhelmed by their number an unable to choose between them, he flings them all away and return empty handed.

Time was long during early childhood; we only tried to pass ou time for fear of using it ill; now it is the other way; we have no time enough for all that would be of use. The passions, remembe are drawing near, and when they knock at the door your schola will have no ear for anything else. The peaceful age of intelligenc is so short, it flies so swiftly, there is so much to be done, that it madness to try to make your child learned. It is not your busines teach him the various sciences, but to give him a taste for them nd methods of learning them when this taste is more mature. hat is assuredly a fundamental principle of all good education.

This is also the time to train him gradually to prolonged attention a given object; but this attention should never be the result of onstraint, but of interest or desire; you must be very careful that is not too much for his strength, and that it is not carried to the oint of tedium. Watch him, therefore, and whatever happens, top before he is tired, for it matters little what he learns; it does atter that he should do nothing against his will.

If he asks questions let your answers be enough to whet his uriosity but not enough to satisfy it; above all, when you find im talking at random and overwhelming you with silly questions nstead of asking for information, at once refuse to answer; for it is lear that he no longer cares about the matter in hand, but wants o make you a slave to his questions. Consider his motives rather han his words. This warning, which was scarcely needed before, ecomes of supreme importance when the child begins to reason.

There is a series of abstract truths by means of which all the sciences re related to common principles and are developed each in its turn. his relationship is the method of the philosophers. We are not oncerned with it at present. There is quite another method by hich every concrete example suggests another and always points o the next in the series. This succession, which stimulates the uriosity and so arouses the attention required by every object in urn, is the order followed by most men, and it is the right order for ll children. To take our bearings so as to make our maps we must ind meridians. Two points of intersection between the equal hadows morning and evening supply an excellent meridian for a hirteen-year-old astronomer. But these meridians disappear, it akes time to trace them, and you are obliged to work in one place. So much trouble and attention will at last become irksome. We oresaw this and are ready for it.

Again I must enter into minute and detailed explanations. I ear my readers murmur, but I am prepared to meet their dis-pproval; I will not sacrifice the most important part of this book o your impatience. You may think me as long-winded as you lease; I have my own opinion as to your complaints.

Long ago my pupil and I remarked that some substances such as mber, glass, and wax, when well rubbed, attracted straws, while others did not. We accidentally discover a substance which has more unusual property, that of attracting filings or other small articles of iron from a distance and without rubbing. How much ime do we devote to this game to the exclusion of everything else! At last we discover that this property is communicated to the iron tself, which is, so to speak, endowed with life. We go to the fair ne day[1] and a conjuror has a wax duck floating in a basin of water, and he makes it follow a bit of bread. We are greatly surprised, but we do not call him a wizard, never having heard of such persons. As we are continually observing effects whose causes are unknown to us, we are in no hurry to make up our minds, and we remain in ignorance till we find an opportunity of learning.

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[1] I could not help laughing when I read an elaborate criticism of this ittle tale by M. de Formy. “This conjuror,” says he, “who is afraid of

When we get home we discuss the duck till we try to imitate it. We take a needle thoroughly magnetised, we imbed it in white wax, shaped as far as possible like a duck, with the needle running through the body, so that its eye forms the beak. We put the duck in water and put the end of a key near its beak, and you will readily understand our delight when we find that our duck follows the key just as the duck at the fair followed the bit of bread. Another time we may note the direction assumed by the duck when left in the basin; for the present we are wholly occupied with our work and we want nothing more.

The same evening we return to the fair with some bread specially prepared in our pockets, and as soon as the conjuror has performed his trick, my little doctor, who can scarcely sit still, exclaims, "The trick is quite easy; I can do it myself." "Do it then." He at once takes the bread with a bit of iron hidden in it from his pocket; his heart throbs as he approaches the table and holds out the bread, his hand trembles with excitement. The duck approaches and follows his hand. The child cries out and jumps for joy. The applause, the shouts of the crowd, are too much for him, he is beside himself. The conjuror, though disappointed, embraces him, congratulates him, begs the honour of his company on the following day, and promises to collect a still greater crowd to applaud his skill. My young scientist is very proud of himself and is beginning to chatter, but I check him at once and take him home overwhelmed with praise.

The child counts the minutes till to-morrow with absurd anxiety. He invites every one he meets, he wants all mankind to behold his glory; he can scarcely wait till the appointed hour. He hurries to the place; the hall is full already; as he enters his young heart swells with pride. Other tricks are to come first. The conjuror surpasses himself and does the most surprising things. The child sees none of these; he wriggles, perspires, and hardly breathes; the time is spent in fingering with a trembling hand the bit of bread in his pocket. His turn comes at last; the master announces it to the audience with all ceremony; he goes up looking somewhat shamefaced and takes out his bit of bread. Oh fleeting joys of human life! the duck, so tame yesterday, is quite wild to-day; instead of offering its beak it turns tail and swims away; it avoids the bread and the hand that holds it as carefully as it followed them

a child's competition and preaches to his tutor is the sort of person we meet with in the world in which Emile and such as he are living." This witty M. de Formy could not guess that this little scene was arranged beforehand, and that the juggler was taught his part in it; indeed I did not state this fact. But I have said again and again that I was not writing for people who expected to be told everything.

yesterday. After many vain attempts accompanied by derisive shouts from the audience the child complains that he is being cheated, that is not the same duck, and he defies the conjuror to attract it.

The conjuror, without further words, takes a bit of bread and offers it to the duck, which at once follows it and comes to the hand which holds it. The child takes the same bit of bread with no better success; the duck mocks his efforts and swims round the basin. Overwhelmed with confusion he abandons the attempt, ashamed to face the crowd any longer. Then the conjuror takes the bit of bread the child brought with him and uses it as successfully as his own. He takes out the bit of iron before the audience—another laugh at our expense—then with this same bread he attracts the duck as before. He repeats the experiment with a piece of bread cut by a third person in full view of the audience. He does it with his glove, with his finger-tip. Finally he goes into the middle of the room and in the emphatic tones used by such persons he declares that his duck will obey his voice as readily as his hand; he speaks and the duck obeys; he bids him go to the right and he goes, to come back again and he comes. The movement is as ready as the command. The growing applause completes our discomfiture. We slip away unnoticed and shut ourselves up in our room, without relating our successes to everybody as we had expected.

Next day there is a knock at the door. When I open it there is the conjuror, who makes a modest complaint with regard to our conduct. What had he done that we should try to discredit his tricks and deprive him of his livelihood? What is there so wonderful in attracting a duck that we should purchase this honour at the price of an honest man's living? "My word, gentlemen! had I any other trade by which I could earn a living I would not pride myself on this. You may well believe that a man who has spent his life at this miserable trade knows more about it than you who only give your spare time to it. If I did not show you my best tricks at first, it was because one must not be so foolish as to display all one knows at once. I always take care to keep my best tricks for emergencies; and I have plenty more to prevent young folks from meddling. However, I have come, gentlemen, in all kindness, to show you the trick that gave you so much trouble; I only beg you not to use it to my hurt, and to be more discreet in future."

He then shows us his apparatus, and to our great surprise we find it is merely a strong magnet in the hand of a boy concealed under the table. The man puts up his things, and after we have offered our thanks and apologies, we try to give him something. He refuses it. "No, gentlemen," says he, "I owe you no gratitude and I will not accept your gift. I leave you in my debt in spite of all, and that is my only revenge. Generosity may be found among all sorts of people, and I earn my pay by doing my tricks not by teaching them."

As he is going he blames me out-right. "I can make excuses for the child," he says, "he sinned in ignorance. But you, sir, should know better. Why did you let him do it? As you are living together and you are older than he, you should look after him and give him good advice. Your experience should be his guide. When he is grown up he will reproach, not only himself, but you, for the faults of his youth."

When he is gone we are greatly downcast. I blame myself for my easy-going ways. I promise the child that another time I will put his interests first and warn him against faults before he falls into them, for the time is coming when our relations will be changed, when the severity of the master must give way to the friendliness of the comrade; this change must come gradually, you must look ahead, and very far ahead.

We go to the fair again the next day to see the trick whose secret we know. We approach our Socrates, the conjuror, with profound respect, we scarcely dare to look him in the face. He overwhelms us with politeness, gives us the best places, and heaps coals of fire on our heads. He goes through his performance as usual, but he lingers affectionately over the duck, and often glances proudly in our direction. We are in the secret, but we do not tell. If my pupil did but open his mouth he would be worthy of death.

There is more meaning than you suspect in this detailed illustration. How many lessons in one! How mortifying are the results of a first impulse towards vanity! Young tutor, watch this first impulse carefully. If you can use it to bring about shame and disgrace, you may be sure it will not recur for many a day. What a fuss you will say. Just so; and all to provide a compass which will enable us to dispense with a meridian!

Having learnt that a magnet acts through other bodies, our next business is to construct a bit of apparatus similar to that shown us. A bare table, a shallow bowl placed on it and filled with water, a duck rather better finished than the first, and so on. We often watch the thing and at last we notice that the duck, when at rest, always turns the same way. We follow up this observation; we examine the direction, we find that it is from south to north. Enough! we have found our compass or its equivalent; the study of physics is begun.

There are various regions of the earth, and these regions differ in temperature. The variation is more evident as we approach the poles; all bodies expand with heat and contract with cold; this is best measured in liquids and best of all in spirits; hence the thermometer. The wind strikes the face, then the air is a body, a fluid; we feel it though we cannot see it. I invert a glass in water; the water will not fill it unless you leave a passage for the escape of the air; so air is capable of resistance. Plunge the glass further in the water; the water will encroach on the air-space without filling it entirely; so air yields somewhat to pressure. A ball filled with compressed air bounces better than one filled with anything else; so air is elastic. Raise your arm horizontally from the water when you are lying in your bath; you will feel a terrible weight on it; so air is a heavy body. By establishing an equilibrium between air and other fluids its weight can be measured, hence the barometer, the siphon, the air-gun, and the air-pump. All the laws of statics and hydrostatics are discovered by such rough experiments. For none of these would I take the child into a physical cabinet; I dislike that array of instruments and apparatus. The scientific atmosphere destroys science. Either the child is frightened by these instruments or his attention, which should be fixed on their effects, is distracted by their appearance.

We shall make all our apparatus ourselves, and I would not make it beforehand, but having caught a glimpse of the experiment by chance we mean to invent step by step an instrument for its verification. I would rather our apparatus was somewhat clumsy and imperfect, but our ideas clear as to what the apparatus ought to be, and the results to be obtained by means of it. For my first lesson in statics, instead of fetching a balance, I lay a stick across the back of a chair, I measure the two parts when it is balanced; add equal or unequal weights to either end; by pulling or pushing it as required, I find at last that equilibrium is the result of a reciprocal proportion between the amount of the weights and the length of the levers. Thus my little physicist is ready to rectify a balance before ever he sees one.

Undoubtedly the notions of things thus acquired for oneself are clearer and much more convincing than those acquired from the teaching of others; and not only is our reason not accustomed to a slavish submission to authority, but we develop greater ingenuity in discovering relations, connecting ideas and inventing apparatus, than when we merely accept what is given us and allow our minds to be enfeebled by indifference, like the body of a man whose servants always wait on him, dress him and put on his shoes, whose horse carries him, till he loses the use of his limbs. Boileau used to boast that he had taught Racine the art of rhyming with difficulty. Among the many short cuts to science, we badly need some one to teach us the art of learning with difficulty.

The most obvious advantage of these slow and laborious inquiries is this: the scholar, while engaged in speculative studies, is actively using his body, gaining suppleness of limb, and training his hands to labour so that he will be able to make them useful when he is a man. Too much apparatus, designed to guide us in our experiments and to supplement the exactness of our senses, makes us neglect to use those senses. The theodolite makes it unnecessary to estimate the size of angles; the eye which used to judge distances with much precision, trusts to the chain for its measurements; the steel yard dispenses with the need of judging weight by the hand as I used to do. The more ingenious our apparatus, the coarser and more unskilful are our senses. We surround ourselves with tools and fail to use those with which nature has provided every one of us.

But when we devote to the making of these instruments the skill which did instead of them, when for their construction we use the intelligence which enabled us to dispense with them, this is gain not loss, we add art to nature, we gain ingenuity without loss of skill. If instead of making a child stick to his books I employ him in a workshop, his hands work for the development of his mind. While he fancies himself a workman he is becoming a philosopher. Moreover, this exercise has other advantages of which I shall speak later; and you will see how, through philosophy in sport, one may rise to the real duties of man.

I have said already that purely theoretical science is hardly suitable for children, even for children approaching adolescence; but without going far into theoretical physics, take care that all their experiments are connected together by some chain of reasoning, so that they may follow an orderly sequence in the mind, and may be recalled at need; for it is very difficult to remember isolated facts or arguments, when there is no cue for their recall.

In your inquiry into the laws of nature always begin with the commonest and most conspicuous phenomena, and train your scholar not to accept these phenomena as causes but as facts. I take a stone and pretend to place it in the air; I open my hand, the stone falls. I see Emile watching my action and I say, "Why does this stone fall?"

What child will hesitate over this question? None, not even Emile, unless I have taken great pains to teach him not to answer. Every one will say, "The stone falls because it is heavy." "And what do you mean by heavy?" "That which falls." "So the stone falls because it falls?" Here is a poser for my little philosopher. This is his first lesson in systematic physics, and whether he learns physics or no it is a good lesson in common-sense.

As the child develops in intelligence other important considerations require us to be still more careful in our choice of his occupations. As soon as he has sufficient self-knowledge to understand what constitutes his well-being, as soon as he can grasp such far-reaching relations as to judge what is good for him and what is not, then he is able to discern the difference between work and play, and to consider the latter merely as relaxation. The objects of real utility may be introduced into his studies and may lead him to more prolonged attention than he gave to his games. The ever-recurring law of necessity soon teaches a man to do what he does not like, so as to avert evils which he would dislike still more. Such is the use of foresight, and this foresight, well or ill used, is the source of all the wisdom or the wretchedness of mankind.

Every one desires happiness, but to secure it he must know what happiness is. For the natural man happiness is as simple as his life; it consists in the absence of pain; health, freedom, the necessaries of life are its elements. The happiness of the moral man is another matter, but it does not concern us at present. I cannot repeat too often that it is only objects which can be perceived by the senses which can have any interest for children, specially children whose vanity has not been stimulated nor their iinds corrupted by social conventions.

As soon as they foresee their needs before they feel them, their itelligence has made a great step forward, they are beginning to now the value of time. They must then be trained to devote this me to useful purposes, but this usefulness should be such as they an readily perceive and should be within the reach of their age nd experience. What concerns the moral order and the customs f society should not yet be given them, for they are not in a ondition to understand it. It is folly to expect them to attend things vaguely described as good for them, when they do not now what this good is, things which they are assured will be to ieir advantage when they are grown up, though for the present iey take no interest in this so-called advantage, which they are nable to understand.

Let the child do nothing because he is told; nothing is good for im but what he recognises as good. When you are always urging im beyond his present understanding, you think you are exercising foresight which you really lack. To provide him with useless ools which he may never require, you deprive him of man's most seful tool—common-sense. You would have him docile as a child; e will be a credulous dupe when he grows up. You are always aying, "What I ask is for your good, though you cannot understand . What does it matter to me whether you do it or not; my efforts re entirely on your account." All these fine speeches with which ou hope to make him good, are preparing the way, so that the isionary, the tempter, the charlatan, the rascal, and every kind of ool may catch him in his snare or draw him into his folly.

A man must know many things which seem useless to a child, ut need the child learn, or can he indeed learn, all that the man iust know? Try to teach the child what is of use to a child and ou will find that it takes all his time. Why urge him to the tudies of an age he may never reach, to the neglect of those studies hich meet his present needs? "But," you ask, "will it not be oo late to learn what he ought to know when the time comes to se it?" I cannot tell; but this I do know, it is impossible to each it sooner, for our real teachers are experience and emotion, nd man will never learn what befits a man except under its own onditions. A child knows he must become a man; all the ideas he iay have as to man's estate are so many opportunities for his istruction, but he should remain in complete ignorance of those leas which are beyond his grasp. My whole book is one continued rgument in support of this fundamental principle of education.

As soon as we have contrived to give our pupil an idea of the ord "Useful," we have got an additional means of controlling im, for this word makes a great impression on him, provided that s meaning for him is a meaning relative to his own age, and pro-ided he clearly sees its relation to his own well-being. This word iakes no impression on your scholars because you have taken no pains to give it a meaning they can understand, and because other people always undertake to supply their needs so that they never require to think for themselves, and do not know what utility is.

"What is the use of that?" In future this is the sacred formula, the formula by which he and I test every action of our lives. This is the question with which I invariably answer all his questions; it serves to check the stream of foolish and tiresome questions with which children weary those about them. These incessant questions produce no result, and their object is rather to get a hold over you than to gain any real advantage. A pupil, who has been really taught only to want to know what is useful, questions like Socrates; he never asks a question without a reason for it, for he knows he will be required to give his reason before he gets an answer.

See what a powerful instrument I have put into your hands for use with your pupil. As he does not know the reason for anything you can reduce him to silence almost at will; and what advantages do your knowledge and experience give you to show him the usefulness of what you suggest. For, make no mistake about it, when you put this question to him, you are teaching him to put it to you, and you must expect that whatever you suggest to him in the future he will follow your own example and ask, "What is the use of this?"

Perhaps this is the greatest of the tutor's difficulties. If you merely try to put the child off when he asks a question, and if you give him a single reason he is not able to understand, if he finds that you reason according to your own ideas, not his, he will think what you tell him is good for you but not for him; you will lose his confidence and all your labour is thrown away. But what master will stop short and confess his faults to his pupil? We all make it a rule never to own to the faults we really have. Now I would make it a rule to admit even the faults I have not, if I could not make my reasons clear to him; as my conduct will always be intelligible to him, he will never doubt me and I shall gain more credit by confessing my imaginary faults than those who conceal their real defects.

In the first place do not forget that it is rarely your business to suggest what he ought to learn; it is for him to want to learn, to seek and to find it. You should put it within his reach, you should skilfully awaken the desire and supply him with means for its satisfaction. So your questions should be few and well-chosen and as he will always have more questions to put to you than you to him, you will always have the advantage and will be able to ask all the oftener, "What is the use of that question?" Moreover as it matters little what he learns provided he understands it and knows how to use it, as soon as you cannot give him a suitable explanation give him none at all. Do not hesitate to say, "I have no good answer to give you; I was wrong, let us drop the subject." If your teaching was really ill-chosen there is no harm in dropping it altogether; if it was not, with a little care you will soon find an opportunity of making its use apparent to him.

I do not like verbal explanations. Young people pay little heed them, nor do they remember them. Things! Things! I can- t repeat it too often. We lay too much stress upon words; we achers babble, and our scholars follow our example.

Suppose we are studying the course of the sun and the way to d our bearings, when all at once Emile interrupts me with the estion, "What is the use of that?" what a fine lecture I might ve, how many things I might take occasion to teach him in reply his question, especially if there is any one there. I might speak the advantages of travel, the value of commerce, the special oducts of different lands and the peculiar customs of different tions, the use of the calendar, the way to reckon the seasons for riculture, the art of navigation, how to steer our course at sea, w to find our way without knowing exactly where we are. litics, natural history, astronomy, even morals and international w are involved in my explanation, so as to give my pupil some ea of all these sciences and a great wish to learn them. When have finished I shall have shown myself a regular pedant, I shall ve made a great display of learning, and not one single idea has understood. He is longing to ask me again, "What is the use taking one's bearings?" but he dare not for fear of vexing me. e finds it pays best to pretend to listen to what he is forced to hear. is is the practical result of our fine systems of education.

But Emile is educated in a simpler fashion. We take so much ins to teach him a difficult idea that he will have heard nothing all this. At the first word he does not understand, he will run vay, he will prance about the room, and leave me to speechify by yself. Let us seek a more commonplace explanation; my ientific learning is of no use to him.

We were observing the position of the forest to the north of ontmorency when he interrupted me with the usual question, What is the use of that?" "You are right," I said. "Let us ke time to think it over, and if we find it is no use we will drop for we only want useful games." We find something else to do d geography is put aside for the day.

Next morning I suggest a walk before breakfast; there is nothing would like better; children are always ready to run about, and is a good walker. We climb up to the forest, we wander through clearings and lose ourselves; we have no idea where we are, and hen we want to retrace our steps we cannot find the way. Time sses, we are hot and hungry; hurrying vainly this way and that e find nothing but woods, quarries, plains, not a landmark to guide . Very hot, very tired, very hungry, we only get further astray. t last we sit down to rest and to consider our position. I assume at Emile has been educated like an ordinary child. He does not ink, he begins to cry; he has no idea we are close to Montmorency, hich is hidden from our view by a mere thicket; but this thicket is forest to him, a man of his size is buried among bushes. After a w minutes' silence I begin anxiously—

*Jean Jacques.* My dear Emile, what shall we do to get out?

*Emile.* I am sure I do not know. I am tired, I am hungry, I am thirsty. I cannot go any further.

*Jean Jacques.* Do you suppose I am any better off? I would cr too if I could make my breakfast off tears. Crying is no use, w must look about us. Let us see your watch; what time is it?

*Emile.* It is noon and I am so hungry!

*Jean Jacques.* Just so; it is noon and I am so hungry too.

*Emile.* You must be very hungry indeed.

*Jean Jacques.* Unluckily my dinner won't come to find me. I is twelve o'clock. This time yesterday we were observing th position of the forest from Montmorency. If only we could see th position of Montmorency from the forest——

*Emile.* But yesterday we could see the forest, and here we canno see the town.

*Jean Jacques.* That is just it. If we could only find it withou seeing it.

*Emile.* Oh! my dear friend!

*Jean Jacques.* Did not we say the forest was——

*Emile.* North of Montmorency.

*Jean Jacques.* Then Montmorency must lie——

*Emile.* South of the forest.

*Jean Jacques.* We know how to find the north at midday.

*Emile.* Yes, by the direction of the shadows.

*Jean Jacques.* But the south?

*Emile.* What shall we do?

*Jean Jacques.* The south is opposite the north.

*Emile.* That is true; we need only find the opposite of the shadows That is the south! That is the south! Montmorency must be ove there! Let us look for it there!

*Jean Jacques.* Perhaps you are right; let us follow this path through the wood.

*Emile.* (*Clapping his hands.*) Oh, I can see Montmorency! there it is, quite plain, just in front of us! Come to luncheon, come to dinner, make haste! Astronomy is some use after all.

Be sure that he thinks this if he does not say it; no matter which, provided I do not say it myself. He will certainly never forget this day's lesson as long as he lives, while if I had only led him to think of all this at home, my lecture would have been forgotten the next day. Teach by doing whenever you can, and only fall back upon words when doing is out of the question.

The reader will not expect me to have such a poor opinion of him as to supply him with an example of every kind of study; but, whatever is taught, I cannot too strongly urge the tutor to adapt his instances to the capacity of his scholar; for once more I repeat the risk is not in what he does not know, but in what he thinks he knows.

I remember how I once tried to give a child a taste for chemistry. After showing him several metallic precipitates, I explained how ık was made. I told him how its blackness was merely the result f fine particles of iron separated from the vitriol and precipitated y an alkaline solution. In the midst of my learned explanation ıe little rascal pulled me up short with the question I myself had ıught him. I was greatly puzzled. After a few moments' thought decided what to do. I sent for some wine from the cellar of our ındlord, and some very cheap wine from a wine-merchant. I took small[1] flask of an alkaline solution, and placing two glasses before ıe filled with the two sorts of wine, I said—

Food and drink are adulterated to make them seem better than ıey really are. These adulterations deceive both the eye and the alate, but they are unwholesome and make the adulterated article ven worse than before in spite of its fine appearance.

All sorts of drinks are adulterated, and wine more than others; or the fraud is more difficult to detect, and more profitable to the audulent person.

Sour wine is adulterated with litharge; litharge is a preparation f lead. Lead in combination with acids forms a sweet salt which orrects the harsh taste of the sour wine, but it is poisonous. So efore we drink wine of doubtful quality we should be able to tell there is lead in it. This is how I should do it.

Wine contains not merely an inflammable spirit as you have seen om the brandy made from it; it also contains an acid as you now from the vinegar made from it.

This acid has an affinity for metals, it combines with them and orms salts, such as iron-rust, which is only iron dissolved by the acid ı air or water, or such as verdegris, which is only copper dissolved ı vinegar.

But this acid has a still greater affinity for alkalis than for metals, that when we add alkalis to the above-mentioned salts, the acid ets free the metal with which it had combined, and combines with ıe alkali.

Then the metal, set free by the acid which held it in solution, is recipitated and the liquid becomes opaque.

If then there is litharge in either of these glasses of wine, the acid olds the litharge in solution. When I pour into it an alkaline olution, the acid will be forced to set the lead free in order to ombine with the alkali. The lead, no longer held in solution, will appear, the liquor will become thick, and after a time the lead ill be deposited at the bottom of the glass.

If there is no lead[2] nor other metal in the wine the alkali will slowly[1] combine with the acid, all will remain clear and there wil be no precipitate.

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[1] Before giving any explanation to a child a little bit of apparatus rves to fix his attention.

[2] The wine sold by retail dealers in Paris is rarely free from lead, though me of it does not contain litharge, for the counters are covered with ad and when the wine is poured into the measures and some of it spilt on the counter and the measures left standing on the counter, some of lead is always dissolved. It is strange that so obvious and dangerous abuse should be tolerated by the police. But indeed well-to-do people, ho rarely drink these wines, are not likely to be poisoned by them.

Then I poured my alkaline solution first into one glass and ther into the other. The wine from our own house remained clear and unclouded, the other at once became turbid, and an hour later the lead might be plainly seen, precipitated at the bottom of the glass

"This," said I, "is a pure natural wine and fit to drink; the other is adulterated and poisonous. You wanted to know the use o knowing how to make ink. If you can make ink you can find out what wines are adulterated."

I was very well pleased with my illustration, but I found it made little impression on my pupil. When I had time to think about it I saw I had been a fool, for not only was it impossible for a child of twelve to follow my explanations, but the usefulness of the experiment did not appeal to him; he had tasted both glasses o wine and found them both good, so he attached no meaning to the word "adulterated" which I thought I had explained so nicely Indeed, the other words, "unwholesome" and "poison," had nc meaning whatever for him; he was in the same condition as the boy who told the story of Philip and his doctor. It is the condition of all children.

The relation of causes and effects whose connection is unknown to us, good and ill of which we have no idea, the needs we have never felt, have no existence for us. It is impossible to interest ourselves in them sufficiently to make us do anything connected with them At fifteen we become aware of the happiness of a good man, as at thirty we become aware of the glory of Paradise. If we had nc clear idea of either we should make no effort for their attainment; and even if we had a clear idea of them, we should make little or nc effort unless we desired them and unless we felt we were made for them. It is easy to convince a child that what you wish to teach him is useful, but it is useless to convince if you cannot also persuade Pure reason may lead us to approve or censure, but it is feeling which leads to action, and how shall we care about that which does not concern us?

Never show a child what he cannot see. Since mankind is almost unknown to him, and since you cannot make a man of him, bring the man down to the level of the child. While you are thinking what will be useful to him when he is older, talk to him of what he knows he can use now. Moreover, as soon as he begins to reason let there be no comparison with other children, no rivalry, no competition, not even in running races. I would far rather he did not learn anything than have him learn it through jealousy or self-conceit. Year by year I shall just note the progress he had made I shall compare the results with those of the following year, I shal say, "You have grown so much; that is the ditch you jumped he weight you carried, the distance you flung a pebble, the race ou ran without stopping to take breath, etc.; let us see what you an do now."

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[1] The vegetable acid is very gentle in its action. If it were a minera acid and less diluted, the combination would not take place without effervescence.

In this way he is stimulated to further effort without jealousy. Ie wants to excel himself as he ought to do; I see no reason why e should not emulate his own performances.

I hate books; they only teach us to talk about things we know othing about. Hermes, they say, engraved the elements of science n pillars lest a deluge should destroy them. Had he imprinted hem on men's hearts they would have been preserved by tradition. Vell-trained minds are the pillars on which human knowledge is nost deeply engraved.

Is there no way of correlating so many lessons scattered through o many books, no way of focussing them on some common object, asy to see, interesting to follow, and stimulating even to a child? ould we but discover a state in which all man's needs appear in such way as to appeal to the child's mind, a state in which the ways f providing for these needs are as easily developed, the simple and irring portrayal of this state should form the earliest training f the child's imagination.

Eager philosopher, I see your own imagination at work. Spare ourself the trouble; this state is already known, it is described, ith due respect to you, far better than you could describe it, at ast with greater truth and simplicity. Since we must have books, here is one book which, to my thinking, supplies the best treatise n an education according to nature. This is the first book Emile ill read; for a long time it will form his whole library, and it will lways retain an honoured place. It will be the text to which all ur talks about natural science are but the commentary. It will erve to test our progress towards a right judgment, and it will lways be read with delight, so long as our taste is unspoilt. What this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle? Pliny? Buffon? No; is *Robinson Crusoe.*

Robinson Crusoe on his island, deprived of the help of his fellowen, without the means of carrying on the various arts, yet finding od, preserving his life, and procuring a certain amount of comfort; is is the thing to interest people of all ages, and it can be made tractive to children in all sorts of ways. We shall thus make a ality of that desert island which formerly served as an illustration. he condition, I confess, is not that of a social being, nor is it in l probability Emile's own condition, but he should use it as a andard of comparison for all other conditions. The surest way raise him above prejudice and to base his judgments on the true lations of things, is to put him in the place of a solitary man, and judge all things as they would be judged by such a man in lation to their own utility.

This novel, stripped of irrelevant matter, begins with Robinson's ipwreck on his island, and ends with the coming of the ship which ars him from it, and it will furnish Emile with material, both for work and play, during the whole period we are considering. His head should be full of it, he should always be busy with his castle, his goats, his plantations. Let him learn in detail, not from books but from things, all that is necessary in such a case. Let him think he is Robinson himself; let him see himself clad in skins, wearing a tall cap, a great cutlass, all the grotesque get-up of Robinson Crusoe, even to the umbrella which he will scarcely need. He should anxiously consider what steps to take; will this or that be wanting. He should examine his hero's conduct; has he omitted nothing; is there nothing he could have done better? He should carefully note his mistakes, so as not to fall into them himself in similar circumstances, for you may be sure he will plan out just such a settlement for himself. This is the genuine castle in the air of this happy age, when the child knows no other happiness but food and freedom.

What a motive will this infatuation supply in the hands of a skilful teacher who has aroused it for the purpose of using it. The child who wants to build a storehouse on his desert island will be more eager to learn than the master to teach. He will want to know all sorts of useful things and nothing else; you will need the curb as well as the spur. Make haste, therefore, to establish him on his island while this is all he needs to make him happy; for the day is at hand, when, if he must still live on his island, he will not be content to live alone, when even the companionship of Man Friday, who is almost disregarded now, will not long suffice.

The exercise of the natural arts, which may be carried on by one man alone, leads on to the industrial arts which call for the co-operation of many hands. The former may be carried on by hermits, by savages, but the others can only arise in a society, and they make society necessary. So long as only bodily needs are recognised man is self-sufficing; with superfluity comes the need for division and distribution of labour, for though one man working alone can earn a man's living, one hundred men working together can earn the living of two hundred. As soon as some men are idle, others must work to make up for their idleness.

Your main object should be to keep out of your scholar's way all idea of such social relations as he cannot understand, but when the development of knowledge compels you to show him the mutual dependence of mankind, instead of showing him its moral side turn all his attention at first towards industry and the mechanical arts which make men useful to one another. While you take him from one workshop to another, let him try his hand at every trade you show him, and do not let him leave it till he has thoroughly learnt why everything is done, or at least everything that has attracted his attention. With this aim you should take a share in his work and set him an example. Be yourself the apprentice that he may become a master; you may expect him to learn more in one hour's work than he would retain after a whole day's explanation

The value set by the general public on the various arts is in verse ratio to their real utility. They are even valued directly cording to their uselessness. This might be expected. The most eful arts are the worst paid, for the number of workmen is regulated the demand, and the work which everybody requires must cessarily be paid at a rate which puts it within the reach of the or. On the other hand, those great people who are called artists, t artisans, who labour only for the rich and idle, put a fancy ice on their trifles; and as the real value of this vain labour is rely imaginary, the price itself adds to their market value, and ey are valued according to their costliness. The rich think so ich of these things, not because they are useful, but because they beyond the reach of the poor. *Nolo habere bona, nisi quibus pulus inviderit.*

What will become of your pupils if you let them acquire this olish prejudice, if you share it yourself? If, for instance, they see u show more politeness in a jeweller's shop than in a locksmith's. hat idea will they form of the true worth of the arts and the real lue of things when they see, on the one hand, a fancy price and, the other, the price of real utility, and that the more a thing costs less it is worth? As soon as you let them get hold of these eas, you may give up all attempt at further education; in spite you they will be like all the other scholars—you have wasted rteen years.

Emile, bent on furnishing his island, will look at things from other point of view. Robinson would have thought more of a lmaker's shop than all Saide's trifles put together. He uld have reckoned the toolmaker a very worthy man, and Saide le more than a charlatan.

‘My son will have to take the world as he finds it, he will not among the wise but among fools; he must therefore be acquainted h their follies, since they must be led by this means. A real owledge of things may be a good thing in itself, but the know-ge of men and their opinions is better, for in human society man he chief tool of man, and the wisest man is he who best knows use of this tool. What is the good of teaching children an aginary system, just the opposite of the established order of things, ong which they will have to live? First teach them wisdom, n show them the follies of mankind.”

These are the specious maxims by which fathers, who mistake m for prudence, strive to make their children the slaves of the judices in which they are educated, and the puppets of the seless crowd, which they hope to make subservient to their sions. How much must be known before we attain to a know-ge of man. This is the final study of the philosopher, and you ect to make it the first lesson of the child! Before teaching him sentiments, first teach him to judge of their worth. Do you ceive folly when you mistake it for wisdom? To be wise we st discern between good and evil. How can your child know , when he can neither judge of their judgments nor unravel their mistakes? It is a misfortune to know what they think, without knowing whether their thoughts are true or false. First teac him things as they really are, afterwards you will teach him ho they appear to us. He will then be able to make a compariso between popular ideas and truth, and be able to rise above th vulgar crowd; for you are unaware of the prejudices you adopt and you do not lead a nation when you are like it. But if yo begin to teach the opinions of other people before you teach how t judge of their worth, of one thing you may be sure, your pupil wi adopt those opinions whatever you may do, and you will not succee in uprooting them. I am therefore convinced that to make a youn man judge rightly, you must form his judgment rather than teac him your own.

So far you see I have not spoken to my pupil about men; h would have too much sense to listen to me. His relations to othe people are as yet not sufficiently apparent to him to enable him t judge others by himself. The only person he knows is himself, an his knowledge of himself is very imperfect. But if he forms fe opinions about others, those opinions are correct. He know nothing of another's place, but he knows his own and keeps to i I have bound him with the strong cord of necessity, instead social laws, which are beyond his knowledge. He is still little mor than a body; let us treat him as such.

Every substance in nature and every work of man must be judge in relation to his own use, his own safety, his own preservation, h own comfort. Thus he should value iron far more than gold, an glass than diamonds; in the same way he has far more respect f a shoemaker or a mason than for a Lempereur, a Le Blanc, or all t jewellers in Europe. In his eyes a confectioner is a really gre man, and he would give the whole academy of sciences for t smallest pastrycook in Lombard Street. Goldsmiths, engraver gilders, and embroiderers, he considers lazy people, who play at qui useless games. He does not even think much of a clockmake The happy child enjoys Time without being a slave to it; he us it, but he does not know its value. The freedom from passi which makes every day alike to him, makes any means of measuri time unnecessary. When I assumed that Emile had a watch,[1] ju as I assumed that he cried, it was a commonplace Emile that chose to serve my purpose and make myself understood. The re Emile, a child so different from the rest, would not serve as illustration for anything.

There is an order no less natural and even more accurate, which the arts are valued according to bonds of necessity whi connect them; the highest class consists of the most independe the lowest of those most dependent on others. This classificati hich suggests important considerations on the order of society in eneral, is like the preceding one in that it is subject to the same version in popular estimation, so that the use of raw material the work of the lowest and worst paid trades, while the oftener e material changes hands, the more the work rises in price and in onour. I do not ask whether industry is really greater and more eserving of reward when engaged in the delicate arts which give e final shape to these materials, than in the labour which first ave them to man's use; but this I say, that in everything the art hich is most generally useful and necessary, is undoubtedly that hich most deserves esteem, and that art which requires the least elp from others, is more worthy of honour than those which are ependent on other arts, since it is freer and more nearly independent. hese are the true laws of value in the arts; all others are arbitrary nd dependent on popular prejudice.

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[1] When our hearts are abandoned to the sway of passion, then it is t we need a measure of time. The wise man's watch is his equable tem and his peaceful heart. He is always punctual, and he always kno the time.

Agriculture is the earliest and most honourable of arts; metal ork I put next, then carpentry, and so on. This is the order in hich the child will put them, if he has not been spoilt by vulgar rejudices. What valuable considerations Emile will derive from is Robinson in such matters. What will he think when he sees he arts only brought to perfection by sub-division, by the infinite ultiplication of tools. He will say, "All those people are as silly s they are ingenious; one would think they were afraid to use their yes and their hands, they invent so many tools instead. To carry n one trade they become the slaves of many others; every single orkman needs a whole town. My friend and I try to gain skill; e only make tools we can take about with us; these people, who re so proud of their talents in Paris, would be no use at all on our land; they would have to become apprentices."

Reader, do not stay to watch the bodily exercises and manual kill of our pupil, but consider the bent we are giving to his childish uriosity; consider his common-sense, his inventive spirit, his fore-ight; consider what a head he will have on his shoulders. He will ant to know all about everything he sees or does, to learn the why nd the wherefore of it; from tool to tool he will go back to the first eginning, taking nothing for granted; he will decline to learn nything that requires previous knowledge which he has not cquired. If he sees a spring made he will want to know how they ot the steel from the mine; if he sees the pieces of a chest put ogether, he will want to know how the tree was cut down; when t work he will say of each tool, "If I had not got this, how could make one like it, or how could I get along without it?"

It is, however, difficult to avoid another error. When the master very fond of certain occupations, he is apt to assume that the child hares his tastes; beware lest you are carried away by the interest f your work, while the child is bored by it, but is afraid to show it. he child must come first, and you must devote yourself entirely to im. Watch him, study him constantly, without his knowing it; onsider his feelings beforehand, and provide against those which are undesirable, keep him occupied in such a way that he not only feels the usefulness of the thing, but takes a pleasure in understanding the purpose which his work will serve.

The solidarity of the arts consists in the exchange of industry, that of commerce in the exchange of commodities, that of banks in the exchange of money or securities. All these ideas hang together, and their foundation has already been laid in early childhood with the help of Robert the gardener. All we have now to do is to substitute general ideas for particular, and to enlarge these ideas by means of numerous examples, so as to make the child understand the game of business itself, brought home to him by means of particular instances of natural history with regard to the special products of each country, by particular instances of the arts and sciences which concern navigation and the difficulties of transport, greater or less in proportion to the distance between places, the position of land, seas, rivers, etc.

There can be no society without exchange, no exchange without a common standard of measurement, no common standard of measurement without equality. Hence the first law of every society is some conventional equality either in men or things.

Conventional equality between men, a very different thing from natural equality, leads to the necessity for positive law, *i.e.*, government and kings. A child's political knowledge should be clear and restricted; he should know nothing of government in general, beyond what concerns the rights of property, of which he has already some idea.

Conventional equality between things has led to the invention of money, for money is only one term in a comparison between the values of different sorts of things; and in this sense money is the real bond of society; but anything may be money; in former days it was cattle; shells are used among many tribes at the present day; Sparta used iron; Sweden, leather; while we use gold and silver.

Metals, being easier to carry, have generally been chosen as the middle term of every exchange, and these metals have been made into coin to save the trouble of continual weighing and measuring, for the stamp on the coin is merely evidence that the coin is of given weight; and the sole right of coining money is vested in the ruler because he alone has the right to demand the recognition of his authority by the whole nation.

The stupidest person can perceive the use of money when it is explained in this way. It is difficult to make a direct comparison between various things, for instance, between cloth and corn; but when we find a common measure, in money, it is easy for the manufacturer and the farmer to estimate the value of the goods they wish to exchange in terms of this common measure. If a given quantity of cloth is worth a given some of money, and a given quantity of corn is worth the same sum of money, then the seller, receiving the corn in exchange for his cloth, makes a fair bargain.

ius by means of money it becomes possible to compare the values goods of various kinds.

Be content with this, and do not touch upon the moral effects of s institution. In everything you must show clearly the use fore the abuse. If you attempt to teach children how the sign s led to the neglect of the thing signified, how money is the urce of all the false ideas of society, how countries rich in silver ust be poor in everything else, you will be treating these children philosophers, and not only as philosophers but as wise men, you are professing to teach them what very few philosophers ve grasped.

What a wealth of interesting objects, towards which the curiosity our pupil may be directed without ever quitting the real and terial relations he can understand, and without permitting the mation of a single idea beyond his grasp! The teacher's art nsists in this: To turn the child's attention from trivial details l to guide his thoughts continually towards relations of im-rtance which he will one day need to know, that he may judge htly of good and evil in human society. The teacher must be e to adapt the conversation with which he amuses his pupil to turn already given to his mind. A problem which another child uld never heed will torment Emile half a year.

We are going to dine with wealthy people; when we get there erything is ready for a feast, many guests, many servants, many hes, dainty and elegant china. There is something intoxicating all these preparations for pleasure and festivity when you are used to them. I see how they will affect my young pupil. ile dinner is going on, while course follows course, and con-sation is loud around us, I whisper in his ear, "How many hands you suppose the things on this table passed through before they here?" What a crowd of ideas is called up by these few words. a moment the mists of excitement have rolled away. He is nking, considering, calculating, and anxious. The child is losophising, while philosophers, excited by wine or perhaps by nale society, are babbling like children. If he asks questions I line to answer and put him off to another day. He becomes patient, he forgets to eat and drink, he longs to get away from le and talk as he pleases. What an object of curiosity, what ext for instruction. Nothing has so far succeeded in corrupting healthy reason; what will he think of luxury when he finds that ry quarter of the globe has been ransacked, that some 2,000,000 n have laboured for years, that many lives have perhaps been rificed, and all to furnish him with fine clothes to be worn at day and laid by in the wardrobe at night.

Be sure you observe what private conclusions he draws from all observations. If you have watched him less carefully than I pose, his thoughts may be tempted in another direction; he consider himself a person of great importance in the world, n he sees so much labour concentrated on the preparation of his dinner. If you suspect his thoughts will take this direction you ca easily prevent it, or at any rate promptly efface the false impression. As yet he can only appropriate things by person enjoyment, he can only judge of their fitness or unfitness by the outward effects. Compare a plain rustic meal, preceded exercise, seasoned by hunger, freedom, and delight, with this magni cent but tedious repast. This will suffice to make him realise th he has got no real advantage from the splendour of the feast, th his stomach was as well satisfied when he left the table of t peasant, as when he left the table of the banker; from neither ha he gained anything he could really call his own.

Just fancy what a tutor might say to him on such an occasio Consider the two dinners and decide for yourself which gave yo most pleasure, which seemed the merriest, at which did you e and drink most heartily, which was the least tedious and requir least change of courses? Yet note the difference—this black brea you so enjoy is made from the peasant's own harvest; his wine dark in colour and of a common kind, but wholesome and refreshin it was made in his own vineyard; the cloth is made of his ow hemp, spun and woven in the winter by his wife and daughte and the maid; no hands but theirs have touched the food. H world is bounded by the nearest mill and the next market. Ho far did you enjoy all that the produce of distant lands and t service of many people had prepared for you at the other dinne If you did not get a better meal, what good did this wealth do you how much of it was made for you? Had you been the master the house, the tutor might say, it would have been of still less u to you; for the anxiety of displaying your enjoyment before t eyes of others would have robbed you of it; the pains would yours, the pleasure theirs.

This may be a very fine speech, but it would be thrown awa upon Emile, as he cannot understand it, and he does not acce second-hand opinions. Speak more simply to him. After the two experiences, say to him some day, "Where shall we have o dinner to-day? Where that mountain of silver covered thr quarters of the table and those beds of artificial flowers on lookin glass were served with the dessert, where those smart ladies treat you as a toy and pretended you said what you did not mean; in that village two leagues away, with those good people who we so pleased to see us and gave us such delicious cream?" Emile w not hesitate; he is not vain and he is no chatterbox; he cann endure constraint, and he does not care for fine dishes; but he always ready for a run in the country and is very fond of good fru and vegetables, sweet cream and kindly people.[1] On our way, t ught will occur to him, "All those people who laboured to pare that grand feast were either wasting their time or they have idea how to enjoy themselves."

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[1] This taste, which I assume my pupil to have acquired, is a natu result of his education. Moreover, he has nothing foppish or affect about him, so that the ladies take little notice of him and he is less pett than other children; therefore he does not care for them, and is less spo by their company; he is not yet of an age to feel its charm. I have tak

My example may be right for one child and wrong for the rest. you enter into their way of looking at things you will know how vary your instances as required; the choice depends on the dy of the individual temperament, and this study in turn depends the opportunities which occur to show this temperament. You l not suppose that, in the three or four years at our disposal, n the most gifted child can get an idea of all the arts and sciences, ficient to enable him to study them for himself when he is older; t by bringing before him what he needs to know, we enable him develop his own tastes, his own talents, to take the first step vards the object which appeals to his individuality and to show the road we must open up to aid the work of nature.

There is another advantage of these trains of limited but exact s of knowledge; he learns by their connection and interdependence w to rank them in his own estimation and to be on his guard inst those prejudices, common to most men, which draw them vards the gifts they themselves cultivate and away from those y have neglected. The man who clearly sees the whole, sees ere each part should be; the man who sees one part clearly and ows it thoroughly may be a learned man, but the former is a e man, and you remember it is wisdom rather than knowledge t we hope to acquire.

However that may be, my method does not depend on my amples; it depends on the amount of a man's powers at different es, and the choice of occupations adapted to those powers. I nk it would be easy to find a method which appeared to give tter results, but if it were less suited to the type, sex, and age of scholar, I doubt whether the results would really be as good.

At the beginning of this second period we took advantage of the t that our strength was more than enough for our needs, to able us to get outside ourselves. We have ranged the heavens d measured the earth; we have sought out the laws of nature; have explored the whole of our island. Now let us return to rselves, let us unconsciously approach our own dwelling. We happy indeed if we do not find it already occupied by the eaded foe, who is preparing to seize it.

What remains to be done when we have observed all that lies ound us? We must turn to our own use all that we can get, we ist increase our comfort by means of our curiosity. Hitherto have provided ourselves with tools of all kinds, not knowing ich we require. Perhaps those we do not want will be useful to iers, and perhaps we may need theirs. Thus we discover the use

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e not to teach him to kiss their hands, to pay them compliments, or n to be more polite to them than to men. It is my constant rule to ask thing from him but what he can understand, and there is no good son why a child should treat one sex differently from the other.

of exchange; but for this we must know each other's needs, wha tools other people use, what they can offer in exchange. Give ten men, each of them has ten different requirements. To get wha he needs for himself each must work at ten different trades; bu considering our different talents, one will do better at this trad another at that. Each of them, fitted for one thing, will work at al and will be badly served. Let us form these ten men into a society and let each devote himself to the trade for which he is best adapted and let him work at it for himself and for the rest. Each will rea the advantage of the others' talents, just as if they were his own by practice each will perfect his own talent, and thus all the ter well provided for, will still have something to spare for others This is the plain foundation of all our institutions. It is not m aim to examine its results here; I have done so in another boo (*Discours sur l'inégalité*).

According to this principle, any one who wanted to conside himself as an isolated individual, self-sufficing and independent o others, could only be utterly wretched. He could not even continu to exist, for finding the whole earth appropriated by others whil he had only himself, how could he get the means of subsistence When we leave the state of nature we compel others to do the same no one can remain in a state of nature in spite of his fellow-creature and to try to remain in it when it is no longer practicable, woul really be to leave it, for self-preservation is nature's first law.

Thus the idea of social relations is gradually developed in th child's mind, before he can really be an active member of huma society. Emile sees that to get tools for his own use, other peopl must have theirs, and that he can get in exchange what he need and they possess. I easily bring him to feel the need of such exchang and to take advantage of it.

"Sir, I must live," said a miserable writer of lampoons to th minister who reproved him for his infamous trade. "I do not se the necessity," replied the great man coldly. This answer, excellen from the minister, would have been barbarous and untrue in an other mouth. Every man must live; this argument, which appeal to every one with more or less force in proportion to his humanity strikes me as unanswerable when applied to oneself. Since ou dislike of death is the strongest of those aversions nature ha implanted in us, it follows that everything is permissible to th man who has no other means of living. The principles, which teac the good man to count his life a little thing and to sacrifice it a duty's call, are far removed from this primitive simplicity. Happ are those nations where one can be good without effort, and jus without conscious virtue. If in this world there is any condition s miserable that one cannot live without wrong-doing, where th citizen is driven into evil, you should hang, not the criminal, bu those who drove him into crime.

As soon as Emile knows what life is, my first care will be to teac him to preserve his life. Hitherto I have made no distinction o ndition, rank, station, or fortune; nor shall I distinguish between em in the future, since man is the same in every station; the rich an's stomach is no bigger than the poor man's, nor is his digestion y better; the master's arm is neither longer nor stronger than e slave's; a great man is no taller than one of the people, and deed the natural needs are the same to all, and the means of tisfying them should be equally within the reach of all. Fit a an's education to his real self, not to what is no part of him. Do u not see that in striving to fit him merely for one station, you e unfitting him for anything else, so that some caprice of Fortune ay make your work really harmful to him? What could be more surd than a nobleman in rags, who carries with him into his verty the prejudices of his birth? What is more despicable an a rich man fallen into poverty, who recalls the scorn with which himself regarded the poor, and feels that he has sunk to the west depth of degradation? The one may become a professional ief, the other a cringing servant, with this fine saying, "I must e."

You reckon on the present order of society, without considering at this order is itself subject to inscrutable changes, and that you n neither foresee nor provide against the revolution which may ect your children. The great become small, the rich poor, the ng a commoner. Does fate strike so seldom that you can count immunity from her blows? The crisis is approaching, and we e on the edge of a revolution.[1] Who can answer for your fate? hat man has made, man may destroy. Nature's characters alone e ineffaceable, and nature makes neither the prince, the rich man, r the nobleman. This satrap whom you have educated for eatness, what will become of him in his degradation? This farmer the taxes who can only live on gold, what will he do in poverty? is haughty fool who cannot use his own hands, who prides himself what is not really his, what will he do when he is stripped of all? that day, happy will he be who can give up the rank which is longer his, and be still a man in Fate's despite. Let men praise they will that conquered monarch who like a madman would be ried beneath the fragments of his throne; I behold him with orn; to me he is merely a crown, and when that is gone he is thing. But he who loses his crown and lives without it, is more an a king; from the rank of a king, which may be held by a ward, a villain, or madman, he rises to the rank of a man, a sition few can fill. Thus he triumphs over Fortune, he dares to k her in the face; he depends on himself alone, and when he has thing left to show but himself he is not a nonentity, he is somedy. Better a thousandfold the king of Corinth a schoolmaster Syracuse, than a wretched Tarquin, unable to be anything but a

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In my opinion it is impossible that the great kingdoms of Europe uld last much longer. Each of them has had its period of splendour, er which it must inevitably decline. I have my own opinions as to special applications of this general statement, but this is not the place enter into details, and they are only too evident to everybody.

king, or the heir of the ruler of three kingdoms, the sport of all who would scorn his poverty, wandering from court to court in search of help, and finding nothing but insults, for want of knowing any trade but one which he can no longer practise.

The man and the citizen, whoever he may be, has no property to invest in society but himself, all his other goods belong to society in spite of himself, and when a man is rich, either he does not enjoy his wealth, or the public enjoys it too; in the first case he robs others as well as himself; in the second he gives them nothing. Thus his debt to society is still unpaid, while he only pays with his property. "But my father was serving society while he was acquiring his wealth." Just so; he paid his own debt, not yours. You owe more to others than if you had been born with nothing, since you were born under favourable conditions. It is not fair that what one man has done for society should pay another's debt, for since every man owes all that he is, he can only pay his own debt, and no father can transmit to his son any right to be of no use to mankind. "But," you say, "this is just what he does when he leaves me his wealth, the reward of his labour." The man who eats in idleness what he has not himself earned, is a thief, and in my eyes, the man who lives on an income paid him by the state for doing nothing, differs little from a highwayman who lives on those who travel his way. Outside the pale of society, the solitary, owing nothing to any man, may live as he pleases, but in society either he lives at the cost of others, or he owes them in labour the cost of his keep; there is no exception to this rule. Man in society is bound to work; rich or poor, weak or strong, every idler is a thief.

Now of all the pursuits by which a man may earn his living, the nearest to a state of nature is manual labour; of all stations that of the artisan is least dependent on Fortune. The artisan depends on his labour alone, he is a free man while the ploughman is a slave; for the latter depends on his field where the crops may be destroyed by others. An enemy, a prince, a powerful neighbour, or a law-suit may deprive him of his field; through this field he may be harassed in all sorts of ways. But if the artisan is ill-treated his goods are soon packed and he takes himself off. Yet agriculture is the earliest, the most honest of trades, and more useful than all the rest, and therefore more honourable for those who practise it. I do not say to Emile, "Study agriculture," he is already familiar with it. He is acquainted with every kind of rural labour, it was his first occupation, and he returns to it continually. So I say to him, "Cultivate your father's lands, but if you lose this inheritance, or if you have none to lose, what will you do? Learn a trade."

"A trade for my son! My son a working man! What are you thinking of, sir?" Madam, my thoughts are wiser than yours; you want to make him fit for nothing but a lord, a marquis, or a prince; and some day he may be less than nothing. I want to give him a rank which he cannot lose, a rank which will always do him honour; I want to raise him to the status of a man, and, what-ver you may say, he will have fewer equals in that rank than in our own.

The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. Learning a trade matters ss than overcoming the prejudices he despises. You will never e reduced to earning your livelihood; so much the worse for you. o matter; work for honour, not for need; stoop to the position f a working man, to rise above your own. To conquer Fortune nd everything else, begin by independence. To rule through ublic opinion, begin by ruling over it.

Remember I demand no talent, only a trade, a genuine trade, mere mechanical art, in which the hands work harder than the ead, a trade which does not lead to fortune but makes you inependent of her. In households far removed from all danger f want I have known fathers carry prudence to such a point as o provide their children not only with ordinary teaching but with nowledge by means of which they could get a living if anything appened. These far-sighted parents thought they were doing a reat thing. It is nothing, for the resources they fancy they have ecured depend on that very fortune of which they would make heir children independent; so that unless they found themselves circumstances fitted for the display of their talents, they would ie of hunger as if they had none.

As soon as it is a question of influence and intrigue you may as ell use these means to keep yourself in plenty, as to acquire, in he depths of poverty, the means of returning to your former osition. If you cultivate the arts which depend on the artist's eputation, if you fit yourself for posts which are only obtained by avour, how will that help you when, rightly disgusted with the orld, you scorn the steps by which you must climb. You have tudied politics and state-craft, so far so good; but how will you se this knowledge, if you cannot gain the ear of the ministers, the avourites, or the officials? if you have not the secret of winning heir favour, if they fail to find you a rogue to their taste? You are n architect or a painter; well and good; but your talents must be isplayed. Do you suppose you can exhibit in the salon without urther ado? That is not the way to set about it. Lay aside the ule and the pencil, take a cab and drive from door to door; there the road to fame. Now you must know that the doors of the reat are guarded by porters and flunkeys, who only understand ne language, and their ears are in their palms. If you wish to each what you have learned, geography, mathematics, languages, usic, drawing, even to find pupils, you must have friends who ill sing your praises. Learning, remember, gains more credit than kill, and with no trade but your own none will believe in your skill. ee how little you can depend on these fine " Resources," and how any other resources are required before you can use what you ave got. And what will become of you in your degradation? isfortune will make you worse rather than better. More than ver the sport of public opinion, how will you rise above the prejudices on which your fate depends? How will you despise the vices and the baseness from which you get your living? You were dependent on wealth, now you are dependent on the wealthy; you are still a slave and a poor man into the bargain. Poverty without freedom, can a man sink lower than this!

But if instead of this recondite learning adapted to feed the mind, not the body, you have recourse, at need, to your hands and your handiwork, there is no call for deceit, your trade is ready when required. Honour and honesty will not stand in the way of your living. You need no longer cringe and lie to the great, nor creep and crawl before rogues, a despicable flatterer of both, a borrower or a thief, for there is little to choose between them when you are penniless. Other people's opinions are no concern of yours, you need not pay court to any one, there is no fool to flatter, no flunkey to bribe, no woman to win over. Let rogues conduct the affairs of state; in your lowly rank you can still be an honest man and yet get a living. You walk into the first workshop of your trade. "Master, I want work." "Comrade, take your place and work." Before dinner-time you have earned your dinner. If you are sober and industrious, before the week is out you will have earned your keep for another week; you will have lived in freedom, health, truth, industry, and righteousness. Time is not wasted when it brings these returns.

Emile shall learn a trade. "An honest trade, at least," you say. What do you mean by honest? Is not every useful trade honest? I would not make an embroiderer, a gilder, a polisher of him, like Locke's young gentleman. Neither would I make him a musician, an actor, or an author.[1] With the exception of these and others like them, let him choose his own trade, I do not mean to interfere with his choice. I would rather have him a shoemaker than a poet, I would rather he paved streets than painted flowers on china. "But," you will say, "policemen, spies, and hangmen are useful people." There would be no use for them if it were not for the government. But let that pass. I was wrong. It is not enough to choose an honest trade, it must be a trade which does not develop detestable qualities in the mind, qualities incompatible with humanity. To return to our original expression, "Let us choose an honest trade," but let us remember there can be no honesty without usefulness.

A famous writer of this century, whose books are full of great schemes and narrow views, was under a vow, like the other priests of his communion, not to take a wife. Finding himself more scrupulous than others with regard to his neighbour's wife, he decided, so they say, to employ pretty servants, and so did his best to repair the wrong done to the race by his rash promise. He thought it the duty of a citizen to breed children for the state, and e made his children artisans. As soon as they were old enough hey were taught whatever trade they chose; only idle or useless rades were excluded, such as that of the wigmaker who is never ecessary, and may any day cease to be required, so long as nature oes not get tired of providing us with hair.

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[1] You are an author yourself, you will reply. Yes, for my sins; and my ill deeds, which I think I have fully expiated, are no reason why others should be like me. I do not write to excuse my faults, but to prevent my readers from copying them.

This spirit shall guide our choice of trade for Emile, or rather, ot our choice but his; for the maxims he has imbibed make him espise useless things, and he will never be content to waste his time n vain labours; his trade must be of use to Robinson on his island.

When we review with the child the productions of art and nature, hen we stimulate his curiosity and follow its lead, we have great pportunities of studying his tastes and inclinations, and perceiving he first spark of genius, if he has any decided talent in any direction. ou must, however, be on your guard against the common error hich mistakes the effects of environment for the ardour of genius, r imagines there is a decided bent towards any one of the arts, hen there is nothing more than that spirit of emulation, common men and monkeys, which impels them instinctively to do what hey see others doing, without knowing why. The world is full of rtisans, and still fuller of artists, who have no native gift for their alling, into which they were driven in early childhood, either hrough the conventional ideas of other people, or because those bout them were deceived by an appearance of zeal, which would ave led them to take to any other art they saw practised. One ears a drum and fancies he is a general; another sees a building nd wants to be an architect. Every one is drawn towards the trade e sees before him if he thinks it is held in honour.

I once knew a footman who watched his master drawing and ainting and took it into his head to become a designer and artist. e seized a pencil which he only abandoned for a paint-brush, to hich he stuck for the rest of his days. Without teaching or rules f art he began to draw everything he saw. Three whole years were evoted to these daubs, from which nothing but his duties could ir him, nor was he discouraged by the small progress resulting om his very mediocre talents. I have seen him spend the whole a broiling summer in a little ante-room towards the south, a room here one was suffocated merely passing through it; there he was, ated or rather nailed all day to his chair, before a globe, drawing again and again and yet again, with invincible obstinacy till he d reproduced the rounded surface to his own satisfaction. At st with his master's help and under the guidance of an artist he t so far as to abandon his livery and live by his brush. Persever-ice does instead of talent up to a certain point; he got so far, but further. This honest lad's perseverance and ambition are praise-orthy; he will always be respected for his industry and steadfast-ess of purpose, but his paintings will always be third-rate. Who ould not have been deceived by his zeal and taken it for real lent? There is all the difference in the world between a liking d an aptitude. To make sure of real genius or real taste in a child calls for more accurate observations than is generally suspected, for the child displays his wishes not his capacity, and we judge by the former instead of considering the latter. I wish some trustworthy person would give us a treatise on the art of child-study. This art is well worth studying, but neither parents nor teachers have mastered its elements.

Perhaps we are laying too much stress on the choice of a trade; as it is a manual occupation, Emile's choice is no great matter, and his apprenticeship is more than half accomplished already, through the exercises which have hitherto occupied him. What would you have him do? He is ready for anything. He can handle the spade and hoe, he can use the lathe, hammer, plane, or file; he is already familiar with these tools which are common to many trades. He only needs to acquire sufficient skill in the use of any one of them to rival the speed, the familiarity, and the diligence of good workmen, and he will have a great advantage over them in suppleness of body and limb, so that he can easily take any position and can continue any kind of movements without effort. Moreover his senses are acute and well-practised, he knows the principles of the various trades; to work like a master of his craft he only needs experience, and experience comes with practice. To which of these trades which are open to us will he give sufficient time to make himself master of it? That is the whole question.

Give a man a trade befitting his sex, to a young man a trade befitting his age. Sedentary indoor employments, which make the body tender and effeminate, are neither pleasing nor suitable. No lad ever wanted to be a tailor. It takes some art to attract a man to this woman's work.[1] The same hand cannot hold the needle and the sword. If I were king I would only allow needlework and dressmaking to be done by women and cripples who are obliged to work at such trades. If eunuchs were required I think the Easterns were very foolish to make them on purpose. Why not take those provided by nature, that crowd of base persons without natural feeling? There would be enough and to spare. The weak, feeble, timid man is condemned by nature to a sedentary life, he is fit to live among women or in their fashion. Let him adopt one of their trades if he likes; and if there must be eunuchs let them take those men who dishonour their sex by adopting trades unworthy of it. Their choice proclaims a blunder on the part of nature; correct it one way or other, you will do no harm.

An unhealthy trade I forbid to my pupil, but not a difficult or dangerous one. He will exercise himself in strength and courage such trades are for men not women, who claim no share in them Are not men ashamed to poach upon the women's trades?

> "Luctantur paucæ, comedunt coliphia paucæ.
> Vos lanam trahitis, calathisque peracta refertis
> Vellera."—Juven. *Sat.* II. v. 55.

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[1] There were no tailors among the ancients; men's clothes were made at home by the women.

Women are not seen in shops in Italy, and to persons accustomed to the streets of England and France nothing could look gloomier. When I saw drapers selling ladies ribbons, pompons, net, and chenille, I thought these delicate ornaments very absurd in the coarse hands fit to blow the bellows and strike the anvil. I said to myself, "In this country women should set up as steel-polishers and armourers." Let each make and sell the weapons of his or her own sex; knowledge is acquired through use.

I know I have said too much for my agreeable contemporaries, but I sometimes let myself be carried away by my argument. If any one is ashamed to be seen wearing a leathern apron or handling a plane, I think him a mere slave of public opinion, ready to blush for what is right when people poke fun at it. But let us yield to parents' prejudices so long as they do not hurt the children. To honour trades we are not obliged to practise every one of them, so long as we do not think them beneath us. When the choice is ours and we are under no compulsion, why not choose the pleasanter, more attractive and more suitable trade. Metal work is useful, more useful, perhaps, than the rest, but unless for some special reason Emile shall not be a blacksmith, a locksmith nor an iron-worker. I do not want to see him a Cyclops at the forge. Neither would I have him a mason, still less a shoemaker. All trades must be carried on, but when the choice is ours, cleanliness should be taken into account; this is not a matter of class prejudice, our senses are our guides. In conclusion, I do not like those stupid trades in which the workmen mechanically perform the same action without pause and almost without mental effort. Weaving, stocking-knitting, stone-cutting; why employ intelligent men on such work? It is merely one machine employed on another.

All things considered, the trade I should choose for my pupil, among the trades he likes, is that of a carpenter. It is clean and useful; it may be carried on at home; it gives enough exercise; it calls for skill and industry, and while fashioning articles for everyday use, there is scope for elegance and taste. If your pupil's talents happened to take a scientific turn, I should not blame you if you gave him a trade in accordance with his tastes, for instance, he might learn to make mathematical instruments, glasses, telescopes, etc.

When Emile learns his trade I shall learn it too. I am convinced he will never learn anything thoroughly unless we learn it together. So we shall both serve our apprenticeship, and we do not mean to be treated as gentlemen, but as real apprentices who are not there for fun; why should not we actually be apprenticed? Peter the Great was a ship's carpenter and drummer to his own troops; was not that prince at least your equal in birth and merit? You understand this is addressed not to Emile but to you—to you, whoever you may be.

Unluckily we cannot spend the whole of our time at the workshop. We are not only 'prentice-carpenters but 'prentice-men—a trade whose apprenticeship is longer and more exacting than the rest.

What shall we do? Shall we take a master to teach us the use of the plane and engage him by the hour like the dancing-master? In that case we should be not apprentices but students, and our ambition is not merely to learn carpentry but to be carpenters. Once or twice a week I think we should spend the whole day at our master's; we should get up when he does, we should be at our work before him, we should take our meals with him, work under his orders, and after having had the honour of supping at his table we may if we please return to sleep upon our own hard beds. This is the way to learn several trades at once, to learn to do manual work without neglecting our apprenticeship to life.

Let us do what is right without ostentation; let us not fall into vanity through our efforts to resist it. To pride ourselves on our victory over prejudice is to succumb to prejudice. It is said that in accordance with an old custom of the Ottomans, the sultan is obliged to work with his hands, and, as every one knows, the handiwork of a king is a masterpiece. So he royally distributes his masterpieces among the great lords of the Porte and the price paid is in accordance with the rank of the workman. It is not this so-called abuse to which I object; on the contrary, it is an advantage, and by compelling the lords to share with him the spoils of the people it is so much the less necessary for the prince to plunder the people himself. Despotism needs some such relaxation, and without it that hateful rule could not last.

The real evil in such a custom is the idea it gives that poor man of his own worth. Like King Midas he sees all things turn to gold at his touch, but he does not see the ass' ears growing. Let us keep Emile's hands from money lest he should become an ass, let him take the work but not the wages. Never let his work be judged by any standard but that of the work of a master. Let it be judged as work, not because it is his. If anything is well done, I say, "That is a good piece of work," but do not ask who did it. If he is pleased and proud and says, "I did it," answer indifferently, "No matter who did it, it is well done."

Good mother, be on your guard against the deceptions prepared for you. If your son knows many things, distrust his knowledge; if he is unlucky enough to be rich and educated in Paris he is ruined. As long as there are clever artists he will have every talent, but apart from his masters he will have none. In Paris a rich man knows everything, it is the poor who are ignorant. Our capital is full of amateurs, especially women, who do their work as M. Gillaume invents his colours. Among the men I know three striking exceptions, among the women I know no exceptions, and I doubt if there are any. In a general way a man becomes an artist and a judge of art as he becomes a Doctor of Laws and a magistrate.

If then it is once admitted that it is a fine thing to have a trade, your children would soon have one without learning it. They would become postmasters like the councillors of Zurich. Let us have no such ceremonies for Emile; let it be the real thing not the sham.

Do not say what he knows, let him learn in silence. Let him make his masterpiece, but not be hailed as master; let him be a workman not in name but in deed.

If I have made my meaning clear you ought to realise how bodily exercise and manual work unconsciously arouse thought and reflexion in my pupil, and counteract the idleness which might result from his indifference to men's judgments, and his freedom from passion. He must work like a peasant and think like a philosopher, if he is not to be as idle as a savage. The great secret of education is to use exercise of mind and body as relaxation one to the other.

But beware of anticipating teaching which demands more maturity of mind. Emile will not long be a workman before he discovers those social inequalities he had not previously observed. He will want to question me in turn on the maxims I have given him, maxims he is able to understand. When he derives everything from me, when he is so nearly in the position of the poor, he will want to know why I am so far removed from it. All of a sudden he may put scathing questions to me. "You are rich, you tell me, and I see you are. A rich man owes his work to the community like the rest because he is a man. What are you doing for the community?" What would a fine tutor say to that? I do not know. He would perhaps be foolish enough to talk to the child of the care he bestows upon him. The workshop will get me out of the difficulty. "My dear Emile that is a very good question; I will undertake to answer for myself, when you can answer for yourself to your own satisfaction. Meanwhile I will take care to give what I can spare to you and to the poor, and to make a table or a bench every week, so as not to be quite useless."

We have come back to ourselves. Having entered into possession of himself, our child is now ready to cease to be a child. He is more than ever conscious of the necessity which makes him dependent on things. After exercising his body and his senses you have exercised his mind and his judgment. Finally we have joined together the use of his limbs and his faculties. We have made him a worker and a thinker; we have now to make him loving and tender-hearted, to perfect reason through feeling. But before we enter on this new order of things, let us cast an eye over the stage we are leaving behind us, and perceive as clearly as we can how far we have got.

At first our pupil had merely sensations, now he has ideas; he could only feel, now he reasons. For from the comparison of many successive or simultaneous sensations and the judgment arrived at with regard to them, there springs a sort of mixed or complex sensation which I call an idea.

The way in which ideas are formed gives a character to the human mind. The mind which derives its ideas from real relations s thorough; the mind which relies on apparent relations is superficial. He who sees relations as they are has an exact mind; he who fails o estimate them aright has an inaccurate mind; he who concocts imaginary relations, which have no real existence, is a madman; he who does not perceive any relation at all is an imbecile. Clever men are distinguished from others by their greater or less aptitude for the comparison of ideas and the discovery of relations between them.

Simple ideas consist merely of sensations compared one with another. Simple sensations involve judgments, as do the complex sensations which I call simple ideas. In the sensation the judgment is purely passive; it affirms that I feel what I feel. In the percept or idea the judgment is active; it connects, compares, it discriminates between relations not perceived by the senses. That is the whole difference; but it is a great difference. Nature never deceives us; we deceive ourselves.

I see some one giving an ice-cream to an eight-year-old child; he does not know what it is and puts the spoon in his mouth. Struck by the cold he cries out, "Oh, it burns!" He feels a very keen sensation, and the heat of the fire is the keenest sensation he knows, so he thinks that is what he feels. Yet he is mistaken; cold hurts, but it does not burn; and these two sensations are different, for persons with more experience do not confuse them. So it is not the sensation that is wrong, but the judgment formed with regard to it.

It is just the same with those who see a mirror or some optical instrument for the first time, or enter a deep cellar in the depths of winter or at midsummer, or dip a very hot or cold hand into tepid water, or roll a little ball between two crossed fingers. If they are content to say what they really feel, their judgment, being purely passive, cannot go wrong; but when they judge according to appearances, their judgment is active; it compares and establishes by induction relations which are not really perceived. Then these inductions may or may not be mistaken. Experience is required to correct or prevent error.

Show your pupil the clouds at night passing between himself and the moon; he will think the moon is moving in the opposite direction and that the clouds are stationary. He will think this through a hasty induction, because he generally sees small objects moving and larger ones at rest, and the clouds seems larger than the moon, whose distance is beyond his reckoning. When he watches the shore from a moving boat he falls into the opposite mistake and thinks the earth is moving because he does not feel the motion of the boat and considers it along with the sea or river as one motionless whole, of which the shore, which appears to move, forms no part.

The first time a child sees a stick half immersed in water he thinks he sees a broken stick; the sensation is true and would not cease to be true even if he knew the reason of this appearance. So if you ask him what he sees, he replies, "A broken stick," for he is quite sure he is experiencing this sensation. But when deceived by his judgment he goes further and, after saying he sees a broken stick, he affirms that it really is broken he says what is not true. Why? Because he becomes active and judges no longer by observation but by induction, he affirms what he does not perceive, *i.e.*, that the judgment he receives through one of his senses would be confirmed by another.

Since all our errors arise in our judgment, it is clear, that had we no need for judgment, we should not need to learn; we should never be liable to mistakes, we should be happier in our ignorance than we can be in our knowledge. Who can deny that a vast number of things are known to the learned, which the unlearned will never know? Are the learned any nearer truth? Not so, the further they go the further they get from truth, for their pride in their judgment increases faster than their progress in knowledge, so that for every truth they acquire they draw a hundred mistaken conclusions. Every one knows that the learned societies of Europe are mere schools of falsehood, and there are assuredly more mistaken notions in the Academy of Sciences than in a whole tribe of American Indians.

The more we know, the more mistakes we make; therefore ignorance is the only way to escape error. Form no judgments and you will never be mistaken. This is the teaching both of nature and reason. We come into direct contact with very few things, and these are very readily perceived; the rest we regard with profound indifference. A savage will not turn his head to watch the working of the finest machinery or all the wonders of electricity. "What does that matter to me?" is the common saying of the ignorant; it is the fittest phrase for the wise.

Unluckily this phrase will no longer serve our turn. Everything matters to us, as we are dependent on everything, and our curiosity naturally increases with our needs. This is why I attribute much curiosity to the man of science and none to the savage. The latter needs no help from anybody; the former requires every one, and admirers most of all.

You will tell me I am going beyond nature. I think not. She chooses her instruments and orders them, not according to fancy, but necessity. Now a man's needs vary with his circumstances. There is all the difference in the world between a natural man living in a state of nature, and a natural man living in society. Emile is no savage to be banished to the desert, he is a savage who has to live in the town. He must know how to get his living in a town, how to use its inhabitants, and how to live among them, if not of them.

In the midst of so many new relations and dependent on them, he must reason whether he wants to or no. Let us therefore teach him to reason correctly.

The best way of learning to reason aright is that which tends to simplify our experiences, or to enable us to dispense with them altogether without falling into error. Hence it follows that we must learn to confirm the experiences of each sense by itself, without recourse to any other, though we have been in the habit of verifying the experience of one sense by that of another. Then each of our sensations will become an idea, and this idea will always correspond to the truth. This is the sort of knowledge I have tried to accumulate during this third phase of man's life.

This method of procedure demands a patience and circumspection which few teachers possess; without them the scholar will never learn to reason. For example, if you hasten to take the stick out of the water when the child is deceived by its appearance, you may perhaps undeceive him, but what have you taught him? Nothing more than he would soon have learnt for himself. That is not the right thing to do. You have not got to teach him truths so much as to show him how to set about discovering them for himself. To teach him better you must not be in such a hurry to correct his mistakes. Let us take Emile and myself as an illustration.

To begin with, any child educated in the usual way could not fail to answer the second of my imaginary questions in the affirmative. He will say, "That is certainly a broken stick." I very much doubt whether Emile will give the same reply. He sees no reason for knowing everything or pretending to know it; he is never in a hurry to draw conclusions. He only reasons from evidence and on this occasion he has not got the evidence. He knows how appearances deceive us, if only through perspective.

Moreover, he knows by experience that there is always a reason for my slightest questions, though he may not see it at once; so he has not got into the habit of giving silly answers; on the contrary, he is on his guard, he considers things carefully and attentively before answering. He never gives me an answer unless he is satisfied with it himself, and he is hard to please. Lastly we neither of us take any pride in merely knowing a thing, but only in avoiding mistakes. We should be more ashamed to deceive ourselves with bad reasoning, than to find no explanation at all. There is no phrase so appropriate to us, or so often on our lips, as, "I do not know;" neither of us are ashamed to use it. But whether he gives the silly answer or whether he avoids it by our convenient phrase "I do not know," my answer is the same. "Let us examine it."

This stick immersed half way in the water is fixed in an upright position. To know if it is broken, how many things must be done before we take it out of the water or even touch it.

1. First we walk round it, and we see that the broken part follows us. So it is only our eye that changes it; looks do not make things move.

2. We look straight down on that end of the stick which is above the water, the stick is no longer bent,[1] the end near our eye exactly hides the other end. Has our eye set the stick straight?

3. We stir the surface of the water; we see the stick break into several pieces, it moves in zigzags and follows the ripples of the

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[1] I have since found by more exact experiment that this is not the case. Refraction acts in a circle, and the stick appears larger at the end which is in the water, but this makes no difference to the strength of the argument, and the conclusion is correct.

water. Can the motion we gave the water suffice to break, soften, or melt the stick like this?

4. We draw the water off, and little by little we see the stick straightening itself as the water sinks. Is not this more than enough to clear up the business and to discover refraction? So it is not true that our eyes deceive us, for nothing more has been required to correct the mistakes attributed to it.

Suppose the child were stupid enough not to perceive the result of these experiments, then you must call touch to the help of sight. Instead of taking the stick out of the water, leave it where it is and let the child pass his hand along it from end to end; he will feel no angle, therefore the stick is not broken.

You will tell me this is not mere judgment but formal reasoning. Just so; but do not you see that as soon as the mind has got any ideas at all, every judgment is a process of reasoning? So that as soon as we compare one sensation with another, we are beginning to reason. The art of judging and the art of reasoning are one and the same.

Emile will never learn dioptrics unless he learns with this stick. He will not have dissected insects nor counted the spots on the sun; he will not know what you mean by a microscope or a telescope. Your learned pupils will laugh at his ignorance and rightly. I intend him to invent these instruments before he uses them, and you will expect that to take some time.

This is the spirit of my whole method at this stage. If the child rolls a little ball between two crossed fingers and thinks he feels two balls, I shall not let him look until he is convinced there is only one.

This explanation will suffice, I hope, to show plainly the progress made by my pupil hitherto and the route followed by him. But perhaps the number of things I have brought to his notice alarms you. I shall crush his mind beneath this weight of knowledge. Not so, I am rather teaching him to be ignorant of things than to know them. I am showing him the path of science, easy indeed, but long, far-reaching and slow to follow. I am taking him a few steps along this path, but I do not allow him to go far.

Compelled to learn for himself, he uses his own reason not that of others, for there must be no submission to authority if you would have no submission to convention. Most of our errors are due to others more than ourselves. This continual exercise should develop a vigour of mind like that acquired by the body through labour and weariness. Another advantage is that his progress is in proportion to his strength, neither mind nor body carries more than it can bear. When the understanding lays hold of things before they are stored in the memory, what is drawn from that store is his own; while we are in danger of never finding anything of our own in a memory over-burdened with undigested knowledge.

Emile knows little, but what he knows is really his own; he has no half-knowledge. Among the few things he knows and knows thoroughly this is the most valuable, that there are many things he does not know now but may know some day, many more that other men know but he will never know, and an infinite number which nobody will ever know. He is large-minded, not through knowledge, but through the power of acquiring it; he is open-minded, intelligent, ready for anything, and, as Montaigne says, capable of learning if not learned. I am content if he knows the "Wherefore" of his actions and the "Why" of his beliefs. For once more my object is not to supply him with exact knowledge, but the means of getting it when required, to teach him to value it at its true worth, and to love truth above all things. By this method progress is slow but sure, and we never need to retrace our steps.

Emile's knowledge is confined to nature and things. The very name of history is unknown to him, along with metaphysics and morals. He knows the essential relations between men and things, but nothing of the moral relations between man and man. He has little power of generalisation, he has no skill in abstraction. He perceives that certain qualities are common to certain things, without reasoning about these qualities themselves. He is acquainted with the abstract idea of space by the help of his geometrical figures; he is acquainted with the abstract idea of quantity by the help of his algebraical symbols. These figures and signs are the supports on which these ideas may be said to rest, the supports on which his senses repose. He does not attempt to know the nature of things, but only to know things in so far as they affect himself. He only judges what is outside himself in relation to himself, and his judgment is exact and certain. Caprice and prejudice have no part in it. He values most the things which are of use to himself, and as he never departs from this standard of values, he owes nothing to prejudice.

Emile is industrious, temperate, patient, stedfast, and full of courage. His imagination is still asleep, so he has no exaggerated ideas of danger; the few ills he feels he knows how to endure in patience, because he has not learnt to rebel against fate. As to death, he knows not what it means; but accustomed as he is to submit without resistance to the law of necessity, he will die, if die he must, without a groan and without a struggle; that is as much as we can demand of nature, in that hour which we all abhor. To live in freedom, and to be independent of human affairs, is the best way to learn how to die.

In a word Emile is possessed of all that portion of virtue which concerns himself. To acquire the social virtues he only needs a knowledge of the relations which make those virtues necessary; he only lacks knowledge which he is quite ready to receive.

He thinks not of others but of himself, and prefers that others should do the same. He makes no claim upon them, and acknowledges no debt to them. He is alone in the midst of human society, he depends on himself alone, for he is all that a boy can be at his age. He has no errors, or at least only such as are inevitable; he has no vices, or only those from which no man can escape. His body is healthy, his limbs are supple, his mind is accurate and unprejudiced, his heart is free and untroubled by passion. Pride, the earliest and the most natural of passions, has scarcely shown itself. Without disturbing the peace of others, he has passed his life contented, happy, and free, so far as nature allows. Do you think that the earlier years of a child, who has reached his fifteenth year in this condition, have been wasted?

# BOOK IV

How swiftly life passes here below! The first quarter of it is gone before we know how to use it; the last quarter finds us incapable of enjoying life. At first we do not know how to live; and when we know how to live it is too late. In the interval between these two useless extremes we waste three-fourths of our time sleeping, working, sorrowing, enduring restraint and every kind of suffering. Life is short, not so much because of the short time it lasts, but because we are allowed scarcely any time to enjoy it. In vain is there a long interval between the hour of death and that of birth; life is still too short, if this interval is not well spent.

We are born, so to speak, twice over; born into existence, and born into life; born a human being, and born a man. Those who regard woman as an imperfect man are no doubt mistaken, but they have external resemblance on their side. Up to the age of puberty children of both sexes have little to distinguish them to the eye, the same face and form, the same complexion and voice, everything is the same; girls are children and boys are children; one name is enough for creatures so closely resembling one another. Males whose development is arrested preserve this resemblance all their lives; they are always big children; and women who never lose this resemblance seem in many respects never to be more than children.

But, speaking generally, man is not meant to remain a child. He leaves childhood behind him at the time ordained by nature; and this critical moment, short enough in itself, has far-reaching consequences.

As the roaring of the waves precedes the tempest, so the murmur of rising passions announces this tumultuous change; a suppressed excitement warns us of the approaching danger. A change of temper, frequent outbreaks of anger, a perpetual stirring of the mind, make the child almost ungovernable. He becomes deaf to the voice he used to obey; he is a lion in a fever; he distrusts his keeper and refuses to be controlled.

With the moral symptoms of a changing temper there are perceptible changes in appearance. His countenance develops and takes the stamp of his character; the soft and sparse down upon his cheeks becomes darker and stiffer. His voice grows hoarse or rather he loses it altogether. He is neither a child nor a man and cannot speak like either of them. His eyes, those organs of the soul which till now were dumb, find speech and meaning; a kindling fire illumines them, there is still a sacred innocence in their ever brightening glance, but they have lost their first meaningless expression; he is already aware that they can say too much; he is beginning to learn to lower his eyes and blush, he is becoming sensitive, though he does not know what it is that he feels; he is uneasy without knowing why. All this may happen gradually and give you time enough; but if his keenness becomes impatience, his eagerness madness, if he is angry and sorry all in a moment, if he weeps without cause, if in the presence of objects which are beginning to be a source of danger his pulse quickens and his eyes sparkle, if he trembles when a woman's hand touches his, if he is troubled or timid in her presence, O Ulysses, wise Ulysses! have a care! The passages you closed with so much pains are open; the winds are unloosed; keep your hand upon the helm or all is lost.

This is the second birth I spoke of; then it is that man really enters upon life; henceforth no human passion is a stranger to him. Our efforts so far have been child's play, now they are of the greatest mportance. This period when education is usually finished is just the time to begin; but to explain this new plan properly, let us take up our story where we left it.

Our passions are the chief means of self-preservation; to try to destroy them is therefore as absurd as it is useless; this would be to overcome nature, to reshape God's handiwork. If God bade man annihilate the passions he has given him, God would bid him be and not be; He would contradict himself. He has never given such a foolish commandment, there is nothing like it written on the heart of man, and what God will have a man do, He does not leave to the words of another man, He speaks Himself; His words are written in the secret heart.

Now I consider those who would prevent the birth of the passions almost as foolish as those who would destroy them, and those who think this has been my object hitherto are greatly mistaken.

But should we reason rightly, if from the fact that passions are natural to man, we inferred that all the passions we feel in ourselves and behold in others are natural? Their source, indeed, is natural; but they have been swollen by a thousand other streams; they are a great river which is constantly growing, one in which we can scarcely ind a single drop of the original stream. Our natural passions are ew in number; they are the means to freedom, they tend to self-preservation. All those which enslave and destroy us have another ource; nature does not bestow them on us; we seize on them in her despite.

The origin of our passions, the root and spring of all the rest, he only one which is born with man, which never leaves him as ong as he lives, is self-love; this passion is primitive, instinctive, t precedes all the rest, which are in a sense only modifications of it. n this sense, if you like, they are all natural. But most of these modifications are the result of external influences, without which hey would never occur, and such modifications, far from being dvantageous to us, are harmful. They change the original purpose nd work against its end; then it is that man finds himself outside ature and at strife with himself.

Self-love is always good, always in accordance with the order of nature. The preservation of our own life is specially entrusted to each one of us, and our first care is, and must be, to watch over our own life; and how can we continually watch over it, if we do not take the greatest interest in it?

Self-preservation requires, therefore, that we shall love ourselves; we must love ourselves above everything, and it follows directly from this that we love what contributes to our preservation. Every child becomes fond of its nurse; Romulus must have loved the she-wolf who suckled him. At first this attachment is quite unconscious; the individual is attracted to that which contributes to his welfare and repelled by that which is harmful; this is merely blind instinct. What transforms this instinct into feeling, the liking into love, the aversion into hatred, is the evident intention of helping or hurting us. We do not become passionately attached to objects without feeling, which only follow the direction given them; but those from which we expect benefit or injury from their internal disposition, from their will. Those we see acting freely for or against us, inspire us with like feelings to those they exhibit towards us. Something does us good, we seek after it; but we love the person who does us good; something harms us and we shrink from it, but we hate the person who tries to hurt us.

The child's first sentiment is self-love, his second, which is derived from it, is love of those about him; for in his present state of weakness he is only aware of people through the help and attention received from them. At first his affection for his nurse and his governess is mere habit. He seeks them because he needs them and because he is happy when they are there; it is rather perception than kindly feeling. It takes a long time to discover not merely that they are useful to him, but that they desire to be useful to him, and then it is that he begins to love them.

So a child is naturally disposed to kindly feeling because he sees that every one about him is inclined to help him, and from this experience he gets the habit of a kindly feeling towards his species; but with the expansion of his relations, his needs, his dependence, active or passive, the consciousness of his relations to others is awakened, and leads to the sense of duties and preferences. Then the child becomes masterful, jealous, deceitful, and vindictive. If he is not compelled to obedience, when he does not see the usefulness of what he is told to do, he attributes it to caprice, to an intention of tormenting him, and he rebels. If people give in to him, as soon as anything opposes him he regards it as rebellion, as a determination to resist him; he beats the chair or table for disobeying him. Self-love, which concerns itself only with ourselves, is content to satisfy our own needs; but selfishness, which is always comparing self with others, is never satisfied and never can be; for this feeling, which prefers ourselves to others, requires that they should prefer us to themselves, which is impossible. Thus the tender and gentle passions spring from self-love, while the hateful and angry passions pring from selfishness. So it is the fewness of his needs, the narrow imits within which he can compare himself with others, that makes man really good; what makes him really bad is a multiplicity of eeds and dependence on the opinions of others. It is easy to see ow we can apply this principle and guide every passion of children nd men towards good or evil. True, man cannot always live alone, nd it will be hard therefore to remain good; and this difficulty vill increase of necessity as his relations with others are extended. For this reason, above all, the dangers of social life demand that the ecessary skill and care shall be devoted to guarding the human eart against the depravity which springs from fresh needs.

Man's proper study is that of his relation to his environment. So long as he only knows that environment through his physical ature, he should study himself in relation to things; this is the usiness of his childhood; when he begins to be aware of his moral ature, he should study himself in relation to his fellow-men; this s the business of his whole life, and we have now reached the time vhen that study should be begun.

As soon as a man needs a companion he is no longer an isolated reature, his heart is no longer alone. All his relations with his pecies, all the affections of his heart, come into being along with his. His first passion soon arouses the rest.

The direction of the instinct is uncertain. One sex is attracted y the other; that is the impulse of nature. Choice, preferences, ndividual likings, are the work of reason, prejudice, and habit; ime and knowledge are required to make us capable of love; we lo not love without reasoning or prefer without comparison. These udgments are none the less real, although they are formed unonsciously. True love, whatever you may say, will always be held n honour by mankind; for although its impulses lead us astray, lthough it does not bar the door of the heart to certain detestable ualities, although it even gives rise to these, yet it always preupposes certain worthy characteristics, without which we should be ncapable of love. This choice, which is supposed to be contrary to eason, really springs from reason. We say Love is blind because is eyes are better than ours, and he perceives relations which we annot discern. All women would be alike to a man who had no dea of virtue or beauty, and the first comer would always be the most charming. Love does not spring from nature, far from it; is the curb and law of her desires; it is love that makes one sex ndifferent to the other, the loved one alone excepted.

We wish to inspire the preference we feel; love must be mutual. To be loved we must be worthy of love; to be preferred we must be more worthy than the rest, at least in the eyes of our beloved. Hence we begin to look around among our fellows; we begin to ompare ourselves with them, there is emulation, rivalry, and ealousy. A heart full to overflowing loves to make itself known; rom the need of a mistress there soon springs the need of a friend. He who feels how sweet it is to be loved, desires to be loved by everybody; and there could be no preferences if there were not many that fail to find satisfaction. With love and friendship there begin dissensions, enmity, and hatred. I behold deference to other people's opinions enthroned among all these divers passions, and foolish mortals, enslaved by her power, base their very existence merely on what other people think.

Expand these ideas and you will see where we get that form of selfishness which we call natural selfishness, and how selfishness ceases to be a simple feeling and becomes pride in great minds, vanity in little ones, and in both feeds continually at our neighbour's cost. Passions of this kind, not having any germ in the child's heart, cannot spring up in it of themselves; it is we who sow the seeds, and they never take root unless by our fault. Not so with the young man; they will find an entrance in spite of us. It is therefore time to change our methods.

Let us begin with some considerations of importance with regard to the critical stage under discussion. The change from childhood to puberty is not so clearly determined by nature but that it varies according to individual temperament and racial conditions. Everybody knows the differences which have been observed with regard to this between hot and cold countries, and every one sees that ardent temperaments mature earlier than others; but we may be mistaken as to the causes, and we may often attribute to physical causes what is really due to moral: this is one of the commonest errors in the philosophy of our times. The teaching of nature comes slowly; man's lessons are mostly premature. In the former case, the senses kindle the imagination, in the latter the imagination kindles the senses; it gives them a precocious activity which cannot fail to enervate the individual and, in the long run, the race. It is a more general and more trustworthy fact than that of climatic influences, that puberty and sexual power is always more precocious among educated and civilised races, than among the ignorant and barbarous.[1] Children are preternaturally quick to discern immoral habits under the cloak of decency with which they are concealed.

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[1] "In towns," says M. Buffon, "and among the well-to-do classes, children accustomed to plentiful and nourishing food sooner reach this state; in the country and among the poor, children are more backward, because of their poor and scanty food." I admit the fact but not the explanation, for in the districts where the food of the villagers is plentiful and good, as in the Valais and even in some of the mountain districts of Italy, such as Friuli, the age of puberty for both sexes is quite as much later than in the heart of the towns, where, in order to gratify their vanity, people are often extremely parsimonious in the matter of food, and where most people, in the words of the proverb, have a velvet coat and an empty belly. It is astonishing to find in these mountainous regions big lads as strong as a man with shrill voices and smooth chins, and tall girls, well developed in other respects, without any trace of the periodic functions of their sex. This difference is, in my opinion, solely due to the fact that in the simplicity of their manners the imagination remains calm and peaceful, and does not stir the blood till much later, and thus their temperament is much less precocious.

The prim speech imposed upon them, the lessons in good behaviour, the veil of mystery you profess to hang before their eyes, serve but to stimulate their curiosity. It is plain, from the way you set about it, that they are meant to learn what you profess to conceal; and of all you teach them this is most quickly assimilated.

Consult experience and you will find how far this foolish method hastens the work of nature and ruins the character. This is one of the chief causes of physical degeneration in our towns. The young people, prematurely exhausted, remain small, puny, and misshapen, they grow old instead of growing up, like a vine forced to bear fruit in spring, which fades and dies before autumn.

To know how far a happy ignorance may prolong the innocence of children, you must live among rude and simple people. It is a sight both touching and amusing to see both sexes, left to the protection of their own hearts, continuing the sports of childhood in the flower of youth and beauty, showing by their very familiarity the purity of their pleasures. When at length those delightful young people marry, they bestow on each other the first fruits of their person, and are all the dearer therefore. Swarms of strong and healthy children are the pledges of a union which nothing can change, and the fruit of the virtue of their early years.

If the age at which a man becomes conscious of his sex is deferred as much by the effects of education as by the action of nature, it follows that this age may be hastened or retarded according to the way in which the child is brought up; and if the body gains or loses strength in proportion as its development is accelerated or retarded, it also follows that the more we try to retard it the stronger and more vigorous will the young man be. I am still speaking of purely physical consequences; you will soon see that this is not all.

From these considerations I arrive at the solution of the question so often discussed—Should we enlighten children at an early period as to the objects of their curiosity, or is it better to put them off with decent shams? I think we need do neither. In the first place, this curiosity will not arise unless we give it a chance. We must therefore take care not to give it an opportunity. In the next place, questions one is not obliged to answer do not compel us to deceive those who ask them; it is better to bid the child hold his tongue than to tell him a lie. He will not be greatly surprised at this treatment if you have already accustomed him to it in matters of no importance. Lastly, if you decide to answer his questions, let it be with the greatest plainness, without mystery or confusion, without a smile. It is much less dangerous to satisfy a child's curiosity than to stimulate it.

Let your answers be always grave, brief, decided, and without trace of hesitation. I need not add that they should be true. We cannot teach children the danger of telling lies to men without realising, on the man's part, the danger of telling lies to children. A single untruth on the part of the master will destroy the results of his education.

Complete ignorance with regard to certain matters is perhaps the best thing for children; but let them learn very early what it is impossible to conceal from them permanently. Either their curiosity must never be aroused, or it must be satisfied before the age when it becomes a source of danger. Your conduct towards your pupil in this respect depends greatly on his individual circumstances, the society in which he moves, the position in which he may find himself, etc. Nothing must be left to chance; and if you are not sure of keeping him in ignorance of the difference between the sexes till he is sixteen, take care you teach him before he is ten.

I do not like people to be too fastidious in speaking with children, nor should they go out of their way to avoid calling a spade a spade; they are always found out if they do. Good manners in this respect are always perfectly simple; but an imagination soiled by vice makes the ear suspicious and compels us to be constantly refining our expressions. Plain words do not matter; it is lascivious ideas which must be avoided.

Although modesty is natural to man, it is not natural to children. Modesty only begins with the knowledge of evil; and how should children without this knowledge of evil have the feeling which results from it? To give them lessons in modesty and good conduct is to teach them that there are things shameful and wicked, and to give them a secret wish to know what these things are. Sooner or later they will find out, and the first spark which touches the imagination will certainly hasten the awakening of the senses. Blushes are the sign of guilt; true innocence is ashamed of nothing.

Children have not the same desires as men; but they are subject like them to the same disagreeable needs which offend the senses, and by this means they may receive the same lessons in propriety. Follow the mind of nature which has located in the same place the organs of secret pleasures and those of disgusting needs; she teaches us the same precautions at different ages, sometimes by means of one idea and sometimes by another; to the man through modesty, to the child through cleanliness.

I can only find one satisfactory way of preserving the child's innocence, to surround him by those who respect and love him. Without this all our efforts to keep him in ignorance fail sooner or later; a smile, a wink, a careless gesture tells him all we sought to hide; it is enough to teach him to perceive that there is something we want to hide from him. The delicate phrases and expressions employed by persons of politeness assume a knowledge which children ought not to possess, and they are quite out of place with them, but when we truly respect the child's innocence we easily find in talking to him the simple phrases which befit him. There is a certain directness of speech which is suitable and pleasing to innocence; this is the right tone to adopt in order to turn the child from dangerous curiosity. By speaking simply to him about everything you do not let him suspect there is anything left unsaid. By connecting coarse words with the unpleasant ideas which belong to them, you quench the first spark of imagination; you do not forbid the child to say these words or to form these ideas; but without his knowing it you make him unwilling to recall them. And how much confusion is spared to those who speaking from the heart always say the right thing, and say it as they themselves have felt it!

"Where do little children come from?" This is an embarrassing question, which occurs very naturally to children, one which foolishly or wisely answered may decide their health or their morals for life. The quickest way for a mother to escape from it without deceiving her son is to tell him to hold his tongue. That will serve its turn if he has always been accustomed to it in matters of no importance, and if he does not suspect some mystery from this new way of speaking. But the mother rarely stops there. "It is the married people's secret," she will say, "little boys should not be so curious." That is all very well so far as the mother is concerned, but she may be sure that the little boy, piqued by her scornful manner, will not rest till he has found out the married people's secret, which will very soon be the case.

Let me tell you a very different answer which I heard given to the same question, one which made all the more impression on me, coming, as it did, from a woman, modest in speech and behaviour, but one who was able on occasion, for the welfare of her child and for the cause of virtue, to cast aside the false fear of blame and the silly jests of the foolish. Not long before the child had passed a small stone which had torn the passage, but the trouble was over and forgotten. "Mamma," said the eager child, "where do little children come from?" "My child," replied his mother without hesitation, "women pass them with pains that sometimes cost their life." Let fools laugh and silly people be shocked; but let the wise inquire if it is possible to find a wiser answer and one which would better serve its purpose.

In the first place the thought of a need of nature with which the child is well acquainted turns his thoughts from the idea of a mysterious process. The accompanying ideas of pain and death cover it with a veil of sadness which deadens the imagination and suppresses curiosity; everything leads the mind to the results, not the causes, of child-birth. This is the information to which this answer leads. If the repugnance inspired by this answer should permit the child to inquire further, his thoughts are turned to the infirmities of human nature, disgusting things, images of pain. What chance is there for any stimulation of desire in such a conversation? And yet you see there is no departure from truth, no need to deceive the scholar in order to teach him.

Your children read; in the course of their reading they meet with things they would never have known without reading. Are they students, their imagination is stimulated and quickened in the silence of the study. Do they move in the world of society, they hear a strange jargon, they see conduct which makes a great impression on them; they have been told so continually that they are men that in everything men do in their presence they at once try to find how that will suit themselves; the conduct of others must indeed serve as their pattern when the opinions of others are their law. Servants, dependent on them, and therefore anxious to please them, flatter them at the expense of their morals; giggling governesses say things to the four-year-old child which the most shameless woman would not dare to say to them at fifteen. They soon forget what they said, but the child has not forgotten what he heard. Loose conversation prepares the way for licentious conduct; the child is debauched by the cunning lacquey, and the secret of the one guarantees the secret of the other.

The child brought up in accordance with his age is alone. He knows no attachment but that of habit, he loves his sister like his watch, and his friend like his dog. He is unconscious of his sex and his species; men and women are alike unknown; he does not connect their sayings and doings with himself, he neither sees nor hears, or he pays no heed to them; he is no more concerned with their talk than their actions; he has nothing to do with it. This is no artificial error induced by our method, it is the ignorance of nature. The time is at hand when that same nature will take care to enlighten her pupil, and then only does she make him capable of profiting by the lessons without danger. This is our principle; the details of its rules are outside my subject; and the means I suggest with regard to other matters will still serve to illustrate this.

Do you wish to establish law and order among the rising passions, prolong the period of their development, so that they may have time to find their proper place as they arise. Then they are controlled by nature herself, not by man; your task is merely to leave it in her hands. If your pupil were alone, you would have nothing to do; but everything about him enflames his imagination. He is swept along on the torrent of conventional ideas; to rescue him you must urge him in the opposite direction. Imagination must be curbed by feeling and reason must silence the voice of conventionality. Sensibility is the source of all the passions, imagination determines their course. Every creature who is aware of his relations must be disturbed by changes in these relations and when he imagines or fancies he imagines others better adapted to his nature. It is the errors of the imagination which transmute into vices the passions of finite beings, of angels even, if indeed they have passions; for they must needs know the nature of every creature to realise what relations are best adapted to themselves.

This is the sum of human wisdom with regard to the use of the passions. First, to be conscious of the true relations of man both in the species and the individual; second, to control all the affections in accordance with these relations.

But is man in a position to control his affections according to such and such relations? No doubt he is, if he is able to fix his imagination on this or that object, or to form this or that habit. Moreover, we are not so much concerned with what a man can do or himself, as with what we can do for our pupil through our choice f the circumstances in which he shall be placed. To show the neans by which he may be kept in the path of nature is to show lainly enough how he might stray from that path.

So long as his consciousness is confined to himself there is no norality in his actions; it is only when it begins to extend beyond imself that he forms first the sentiments and then the ideas of ood and ill, which make him indeed a man, and an integral part f his species. To begin with we must therefore confine our bservations to this point.

These observations are difficult to make, for we must reject the xamples before our eyes, and seek out those in which the uccessive developments follow the order of nature.

A child sophisticated, polished, and civilised, who is only awaiting he power to put into practice the precocious instruction he has eceived, is never mistaken with regard to the time when this power s acquired. Far from awaiting it, he accelerates it; he stirs his lood to a premature ferment; he knows what should be the object f his desires long before those desires are experienced. It is not ature which stimulates him; it is he who forces the hand of nature; he has nothing to teach him when he becomes a man; he was a nan in thought long before he was a man in reality.

The true course of nature is slower and more gradual. Little by ttle the blood grows warmer, the faculties expand, the character s formed. The wise workman who directs the process is careful to erfect every tool before he puts it to use; the first desires are receded by a long period of unrest, they are deceived by a proonged ignorance, they know not what they want. The blood erments and bubbles; overflowing vitality seeks to extend its phere. The eye grows brighter and surveys others, we begin to be nterested in those about us, we begin to feel that we are not meant o live alone; thus the heart is thrown open to human affection, nd becomes capable of attachment.

The first sentiment of which the well-trained youth is capable is ot love but friendship. The first work of his rising imagination is o make known to him his fellows; the species affects him before the ex. Here is another advantage to be gained from prolonged nnocence; you may take advantage of his dawning sensibility to ow the first seeds of humanity in the heart of the young adolescent. his advantage is all the greater because this is the only time in is life when such efforts may be really successful.

I have always observed that young men, corrupted in early youth nd addicted to women and debauchery, are inhuman and cruel; heir passionate temperament makes them impatient, vindictive, and ngry; their imagination fixed on one object only, refuses all others; nercy and pity are alike unknown to them; they would have acrificed father, mother, the whole world, to the least of their leasures. A young man, on the other hand, brought up in happy nnocence, is drawn by the first stirrings of nature to the tender and affectionate passions; his warm heart is touched by the sufferings o his fellow-creatures; he trembles with delight when he meets his comrade, his arms can embrace tenderly, his eyes can shed tears o pity; he learns to be sorry for offending others through his shame at causing annoyance. If the eager warmth of his blood makes him quick, hasty, and passionate, a moment later you see all his natural kindness of heart in the eagerness of his repentance; he weeps, he groans over the wound he has given; he would atone for the blood he has shed with his own; his anger dies away, his pride abases itself before the consciousness of his wrong-doing. Is he the injured party, in the height of his fury an excuse, a word, disarms him; he forgives the wrongs of others as whole-heartedly as he repairs his own. Adolescence is not the age of hatred or vengeance it is the age of pity, mercy, and generosity. Yes, I maintain, and I am not afraid of the testimony of experience, a youth of good birth one who has preserved his innocence up to the age of twenty, is at that age the best, the most generous, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. You never heard such a thing; I can well believe that philosophers such as you, brought up among the corruption o the public schools, are unaware of it.

Man's weakness makes him sociable. Our common sufferings draw our hearts to our fellow-creatures; we should have no duties to mankind if we were not men. Every affection is a sign o insufficiency; if each of us had no need of others, we should hardly think of associating with them. So our frail happiness has its roots in our weakness. A really happy man is a hermit; God only enjoys absolute happiness; but which of us has any idea what that means If any imperfect creature were self-sufficing, what would he have to enjoy? To our thinking he would be wretched and alone. I do not understand how one who has need of nothing could love anything nor do I understand how he who loves nothing can be happy.

Hence it follows that we are drawn towards our fellow-creatures less by our feeling for their joys than for their sorrows; for in them we discern more plainly a nature like our own, and a pledge o their affection for us. If our common needs create a bond of interest our common sufferings create a bond of affection. The sight of a happy man arouses in others envy rather than love, we are ready to accuse him of usurping a right which is not his, of seeking happiness for himself alone, and our selfishness suffers an additional pang in the thought that this man has no need of us. But who does not pity the wretch when he beholds his sufferings? who would not deliver him from his woes if a wish could do it? Imagination puts us mor readily in the place of the miserable man than of the happy man we feel that the one condition touches us more nearly than the other Pity is sweet, because, when we put ourselves in the place of one who suffers, we are aware, nevertheless, of the pleasure of not suffering like him. Envy is bitter, because the sight of a happy man, far from putting the envious in his place, inspires him with regret that he is not there. The one seems to exempt us from the pains he suffers, the other seems to deprive us of the good things he enjoys.

Do you desire to stimulate and nourish the first stirrings of awakening sensibility in the heart of a young man, do you desire to incline his disposition towards kindly deed and thought, do not cause the seeds of pride, vanity, and envy to spring up in him through the misleading picture of the happiness of mankind; do not show him to begin with the pomp of courts, the pride of palaces, the delights of pageants; do not take him into society and into brilliant assemblies; do not show him the outside of society till you have made him capable of estimating it at its true worth. To show him the world before he is acquainted with men, is not to train him, but to corrupt him; not to teach, but to mislead.

By nature men are neither kings, nobles, courtiers, nor millionaires. All men are born poor and naked, all are liable to the sorrows of life, ts disappointments, its ills, its needs, its suffering of every kind; and all are condemned at length to die. This is what it really means o be a man, this is what no mortal can escape. Begin then with he study of the essentials of humanity, that which really constitutes mankind.

At sixteen the adolescent knows what it is to suffer, for he himelf has suffered; but he scarcely realises that others suffer too; to ee without feeling is not knowledge, and as I have said again and gain the child who does not picture the feelings of others knows no lls but his own; but when his imagination is kindled by the first eginnings of growing sensibility, he begins to perceive himself in is fellow-creatures, to be touched by their cries, to suffer in their ufferings. It is at this time that the sorrowful picture of suffering umanity should stir his heart with the first touch of pity he has ver known.

If it is not easy to discover this opportunity in your scholars, hose fault is it? You taught them so soon to play at feeling, you aught them so early its language, that speaking continually in the ame strain they turn your lessons against yourself, and give you o chance of discovering when they cease to lie, and begin to feel hat they say. But look at Emile; I have led him up to this age, nd he has neither felt nor pretended to feel. He has never said, I love you dearly," till he knew what it was to love; he has never een taught what expression to assume when he enters the room of is father, his mother, or his sick tutor; he has not learnt the art of ffecting a sorrow he does not feel. He has never pretended to eep for the death of any one, for he does not know what it is to die. here is the same insensibility in his heart as in his manners. Infferent, like every child, to every one but himself, he takes no terest in any one; his only peculiarity is that he will not pretend take such an interest; he is less deceitful than others.

Emile having thought little about creatures of feeling will be a ng time before he knows what is meant by pain and death. Groans d cries will begin to stir his compassion, he will turn away his eyes at the sight of blood; the convulsions of a dying animal will cause him I know not what anguish before he knows the source of these impulses. If he were still stupid and barbarous he would not feel them; if he were more learned he would recognise their source; he has compared ideas too frequently already to be insensible, but not enough to know what he feels.

So pity is born, the first relative sentiment which touches the human heart according to the order of nature. To become sensitive and pitiful the child must know that he has fellow-creatures who suffer as he has suffered, who feel the pains he has felt, and others which he can form some idea of, being capable of feeling them himself. Indeed, how can we let ourselves be stirred by pity unless we go beyond ourselves, and identify ourselves with the suffering animal, by leaving, so to speak, our own nature and taking his. We only suffer so far as we suppose he suffers; the suffering is not ours but his. So no one becomes sensitive till his imagination is aroused and begins to carry him outside himself.

What should we do to stimulate and nourish this growing sensibility, to direct it, and to follow its natural bent? Should we not present to the young man objects on which the expansive force of his heart may take effect, objects which dilate it, which extend it to other creatures, which take him outside himself? should we not carefully remove everything that narrows, concentrates, and strengthens the power of the human self? that is to say, in other words, we should arouse in him kindness, goodness, pity, and beneficence, all the gentle and attractive passions which are naturally pleasing to man; those passions prevent the growth of envy, covetousness, hatred, all the repulsive and cruel passions which make our sensibility not merely a cipher but a minus quantity, passions which are the curse of those who feel them.

I think I can sum up the whole of the preceding reflections in two or three maxims, definite, straightforward, and easy to understand.

*First Maxim.*—It is not in human nature to put ourselves in the place of those who are happier than ourselves, but only in the place of those who can claim our pity.

If you find exceptions to this rule, they are more apparent than real. Thus we do not put ourselves in the place of the rich or great when we become fond of them; even when our affection is real, we only appropriate to ourselves a part of their welfare. Sometimes we love the rich man in the midst of misfortunes; but so long as he prospers he has no real friend, except the man who is not deceived by appearances, who pities rather than envies him in spite of his prosperity.

The happiness belonging to certain states of life appeals to us take, for instance, the life of a shepherd in the country. The charm of seeing these good people so happy is not poisoned by envy; we ar genuinely interested in them. Why is this? Because we feel w can descend into this state of peace and innocence and enjoy th same happiness; it is an alternative which only calls up pleasant thoughts, so long as the wish is as good as the deed. It is always pleasant to examine our stores, to contemplate our own wealth, even when we do not mean to spend it.

From this we see that to incline a young man to humanity you must not make him admire the brilliant lot of others; you must show him life in its sorrowful aspects and arouse his fears. Thus it becomes clear that he must force his own way to happiness, without interfering with the happiness of others.

*Second Maxim.*—We never pity another's woes unless we know we may suffer in like manner ourselves.

> "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."—VIRGIL.

I know nothing so fine, so full of meaning, so touching, so true as these words.

Why have kings no pity on their people? Because they never expect to be ordinary men. Why are the rich so hard on the poor? Because they have no fear of becoming poor. Why do the nobles look down upon the people? Because a nobleman will never be one of the lower classes. Why are the Turks generally kinder and more hospitable than ourselves? Because, under their wholly arbitrary system of government, the rank and wealth of individuals are always uncertain and precarious, so that they do not regard poverty and degradation as conditions with which they have no concern; to-morrow, any one may himself be in the same position as those on whom he bestows alms to-day. This thought, which occurs again and again in eastern romances, lends them a certain tenderness which is not to be found in our pretentious and harsh morality.

So do not train your pupil to look down from the height of his glory upon the sufferings of the unfortunate, the labours of the wretched, and do not hope to teach him to pity them while he considers them as far removed from himself. Make him thoroughly aware of the fact that the fate of these unhappy persons may one day be his own, that his feet are standing on the edge of the abyss, nto which he may be plunged at any moment by a thousand unexpected irresistible misfortunes. Teach him to put no trust in birth, health, or riches; show him all the changes of fortune; find him examples—there are only too many of them—in which men of higher ank than himself have sunk below the condition of these wretched nes. Whether by their own fault or another's is for the present no oncern of ours; does he indeed know the meaning of the word ault? Never interfere with the order in which he acquires knowedge, and teach him only through the means within his reach; it eeds no great learning to perceive that all the prudence of mankind cannot make certain whether he will be alive or dead in an our's time, whether before nightfall he will not be grinding his teeth n the pangs of nephritis, whether a month hence he will be rich or oor, whether in a year's time he may not be rowing an Algerian alley under the lash of the slave-driver. Above all do not teach him this, like his catechism, in cold blood; let him see and feel the calamities which overtake men; surprise and startle his imagination with the perils which lurk continually about a man's path; let him see the pitfalls all about him, and when he hears you speak of them, let him cling more closely to you for fear lest he should fall. "You will make him timid and cowardly," do you say? We shall see; let us make him kindly to begin with, that is what matters most.

*Third Maxim.*—The pity we feel for others is proportionate, not to the amount of the evil, but to the feelings we attribute to the sufferers.

We only pity the wretched so far as we think they feel the need of pity. The bodily effect of our sufferings is less than one would suppose; it is memory that prolongs the pain, imagination which projects it into the future, and makes us really to be pitied. This is, I think, one of the reasons why we are more callous to the sufferings of animals than of men, although a fellow-feeling ought tc make us identify ourselves equally with either. We scarcely pity the cart-horse in his shed, for we do not suppose that while he is eating his hay he is thinking of the blows he has received and the labours in store for him. Neither do we pity the sheep grazing ir the field, though we know it is about to be slaughtered, for we believe it knows nothing of the fate in store for it. In this way we also become callous to the fate of our fellow-men, and the rich console themselves for the harm done by them to the poor, by the assumption that the poor are too stupid to feel. I usually judge of the value any one puts on the welfare of his fellow-creatures by what he seems to think of them. We naturally think lightly of the happiness of those we despise. It need not surprise you tha politicians speak so scornfully of the people, and philosophers profes to think mankind so wicked.

The people are mankind; those who do not belong to the peopl are so few in number that they are not worth counting. Man i the same in every station of life; if that be so, those ranks to whicl most men belong deserve most honour. All distinctions of ranl fade away before the eyes of a thoughtful person; he sees the sam passions, the same feelings in the noble and the guttersnipe; there i merely a slight difference in speech, and more or less artificiality c tone; and if there is indeed any essential difference between them the disadvantage is all on the side of those who are mor sophisticated. The people show themselves as they are, and the are not attractive; but the fashionable world is compelled to adop a disguise; we should be horrified if we saw it as it really is.

There is, so our wiseacres tell us, the same amount of happines and sorrow in every station. This saying is as deadly in its effect as it is incapable of proof; if all are equally happy why should trouble myself about any one? Let every one stay where he i: leave the slave to be ill-treated, the sick man to suffer, and th wretched to perish; they have nothing to gain by any change i their condition. You enumerate the sorrows of the rich, and sho the vanity of his empty pleasures; what barefaced sophistry! The rich man's sufferings do not come from his position, but from himself alone when he abuses it. He is not to be pitied were he indeed more miserable than the poor, for his ills are of his own making, and he could be happy if he chose. But the sufferings of the poor man come from external things, from the hardships fate has imposed upon him. No amount of habit can accustom him to the bodily ills of fatigue, exhaustion, and hunger. Neither head nor heart can serve to free him from the sufferings of his condition. How is Epictetus the better for knowing beforehand that his master will break his leg for him; does he do it any the less? He has to endure not only the pain itself but the pains of anticipation. If the people were as wise as we assume them to be stupid, how could they be other than they are? Observe persons of this class; you will see that, with a different way of speaking, they have as much intelligence and more common-sense than yourself. Have respect then for your species; remember that it consists essentially of the people, that if all the kings and all the philosophers were removed they would scarcely be missed, and things would go on none the worse. In a word, teach your pupil to love all men, even those who fail to ppreciate him; act in such way that he is not a member of any class, out takes his place in all alike: speak in his hearing of the human ace with tenderness, and even with pity, but never with scorn. You are a man; do not dishonour mankind.

It is by these ways and others like them—how different from the eaten paths—that we must reach the heart of the young adolescent nd stimulate in him the first impulses of nature; we must develop hat heart and open its doors to his fellow-creatures, and there must e as little self-interest as possible mixed up with these impulses; bove all, no vanity, no emulation, no boasting, none of those entiments which force us to compare ourselves with others; for uch comparisons are never made without arousing some measure of atred against those who dispute our claim to the first place, were t only in our own estimation. Then we must be either blind or ngry, a bad man or a fool; let us try to avoid this dilemma. Sooner r later these dangerous passions will appear, so you tell me, in pite of us. I do not deny it. There is a time and place for everyhing; I am only saying that we should not help to arouse these assions.

This is the spirit of the method to be laid down. In this case xamples and illustrations are useless, for here we find the beginning f the countless differences of character, and every example I gave ould possibly apply to only one case in a hundred thousand. It at this age that the clever teacher begins his real business, as a udent and a philosopher who knows how to probe the heart and rives to guide it aright. While the young man has not learnt to etend, while he does not even know the meaning of pretence, you e by his look, his manner, his gestures, the impression he has ceived from any object presented to him; you read in his countenance every impulse of his heart; by watching his expression you learn to protect his impulses and actually to control them.

It has been commonly observed that blood, wounds, cries and groans, the preparations for painful operations, and everything which directs the senses towards things connected with suffering, are usually the first to make an impression on all men. The idea of destruction, a more complex matter, does not have so great an effect; the thought of death affects us later and less forcibly, for no one knows from his own experience what it is to die; you must have seen corpses to feel the agonies of the dying. But when once this idea is established in the mind, there is no spectacle more dreadful in our eyes, whether because of the idea of complete destruction which it arouses through our senses, or because we know that this moment must come for each one of us and we feel ourselves all the more keenly affected by a situation from which we know there is no escape.

These various impressions differ in manner and in degree, according to the individual character of each one of us and his former habits, but they are universal and no one is altogether free from them. There are other impressions less universal and of a later growth, impressions most suited to sensitive souls, such impressions as we receive from moral suffering, inward grief, the sufferings of the mind, depression, and sadness. There are men who can be touched by nothing but groans and tears; the suppressed sobs of a heart labouring under sorrow would never win a sigh; the sight of a downcast visage, a pale and gloomy countenance, eyes which can weep no longer, would never draw a tear from them. The sufferings of the mind are as nothing to them; they weigh them, their own mind feels nothing; expect nothing from such persons but inflexible severity, harshness, cruelty. They may be just and upright, but not merciful, generous, or pitiful. They may, I say, be just, if a man can indeed be just without being merciful.

But do not be in a hurry to judge young people by this standard, more especially those who have been educated rightly, who have no idea of the moral sufferings they have never had to endure; for once again they can only pity the ills they know, and this apparent insensibility is soon transformed into pity when they begin to feel that there are in human life a thousand ills of which they know nothing. As for Emile, if in childhood he was distinguished by simplicity and good sense, in his youth he will show a warm and tender heart; for the reality of the feelings depends to a great extent on the accuracy of the ideas.

But why call him hither? More than one reader will reproach me no doubt for departing from my first intention and forgetting the lasting happiness I promised my pupil. The sorrowful, the dying, such sights of pain and woe, what happiness, what deligh is this for a young heart on the threshold of life? His gloomy tutor who proposed to give him such a pleasant education, only introduce him to life that he may suffer. This is what they will say, but wha care I? I promised to make him happy, not to make him seem happy. Am I to blame if, deceived as usual by the outward appearances, you take them for the reality?

Let us take two young men at the close of their early education, and let them enter the world by opposite doors. The one mounts at once to Olympus, and moves in the smartest society; he is taken to court, he is presented in the houses of the great, of the rich, of the pretty women. I assume that he is everywhere made much of, and I do not regard too closely the effect of this reception on his reason; I assume it can stand it. Pleasures fly before him, every day provides him with fresh amusements; he flings himself into everything with an eagerness which carries you away. You find him busy, eager, and curious; his first wonder makes a great impression on you; you think him happy; but behold the state of his heart; you think he is rejoicing, I think he suffers.

What does he see when first he opens his eyes? all sorts of so-called pleasures, hitherto unknown. Most of these pleasures are only for a moment within his reach, and seem to show themselves only to inspire regret for their loss. Does he wander through a palace; you see by his uneasy curiosity that he is asking why his father's house is not like it. Every question shows you that he is comparing himself all the time with the owner of this grand place. And all the mortification arising from this comparison at once revolts and stimulates his vanity. If he meets a young man better lressed than himself, I find him secretly complaining of his parents' neanness. If he is better dressed than another, he suffers because he latter is his superior in birth or in intellect, and all his gold lace s put to shame by a plain cloth coat. Does he shine unrivalled in ome assembly, does he stand on tiptoe that they may see him etter, who is there who does not secretly desire to humble the pride nd vanity of the young fop? Everybody is in league against him; he disquieting glances of a solemn man, the biting phrases of some atirical person, do not fail to reach him, and if it were only one nan who despised him, the scorn of that one would poison in a noment the applause of the rest.

Let us grant him everything, let us not grudge him charm and vorth; let him be well-made, witty, and attractive; the women vill run after him; but by pursuing him before he is in love with hem, they will inspire rage rather than love; he will have successes, ut neither rapture nor passion to enjoy them. As his desires are lways anticipated; they never have time to spring up among his leasures, so he only feels the tedium of restraint. Even before he nows it he is disgusted and satiated with the sex formed to be the elight of his own; if he continues its pursuit it is only through anity, and even should he really be devoted to women, he will ot be the only brilliant, the only attractive young man, nor will e always find his mistresses prodigies of fidelity.

I say nothing of the vexation, the deceit, the crimes, and the emorse of all kinds, inseparable from such a life. We know that experience of the world disgusts us with it; I am speaking only of the drawbacks belonging to youthful illusions.

Hitherto the young man has lived in the bosom of his family and his friends, and has been the sole object of their care; what a change to enter all at once into a region where he counts for so little; to find himself plunged into another sphere, he who has been so long the centre of his own. What insults, what humiliation, must he endure, before he loses among strangers the ideas of his own importance which have been formed and nourished among his own people! As a child everything gave way to him, everybody flocked to him; as a young man he must give place to every one, or if he preserves ever so little of his former airs, what harsh lessons will bring him to himself! Accustomed to get everything he wants without any difficulty, his wants are many, and he feels continual privations. He is tempted by everything that flatters him; what others have, he must have too; he covets everything, he envies every one, he would always be master. He is devoured by vanity, his young heart is enflamed by unbridled passions, jealousy and hatred among the rest; all these violent passions burst out at once; their sting rankles in him in the busy world, they return with him at night, he comes back dissatisfied with himself, with others; he falls asleep among a thousand foolish schemes disturbed by a thousand fancies, and his pride shows him even in his dreams those fancied pleasures; he is tormented by a desire which will never be satisfied. So much for your pupil; let us turn to mine.

If the first thing to make an impression on him is something sorrowful his first return to himself is a feeling of pleasure. When he sees how many ills he has escaped he thinks he is happier than he fancied. He shares the suffering of his fellow-creatures, but he shares it of his own free will and finds pleasure in it. He enjoys at once the pity he feels for their woes and the joy of being exempt from them; he feels in himself that state of vigour which projects us beyond ourselves, and bids us carry elsewhere the superfluous activity of our well-being. To pity another's woes we must indeed know them, but we need not feel them. When we have suffered when we are in fear of suffering, we pity those who suffer; but when we suffer ourselves, we pity none but ourselves. But if all of us being subject ourselves to the ills of life, only bestow upon other the sensibility we do not actually require for ourselves, it follow that pity must be a very pleasant feeling, since it speaks on ou behalf; and, on the other hand, a hard-hearted man is alway unhappy, since the state of his heart leaves him no superfluou sensibility to bestow on the sufferings of others.

We are too apt to judge of happiness by appearances; we suppos it is to be found in the most unlikely places, we seek for it where i cannot possibly be; mirth is a very doubtful indication of it presence. A merry man is often a wretch who is trying to deceiv others and distract himself. The men who are jovial, friendly, an contented at their club are almost always gloomy grumblers a ome, and their servants have to pay for the amusement they give mong their friends. True contentment is neither merry nor oisy; we are jealous of so sweet a sentiment, when we enjoy it we hink about it, we delight in it for fear it should escape us. A eally happy man says little and laughs little; he hugs his happiness, o to speak, to his heart. Noisy games, violent delight, conceal he disappointment of satiety. But melancholy is the friend of leasure; tears and pity attend our sweetest enjoyment, and great oys call for tears rather than laughter.

If at first the number and variety of our amusements seem to ontribute to our happiness, if at first the even tenor of a quiet ife seems tedious, when we look at it more closely we discover that he pleasantest habit of mind consists in a moderate enjoyment hich leaves little scope for desire and aversion. The unrest of assion causes curiosity and fickleness; the emptiness of noisy leasures causes weariness. We never weary of our state when we now none more delightful. Savages suffer less than other men rom curiosity and from tedium; everything is the same to them —themselves, not their possessions—and they are never weary.

The man of the world almost always wears a mask. He is carcely ever himself and is almost a stranger to himself; he is l at ease when he is forced into his own company. Not what he , but what he seems, is all he cares for.

I cannot help picturing in the countenance of the young man I ave just spoken of an indefinable but unpleasant impertinence, moothness, and affectation, which is repulsive to a plain man, and the countenance of my own pupil a simple and interesting ex-ression which indicates the real contentment and the calm of his ind; an expression which inspires respect and confidence, and eems only to await the establishment of friendly relations to estow his own confidence in return. It is thought that the xpression is merely the development of certain features designed y nature. For my own part I think that over and above this evelopment a man's face is shaped, all unconsciously, by the requent and habitual influence of certain affections of the heart. hese affections are shown on the face, there is nothing more ertain; and when they become habitual, they must surely leave sting traces. This is why I think the expression shows the aracter, and that we can sometimes read one another without eking mysterious explanations in powers we do not possess.

A child has only two distinct feelings, joy and sorrow; he laughs he cries; he knows no middle course, and he is constantly passing om one extreme to the other. On account of these perpetual anges there is no lasting impression on the face, and no expression; ut when the child is older and more sensitive, his feelings are eener or more permanent, and these deeper impressions leave aces more difficult to erase; and the habitual state of the feelings as an effect on the features which in course of time becomes in-faceable. Still it is not uncommon to meet with men whose expression varies with their age. I have met with several, and I have always found that those whom I could observe and follow had also changed their habitual temper. This one observation thoroughly confirmed would seem to me decisive, and it is not out of place in a treatise on education, where it is a matter of importance, that we should learn to judge the feelings of the heart by external signs.

I do not know whether my young man will be any the less amiable for not having learnt to copy conventional manners and to feign sentiments which are not his own; that does not concern me at present, I only know he will be more affectionate; and I find it difficult to believe that he, who cares for nobody but himself, can so far disguise his true feelings as to please as readily as he who finds fresh happiness for himself in his affection for others. But with regard to this feeling of happiness, I think I have said enough already for the guidance of any sensible reader, and to show that I have not contradicted myself.

I return to my system, and I say, when the critical age approaches, present to young people spectacles which restrain rather than excite them; put off their dawning imagination with objects which, far from inflaming their senses, put a check to their activity. Remove them from great cities, where the flaunting attire and the boldness of the women hasten and anticipate the teaching of nature, where everything presents to their view pleasures of which they should know nothing till they are of an age to choose for themselves. Bring them back to their early home, where rural simplicity allows the passions of their age to develop more slowly; or if their taste for the arts keeps them in town, guard them by means of this very taste from a dangerous idleness. Choose carefully their company, their occupations, and their pleasures; show them nothing but modest and pathetic pictures which are touching but not seductive, and nourish their sensibility without stimulating their senses. Remember also, that the danger of excess is not confined to any one place, and that immoderate passions always do irreparable damage. You need not make your pupil a sick-nurse or a Brother of Pity; you need not distress him by the perpetual sight of pain and suffering you need not take him from one hospital to another, from the gallows to the prison. He must be softened, not hardened, by the sight of human misery. When we have seen a sight it ceases t impress us, use is second nature, what is always before our eyes n longer appeals to the imagination, and it is only through th imagination that we can feel the sorrows of others; this is why priests and doctors who are always beholding death and sufferin become so hardened. Let your pupil therefore know something o the lot of man and the woes of his fellow-creatures, but let him no see them too often. A single thing, carefully selected and show at the right time, will fill him with pity and set him thinking for month. His opinion about anything depends not so much on what h sees, but on how it reacts on himself; and his lasting impression o any object depends less on the object itself than on the point of view from which he regards it. Thus by a sparing use of examples, lessons, and pictures, you may blunt the sting of sense and delay nature while following her own lead.

As he acquires knowledge, choose what ideas he shall attach to it; as his passions awake, select scenes calculated to repress them. A veteran, as distinguished for his character as for his courage, once told me that in early youth his father, a sensible man but extremely pious, observed that through his growing sensibility he was attracted by women, and spared no pains to restrain him; but at last when, in spite of all his care, his son was about to escape from his control, he decided to take him to a hospital, and, without telling him what to expect, he introduced him into a room where a number of wretched creatures were expiating, under a terrible treatment, the vices which had brought them into this plight. This hideous and revolting spectacle sickened the young man. "Miserable libertine," said his father vehemently, "begone; follow your vile tastes; you will soon be only too glad to be admitted to this ward, and a victim to the most shameful sufferings, you will compel your father to thank God when you are dead."

These few words, together with the striking spectacle he beheld, made an impression on the young man which could never be effaced. Compelled by his profession to pass his youth in garrison, he preferred to face all the jests of his comrades rather than to share their evil ways. "I have been a man," he said to me, "I have had my weaknesses, but even to the present day the sight of a harlot inspires me with horror." Say little to your pupil, but choose time, place, and people; then rely on concrete examples for your teaching, and be sure it will take effect.

The way childhood is spent is no great matter; the evil which may find its way is not irremediable, and the good which may spring up might come later. But it is not so in those early years when a youth really begins to live. This time is never long enough for what there is to be done, and its importance demands unceasing attention; this is why I lay so much stress on the art of prolonging it. One of the best rules of good farming is to keep things back as much as possible. Let your progress also be slow and sure; prevent the youth from becoming a man all at once. While the body is growing the spirits destined to give vigour to the blood and strength to the muscles are in process of formation and elaboration. If you turn them into another channel, and permit that strength which should have gone to the perfecting of one person to go to the making of another, both remain in a state of weakness and the work of nature is unfinished. The workings of the mind, in their turn, are affected by this change, and the mind, as sickly as the body, functions languidly and feebly. Length and strength of limb are not the same thing as courage or genius, and I grant that strength of mind does not always accompany strength of body, when the means of connection between the two are otherwise faulty. But however well planned they may be, they will always work feebly if for motive power they depend upon an exhausted, impoverished supply of blood, deprived of the substance which gives strength and elasticity to all the springs of the machinery. There is generally more vigour of mind to be found among men whose early years have been preserved from precocious vice, than among those whose evil living has begun at the earliest opportunity; and this is no doubt the reason why nations whose morals are pure are generally superior in sense and courage to those whose morals are bad. The latter shine only through I know not what small and trifling qualities, which they call wit, sagacity, cunning; but those great and noble features of goodness and reason, by which a man is distinguished and honoured through good deeds, virtues, really useful efforts, are scarcely to be found except among the nations whose morals are pure.

Teachers complain that the energy of this age makes their pupils unruly; I see that it is so, but are not they themselves to blame? When once they have let this energy flow through the channel of the senses, do they not know that they cannot change its course? Will the long and dreary sermons of the pedant efface from the mind of his scholar the thoughts of pleasure when once they have found an entrance; will they banish from his heart the desires by which it is tormented; will they chill the heat of a passion whose meaning the scholar realises? Will not the pupil be roused to anger by the obstacles opposed to the only kind of happiness of which he has any notion? And in the harsh law imposed upon him before he can understand it, what will he see but the caprice and hatred of a man who is trying to torment him? Is it strange that he rebels and hates you too?

I know very well that if one is easy-going one may be tolerated, and one may keep up a show of authority. But I fail to see the use of an authority over the pupil which is only maintained by fomenting the vices it ought to repress; it is like attempting to soothe a fiery steed by making it leap over a precipice.

Far from being a hindrance to education, this enthusiasm of adolescence is its crown and coping-stone; this it is that gives you a hold on the youth's heart when he is no longer weaker than you. His first affections are the reins by which you control his movements; he was free, and now I behold him in your power. So long as he loved nothing, he was independent of everything but himself and his own necessities; as soon as he loves, he is dependent on his affections. Thus the first ties which unite him to his species are already formed. When you direct his increasing sensibility in this direction, do not expect that it will at once include all men, and that the word "mankind" will have any meaning for him. Not so; this sensibility will at first confine itself to those like himself, and these will not be strangers to him, but those he knows, those whom habit has made dear to him or necessary to him, those who are evidently thinking and feeling as he does, those whom he perceives o be exposed to the pains he has endured, those who enjoy the leasures he has enjoyed; in a word, those who are so like himself hat he is the more disposed to self-love. It is only after long raining, after much consideration as to his own feelings and the eelings he observes in others, that he will be able to generalise his ndividual notions under the abstract idea of humanity, and add o his individual affections those which may identify him with the ace.

When he becomes capable of affection, he becomes aware of the ffection of others,[1] and he is on the lookout for the signs of that ffection. Do you not see how you will acquire a fresh hold on him? Vhat bands have you bound about his heart while he was yet naware of them! What will he feel, when he beholds himself and ees what you have done for him; when he can compare himself vith other youths, and other tutors with you! I say, "When he ees it," but beware lest you tell him of it; if you tell him he will ot perceive it. If you claim his obedience in return for the care estowed upon him, he will think you have over-reached him; he vill see that while you profess to have cared for him without reward, ou meant to saddle him with a debt and to bind him to a bargain vhich he never made. In vain you will add that what you demand s for his own good; you demand it, and you demand it in virtue of vhat you have done without his consent. When a man down on is luck accepts the shilling which the sergeant professes to give im, and finds he has enlisted without knowing what he was about, ou protest against the injustice; is it not still more unjust to emand from your pupil the price of care which he has not even ccepted?

Ingratitude would be rarer if kindness were less often the investment of a usurer. We love those who have done us a kindness; vhat a natural feeling! Ingratitude is not to be found in the heart f man, but self-interest is there; those who are ungrateful for enefits received are fewer than those who do a kindness for their wn ends. If you sell me your gifts, I will haggle over the price; ut if you pretend to give, in order to sell later on at your own price, ou are guilty of fraud; it is the free gift which is beyond price. he heart is a law to itself; if you try to bind it, you lose it; give it s liberty, and you make it your own.

When the fisherman baits his line, the fish come round him vithout suspicion; but when they are caught on the hook concealed n the bait, they feel the line tighten and they try to escape. Is he fisherman a benefactor? Is the fish ungrateful? Do we find man forgotten by his benefactor, unmindful of that benefactor? n the contrary, he delights to speak of him, he cannot think of him without emotion; if he gets a chance of showing him, by some unexpected service, that he remembers what he did for him, how delighted he is to satisfy his gratitude; what a pleasure it is to earn the gratitude of his benefactor. How delightful to say, "It is my turn now." This is indeed the teaching of nature; a good deed never caused ingratitude.

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[1] Affection may be unrequited; not so friendship. Friendship is a argain, a contract like any other; though a bargain more sacred than the est. The word "friend" has no other correlation. Any man who is not e friend of his friend is undoubtedly a rascal; for one can only obtain iendship by giving it, or pretending to give it.

If therefore gratitude is a natural feeling, and you do not destroy its effects by your blunders, be sure your pupil, as he begins to understand the value of your care for him, will be grateful for it, provided you have not put a price upon it; and this will give you an authority over his heart which nothing can overthrow. But beware of losing this advantage before it is really yours, beware of insisting on your own importance. Boast of your services and they become intolerable; forget them and they will not be forgotten. Until the time comes to treat him as a man let there be no question of his duty to you, but his duty to himself. Let him have his freedom if you would make him docile; hide yourself so that he may seek you; raise his heart to the noble sentiment of gratitude by only speaking of his own interest. Until he was able to understand I would not have him told that what was done was for his good; he would only have understood such words to mean that you were dependent on him and he would merely have made you his servant. But now that he is beginning to feel what love is, he also knows what a tender affection may bind a man to what he loves; and in the zeal which keeps you busy on his account, he now sees not the bonds of a slave, but the affection of a friend. Now there is nothing which carries so much weight with the human heart as the voice of friendship recognised as such, for we know that it never speaks but for our good. We may think our friend is mistaken, but we never believe he is deceiving us. We may reject his advice now and then, but we never scorn it.

We have reached the moral order at last; we have just taken the second step towards manhood. If this were the place for it, I would try to show how the first impulses of the heart give rise to the first stirrings of conscience, and how from the feelings of love and hatred spring the first notions of good and evil. I would show that justice and kindness are no mere abstract terms, no mere moral conceptions framed by the understanding, but true affections of the heart enlightened by reason, the natural outcome of our primitive affections; that by reason alone, unaided by conscience, we cannot establish any natural law, and that all natural right is a vain dream if it does not rest upon some instinctive need of the human heart.[1]

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[1] The precept "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" has no true foundation but that of conscience and feeling; for what valid reason is there why I, being myself, should do what I would do if I were some one else, especially when I am morally certain I never shall find myself in exactly the same case; and who will answer for it that if I faithfully follow out this maxim I shall get others to follow it with regard to me? The wicked takes advantage both of the uprightness of the just and of his own injustice; he will gladly have everybody just but himself.

But I do not think it is my business at present to prepare treatises on metaphysics and morals, nor courses of study of any kind whatsoever; it is enough if I indicate the order and development of our feelings and our knowledge in relation to our growth. Others will perhaps work out what I have here merely indicated.

Hitherto my Emile has thought only of himself, so his first glance at his equals leads him to compare himself with them; and the first feeling excited by this comparison is the desire to be first. It is here that self-love is transformed into selfishness, and this is the starting point of all the passions which spring from selfishness. But to determine whether the passions by which his life will be governed shall be humane and gentle or harsh and cruel, whether they shall be the passions of benevolence and pity or those of envy and covetousness, we must know what he believes his place among men to be, and what sort of obstacles he expects to have to overcome in order to attain to the position he seeks.

To guide him in this inquiry, after we have shown him men by means of the accidents common to the species, we must now show him them by means of their differences. This is the time for estimating inequality natural and civil, and for the scheme of the whole social order.

Society must be studied in the individual and the individual in society; those who desire to treat politics and morals apart from one another will never understand either. By confining ourselves at first to the primitive relations, we see how men should be influenced by them and what passions should spring from them; we see that it is in proportion to the development of these passions that a man's relations with others expand or contract. It is not so much strength of arm as moderation of spirit which makes men free and independent. The man whose wants are few is dependent on but few people, but those who constantly confound our vain desires with our bodily needs, those who have made these needs the basis of human society, are continually mistaking effects for causes, and they have only confused themselves by their own reasoning.

Since it is impossible in the state of nature that the difference between man and man should be great enough to make one dependent on another, there is in fact in this state of nature an actual and indestructible equality. In the civil state there is a vain and chimerical equality of right; the means intended for its maintenance, themselves serve to destroy it; and the power of the

This bargain, whatever you may say, is not greatly to the advantage of the just. But if the enthusiasm of an overflowing heart identifies me with my fellow-creature, if I feel, so to speak, that I will not let him suffer lest I should suffer too, I care for him because I care for myself, and the reason of the precept is found in nature herself, which inspires me with the desire for my own welfare wherever I may be. From this I conclude that it is false to say that the precepts of natural law are based on reason only; they have a firmer and more solid foundation. The love of others, springing from self-love, is the source of human justice. The whole of morality is summed up in the gospel in this summary of the law.

community, added to the power of the strongest for the oppression of the weak, disturbs the sort of equilibrium which nature has established between them.[1] From this first contradiction spring all the other contradictions between the real and the apparent, which are to be found in the civil order. The many will always be sacrificed to the few, the common weal to private interest; those specious words—justice and subordination—will always serve as the tools of violence and the weapons of injustice; hence it follows that the higher classes which claim to be useful to the rest are really only seeking their own welfare at the expense of others; from this we may judge how much consideration is due to them according to right and justice. It remains to be seen if the rank to which they have attained is more favourable to their own happiness to know what opinion each one of us should form with regard to his own lot. This is the study with which we are now concerned; but to do it thoroughly we must begin with a knowledge of the human heart.

If it were only a question of showing young people man in his mask, there would be no need to point him out, and he would always be before their eyes; but since the mask is not the man, and since they must not be led away by its specious appearance, when you paint men for your scholar, paint them as they are, not that he may hate them, but that he may pity them and have no wish to be like them. In my opinion that is the most reasonable view a man can hold with regard to his fellow-men.

With this object in view we must take the opposite way from that hitherto followed, and instruct the youth rather through the experience of others than through his own. If men deceive him he will hate them; but if, while they treat him with respect, he sees them deceiving each other, he will pity them. "The spectacle of the world," said Pythagoras, "is like the Olympic games; some are buying and selling and think only of their gains; others take an active part and strive for glory; others, and these not the worst, are content to be lookers-on."

I would have you so choose the company of a youth that he should think well of those among whom he lives, and I would have you so teach him to know the world that he should think ill of all that takes place in it. Let him know that man is by nature good, let him feel it, let him judge his neighbour by himself; but let him see how men are depraved and perverted by society; let him find the source of all their vices in their preconceived opinions; let him be disposed to respect the individual, but to despise the multitude; let him see that all men wear almost the same mask, but let him also know that some faces are fairer than the mask that conceals them.

It must be admitted that this method has its drawbacks, and it is not easy to carry it out; for if he becomes too soon engrossed in watching other people, if you train him to mark too closely the ctions of others, you will make him spiteful and satirical, quick and ecided in his judgments of others; he will find a hateful pleasure in eeking bad motives, and will fail to see the good even in that which s really good. He will, at least, get used to the sight of vice, he vill behold the wicked without horror, just as we get used to seeing he wretched without pity. Soon the perversity of mankind will e not so much a warning as an excuse; he will say, “ Man is made o,” and he will have no wish to be different from the rest.

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[1] The universal spirit of the laws of every country is always to take the part of the strong against the weak, and the part of him who has against him who has not; this defect is inevitable, and there is no exception to it.

But if you wish to teach him theoretically to make him acquainted, ot only with the heart of man, but also with the application of the xternal causes which turn our inclinations into vices; when you hus transport him all at once from the objects of sense to the objects f reason, you employ a system of metaphysics which he is not in a osition to understand; you fall back into the error, so carefully voided hitherto, of giving him lessons which are like lessons, of ubstituting in his mind the experience and the authority of the naster for his own experience and the development of his own eason.

To remove these two obstacles at once, and to bring the human eart within his reach without risk of spoiling his own, I would show im men from afar, in other times or in other places, so that he may ehold the scene but cannot take part in it. This is the time for istory; with its help he will read the hearts of men without any essons in philosophy; with its help he will view them as a mere pectator, dispassionate and without prejudice; he will view them s their judge, not as their accomplice or their accuser.

To know men you must behold their actions. In society we hear hem talk; they show their words and hide their deeds; but in istory the veil is drawn aside, and they are judged by their deeds. Their sayings even help us to understand them; for comparing vhat they say and what they do, we see not only what they are but vhat they would appear; the more they disguise themselves the nore thoroughly they stand revealed.

Unluckily this study has its dangers, its drawbacks of several inds. It is difficult to adopt a point of view which will enable one o judge one's fellow-creatures fairly. It is one of the chief defects f history to paint men's evil deeds rather than their good ones; t is revolutions and catastrophes that make history interesting; o long as a nation grows and prospers quietly in the tranquillity f a peaceful government, history says nothing; she only begins to peak of nations when, no longer able to be self-sufficing, they nterfere with their neighbours' business, or allow their neighbours o interfere with their own; history only makes them famous when hey are on the downward path; all our histories begin where they ught to end. We have very accurate accounts of declining nations; vhat we lack is the history of those nations which are multiplying; hey are so happy and so good that history has nothing to tell us of hem; and we see indeed in our own times that the most successful overnments are least talked of. We only hear what is bad; the good is scarcely mentioned. Only the wicked become famous, th good are forgotten or laughed to scorn, and thus history, lik philosophy, is for ever slandering mankind.

Moreover, it is inevitable that the facts described in history shoul not give an exact picture of what really happened; they are transformed in the brain of the historian, they are moulded by his interest and coloured by his prejudices. Who can place the reader precisel in a position to see the event as it really happened? Ignorance o partiality disguises everything. What a different impression ma be given merely by expanding or contracting the circumstance of the case without altering a single historical incident. The sam object may be seen from several points of view, and it will hardl seem the same thing, yet there has been no change except in the ey that beholds it. Do you indeed do honour to truth when wha you tell me is a genuine fact, but you make it appear something quit different? A tree more or less, a rock to the right or to the left a cloud of dust raised by the wind, how often have these decide the result of a battle without any one knowing it? Does tha prevent history from telling you the cause of defeat or victory wit as much assurance as if she had been on the spot? But what ar the facts to me, while I am ignorant of their causes, and what lesson can I draw from an event, whose true cause is unknown to me The historian indeed gives me a reason, but he invents it; an criticism itself, of which we hear so much, is only the art of guessing the art of choosing from among several lies, the lie that is mos like truth.

Have you ever read Cleopatra or Cassandra or any books of th kind? The author selects some well-known event, he then adapt it to his purpose, adorns it with details of his own invention, wit people who never existed, with imaginary portraits; thus he pile fiction on fiction to lend a charm to his story. I see little differenc between such romances and your histories, unless it is that th novelist draws more on his own imagination, while the historia slavishly copies what another has imagined; I will also admit, you please, that the novelist has some moral purpose good or ba about which the historian scarcely concerns himself.

You will tell me that accuracy in history is of less interest tha a true picture of men and manners; provided the human heart truly portrayed, it matters little that events should be accuratel recorded; for after all you say, what does it matter to us wha happened two thousand years ago? You are right if the portrait are indeed truly given according to nature; but if the model is t be found for the most part in the historian's imagination, are yo not falling into the very error you intended to avoid, and surrendering to the authority of the historian what you would not yield t the authority of the teacher? If my pupil is merely to see fanc pictures, I would rather draw them myself; they will, at least. b better suited to him.

The worst historians for a youth are those who give their opinion acts! Facts! and let him decide for himself; this is how he will arn to know mankind. If he is always directed by the opinion f the author, he is only seeing through the eyes of another person, nd when those eyes are no longer at his disposal he can see nothing.

I leave modern history on one side, not only because it has no haracter and all our people are alike, but because our historians, holly taken up with effect, think of nothing but highly coloured ortraits, which often represent nothing.[1] The old historians enerally give fewer portraits and bring more intelligence and ommon-sense to their judgments; but even among them there is lenty of scope for choice, and you must not begin with the wisest ut with the simplest. I would not put Polybius or Sallust into e hands of a youth; Tacitus is the author of the old, young men annot understand him; you must learn to see in human actions e simplest features of the heart of man before you try to sound s depths. You must be able to read facts clearly before you begin study maxims. Philosophy in the form of maxims is only fit r the experienced. Youth should never deal with the general, ll its teaching should deal with individual instances.

To my mind Thucydides is the true model of historians. He elates facts without giving his opinion; but he omits no circum- tance adapted to make us judge for ourselves. He puts everything hat he relates before his reader; far from interposing between the cts and the readers, he conceals himself; we seem not to read but see. Unfortunately he speaks of nothing but war, and in his tories we only see the least instructive part of the world, that is say the battles. The virtues and defects of the Retreat of the en Thousand and the Commentaries of Cæsar are almost the same. he kindly Herodotus, without portraits, without maxims, yet owing, simple, full of details calculated to delight and interest in he highest degree, would be perhaps the best historian if these ery details did not often degenerate into childish folly, better dapted to spoil the taste of youth than to form it; we need dis- retion before we can read him. I say nothing of Livy, his turn ill come: but he is a statesman, a rhetorician, he is everything hich is unsuitable for a youth.

History in general is lacking because it only takes note of striking nd clearly marked facts which may be fixed by names, places, and ates; but the slow evolution of these facts, which cannot be efinitely noted in this way, still remains unknown. We often nd in some battle, lost or won, the ostensible cause of a revolution hich was inevitable before this battle took place. War only makes anifest events already determined by moral causes, which few istorians can perceive.

The philosophic spirit has turned the thoughts of many of the istorians of our times in this direction; but I doubt whether truth has profited by their labours. The rage for systems has got possession of all alike, no one seeks to see things as they are, but only a they agree with his system.

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[1] Take, for instance, Guicciardini, Streda, Solis, Machiavelli, and some- mes even De Thou himself. Vertot is almost the only one who knows ow to describe without giving fancy portraits.

Add to all these considerations the fact that history shows u actions rather than men, because she only seizes men at certai chosen times in full dress; she only portrays the statesman whe he is prepared to be seen; she does not follow him to his home, t his study, among his family and his friends; she only shows hi in state; it is his clothes rather than himself that she describes.

I would prefer to begin the study of the human heart with readin the lives of individuals; for then the man hides himself in vain the historian follows him everywhere; he never gives him moment's grace nor any corner where he can escape the piercin eye of the spectator; and when he thinks he is concealing himsel then it is that the writer shows him up most plainly.

"Those who write lives," says Montaigne, "in so far as the delight more in ideas than in events, more in that which come from within than in that which comes from without, these are th writers I prefer; for this reason Plutarch is in every way the ma for me."

It is true that the genius of men in groups or nations is ver different from the character of the individual man, and that w have a very imperfect knowledge of the human heart if we do no also examine it in crowds; but it is none the less true that to judg of men we must study the individual man, and that he who ha a perfect knowledge of the inclinations of each individual migh foresee all their combined effects in the body of the nation.

We must go back again to the ancients, for the reasons alread stated, and also because all the details common and familiar, bu true and characteristic, are banished by modern stylists, so tha men are as much tricked out by our modern authors in their privat life as in public. Propriety, no less strict in literature than in life no longer permits us to say anything in public which we might no do in public; and as we may only show the man dressed up for hi part, we never see a man in our books any more than we do on th stage. The lives of kings may be written a hundred times, but t no purpose; we shall never have another Suetonius.

The excellence of Plutarch consists in these very details which w are no longer permitted to describe. With inimitable grace h paints the great man in little things; and he is so happy in the choic of his instances that a word, a smile, a gesture, will often suffice t indicate the nature of his hero. With a jest Hannibal cheers hi frightened soldiers, and leads them laughing to the battle which wil lay Italy at his feet; Agesilaus riding on a stick makes me love th conqueror of the great king; Cæsar passing through a poor villag and chatting with his friends unconsciously betrays the traitor wh professed that he only wished to be Pompey's equal. Alexande swallows a draught without a word—it is the finest moment in hi life; Aristides writes his own name on the shell and so justifies hi itle; Philopœmen, his mantle laid aside, chops firewood in the itchen of his host. This is the true art of portraiture. Our dis- osition does not show itself in our features, nor our character in ur great deeds; it is trifles that show what we really are. What done in public is either too commonplace or too artificial, and ur modern authors are almost too grand to tell us anything lse.

M. de Turenne was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of the ast century. They have had the courage to make his life interest- g by the little details which make us know and love him; but ow many details have they felt obliged to omit which might have ade us know and love him better still? I will only quote one hich I have on good authority, one which Plutarch would never ave omitted, and one which Ramsai would never have inserted ad he been acquainted with it.

On a hot summer's day Viscount Turenne in a little white vest nd nightcap was standing at the window of his antechamber; e of his men came up and, misled by the dress, took him r one of the kitchen lads whom he knew. He crept up ehind him and smacked him with no light hand. The man e struck turned round hastily. The valet saw it was his master nd trembled at the sight of his face. He fell on his knees in esperation. "Sir, I thought it was George." "Well, even if was George," exclaimed Turenne rubbing the injured part, you need not have struck so hard." You do not dare to say this, ou miserable writers! Remain for ever without humanity and ithout feeling; steel your hard hearts in your vile propriety, make ourselves contemptible through your high-mightiness. But as r you, dear youth, when you read this anecdote, when you are uched by all the kindliness displayed even on the impulse of the oment, read also the littleness of this great man when it was a uestion of his name and birth. Remember it was this very urenne who always professed to yield precedence to his nephew, that all men might see that this child was the head of a royal ouse. Look on this picture and on that, love nature, despise opular prejudice, and know the man as he was.

There are few people able to realise what an effect such reading, refully directed, will have upon the unspoilt mind of a youth. eighed down by books from our earliest childhood, accustomed read without thinking, what we read strikes us even less, because e already bear in ourselves the passions and prejudices with which story and the lives of men are filled; all that they do strikes us only natural, for we ourselves are unnatural and we judge hers by ourselves. But imagine my Emile, who has been carefully uarded for eighteen years with the sole object of preserving a right dgment and a healthy heart, imagine him when the curtain goes casting his eyes for the first time upon the world's stage; or ther picture him behind the scenes watching the actors don their stumes, and counting the cords and pulleys which deceive with their feigned shows the eyes of the spectators. His first surpri will soon give place to feelings of shame and scorn of his fellow-ma he will be indignant at the sight of the whole human race deceivi itself and stooping to this childish folly; he will grieve to see h brothers tearing each other limb from limb for a mere dream, an transforming themselves into wild beasts because they could not b content to be men.

Given the natural disposition of the pupil, there is no doubt tha if the master exercises any sort of prudence or discretion in h choice of reading, however little he may put him in the way reflecting on the subject-matter, this exercise will serve as a cour in practical philosophy, a philosophy better understood and mo thoroughly mastered than all the empty speculations with whic the brains of lads are muddled in our schools. After following t romantic schemes of Pyrrhus, Cineas asks him what real good h would gain by the conquest of the world, which he can never enj without such great sufferings; this only arouses in us a passin interest as a smart saying; but Emile will think it a very wi thought, one which had already occurred to himself, and one whic he will never forget, because there is no hostile prejudice in his mi to prevent it sinking in. When he reads more of the life of th madman, he will find that all his great plans resulted in his dea at the hands of a woman, and instead of admiring this pinchbe heroism, what will he see in the exploits of this great captain a the schemes of this great statesman but so many steps towar that unlucky tile which was to bring life and schemes alike to shameful death?

All conquerors have not been killed; all usurpers have not fail in their plans; to minds imbued with vulgar prejudices many them will seem happy, but he who looks below the surface a reckons men's happiness by the condition of their hearts will percei their wretchedness even in the midst of their successes; he w see them panting after advancement and never attaining their pri he will find them like those inexperienced travellers among the Al who think that every height they see is the last, who reach summit only to find to their disappointment there are loftier pea beyond.

Augustus, when he had subdued his fellow-citizens and destroy his rivals, reigned for forty years over the greatest empire that ev existed; but all this vast power could not hinder him from beati his head against the walls, and filling his palace with his groans he cried to Varus to restore his slaughtered legions. If he h conquered all his foes what good would his empty triumphs ha done him, when troubles of every kind beset his path, when his l was threatened by his dearest friends, and when he had to mou the disgrace or death of all near and dear to him? The wretch man desired to rule the world and failed to rule his own househo What was the result of this neglect? He beheld his nephew, adopted child, his son-in-law, perish in the flower of youth, andson reduced to eat the stuffing of his mattress to prolong his retched existence for a few hours; his daughter and his grand-ughter, after they had covered him with infamy, died, the one hunger and want on a desert island, the other in prison by e hand of a common archer. He himself, the last survivor of s unhappy house, found himself compelled by his own wife to knowledge a monster as his heir. Such was the fate of the master the world, so famous for his glory and his good fortune. I cannot elieve that any one of those who admire his glory and fortune ould accept them at the same price.

I have taken ambition as my example, but the play of every uman passion offers similar lessons to any one who will study story to make himself wise and good at the expense of those who ent before. The time is drawing near when the teaching of the fe of Anthony will appeal more forcibly to the youth than the fe of Augustus. Emile will scarcely know where he is among the any strange sights in his new studies; but he will know beforehand ow to avoid the illusion of passions before they arise, and seeing ow in all ages they have blinded men's eyes, he will be forewarned of e way in which they may one day blind his own should he abandon mself to them.[1] These lessons, I know, are unsuited to him, erhaps at need they may prove scanty and ill-timed; but remember ey are not the lessons I wished to draw from this study. To begin ith, I had quite another end in view; and indeed, if this purpose unfulfilled, the teacher will be to blame.

Remember that, as soon as selfishness has developed, the self its relations to others is always with us, and the youth never bserves others without coming back to himself and comparing imself with them. From the way young men are taught to study istory I see that they are transformed, so to speak, into the people ey behold, that you strive to make a Cicero, a Trajan, or an lexander of them, to discourage them when they are themselves gain, to make every one regret that he is merely himself. There e certain advantages in this plan which I do not deny; but, so far Emile is concerned, should it happen at any time when he is making ese comparisons that he wishes to be any one but himself—were Socrates or Cato—I have failed entirely; he who begins to regard imself as a stranger will soon forget himself altogether.

It is not philosophers who know most about men; they only view em through the preconceived ideas of philosophy, and I know one so prejudiced as philosophers. A savage would judge us ore sanely. The philosopher is aware of his own vices, he is dignant at ours, and he says to himself, "We are all bad alike;" e savage beholds us unmoved and says, "You are mad." He right, for no one does evil for evil's sake. My pupil is that savage, ith this difference: Emile has thought more, he has compared ideas, seen our errors at close quarters, he is more on his guard against himself, and only judges of what he knows.

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[1] It is always prejudice which stirs up passion in our heart. He who ly sees what really exists and only values what he knows, rarely becomes gry. The errors of our judgment produce the warmth of our desires.

It is our own passions that excite us against the passions of others; it is our self-interest which makes us hate the wicked; if they did us no harm we should pity rather than hate them. We should readily forgive their vices if we could perceive how their own heart punishes those vices. We are aware of the offence, but we do not see the punishment; the advantages are plain, the penalty is hidden. The man who thinks he is enjoying the fruits of his vices is no less tormented by them than if they had not been successful; the object is different, the anxiety is the same; in vain he displays his good fortune and hides his heart; in spite of himself his conduct betrays him; but to discern this, our own heart must be utterly unlike his.

We are led astray by those passions which we share; we are disgusted by those that militate against our own interests; and with a want of logic due to these very passions, we blame in others what we fain would imitate. Aversion and self-deception are inevitable when we are forced to endure at another's hands what we ourselves would do in his place.

What then is required for the proper study of men? A great wish to know men, great impartiality of judgment, a heart sufficiently sensitive to understand every human passion, and calm enough to be free from passion. If there is any time in our life when this study is likely to be appreciated, it is this that I have chosen for Emile; before this time men would have been strangers to him; later on he would have been like them. Convention, the effects of which he already perceives, has not yet made him its slave, the passions, whose consequences he realises, have not yet stirred his heart. He is a man; he takes an interest in his brethren; he is a just man and he judges his peers. Now it is certain that if he judges them rightly he will not want to change places with any one of them, for the goal of all their anxious efforts is the result of prejudices which he does not share, and that goal seems to him a mere dream. For his own part, he has all he wants within his reach. How should he be dependent on any one when he is self-sufficing and free from prejudice? Strong arms, good health,[1] moderation, few needs, together with the means to satisfy those needs, are his. He has been brought up in complete liberty and servitude is the greatest ill he understands. He pities these miserable kings, the slaves of all who obey them; he pities these false prophets fettered by their empty fame; he pities these rich fools, martyrs to their own pomp; he pities these ostentatious voluptuaries, who spend their life in deadly dullness that they may seem to enjoy its pleasures. He would pity the very foe who harmed him, for he would discern his wretchedness beneath his cloak of spite. He ould say to himself, "This man has yielded to his desire to hurt e, and this need of his places him at my mercy."

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[1] I think I may fairly reckon health and strength among the advantages he has obtained by his education, or rather among the gifts of nature which his education has preserved for him.

One step more and our goal is attained. Selfishness is a dangerous ol though a useful one; it often wounds the hand that uses it, and rarely does good unmixed with evil. When Emile considers his ace among men, when he finds himself so fortunately situated, e will be tempted to give credit to his own reason for the work of ours, and to attribute to his own deserts what is really the result his good fortune. He will say to himself, "I am wise and other en are fools." He will pity and despise them and will congratulate imself all the more heartily; and as he knows he is happier than ey, he will think his deserts are greater. This is the fault we have ost to fear, for it is the most difficult to eradicate. If he remained this state of mind, he would have profited little by all our care; nd if I had to choose, I hardly know whether I would not rather oose the illusions of prejudice than those of pride.

Great men are under no illusion with respect to their superiority; ey see it and know it, but they are none the less modest. The ore they have, the better they know what they lack. They are ss vain of their superiority over us than ashamed by the conscious- ess of their weakness, and among the good things they really ossess, they are too wise to pride themselves on a gift which is one of their getting. The good man may be proud of his virtue r it is his own, but what cause for pride has the man of intellect? hat has Racine done that he is not Pradon, and Boileau that he not Cotin?

The circumstances with which we are concerned are quite different. et us keep to the common level. I assumed that my pupil had either surpassing genius nor a defective understanding. I chose im of an ordinary mind to show what education could do for man. xceptions defy all rules. If, therefore, as a result of my care, Emile refers his way of living, seeing, and feeling to that of others, he right; but if he thinks because of this that he is nobler and better orn than they, he is wrong; he is deceiving himself; he must be ndeceived, or rather let us prevent the mistake, lest it be too late o correct it.

Provided a man is not mad, he can be cured of any folly but anity; there is no cure for this but experience, if indeed there is ny cure for it at all; when it first appears we can at least prevent s further growth. But do not on this account waste your breath n empty arguments to prove to the youth that he is like other men nd subject to the same weaknesses. Make him feel it or he will ever know it. This is another instance of an exception to my own ules; I must voluntarily expose my pupil to every accident which ay convince him that he is no wiser than we. The adventure ith the conjurer will be repeated again and again in different ways; shall let flatterers take advantage of him; if rash comrades draw im into some perilous adventure, I will let him run the risk; if he alls into the hands of sharpers at the card-table, I will abandon him to them as their dupe.[1] I will let them flatter him, pluck him, a rob him; and when having sucked him dry they turn and mo him, I will even thank them to his face for the lessons they ha been good enough to give him. The only snares from which I w guard him with my utmost care are the wiles of wanton wome The only precaution I shall take will be to share all the dang I let him run, and all the insults I let him receive. I will be everything in silence, without a murmur or reproach, without word to him, and be sure that if this wise conduct is faithful adhered to, what he sees me endure on his account will make mo impression on his heart than what he himself suffers.

I cannot refrain at this point from drawing attention to t sham dignity of tutors, who foolishly pretend to be wise, who di courage their pupils by always professing to treat them as childre and by emphasising the difference between themselves and the scholars in everything they do. Far from damping their youthf spirits in this fashion, spare no effort to stimulate their courag that they may become your equals, treat them as such already, ar if they cannot rise to your level, do not scruple to come down theirs without being ashamed of it. Remember that your hono is no longer in your own keeping but in your pupil's. Share h faults that you may correct them, bear his disgrace that you ma wipe it out; follow the example of that brave Roman who, unab to rally his fleeing soldiers, placed himself at their head, exclaimin "They do not flee, they follow their captain!" Did this dishono him? Not so; by sacrificing his glory he increased it. The pow of duty, the beauty of virtue, compel our respect in spite of all o foolish prejudices. If I received a blow in the course of my duti to Emile, far from avenging it I would boast of it; and I dou whether there is in the whole world a man so vile as to respect n any the less on this account.

I do not intend the pupil to suppose his master to be as ignoran or as liable to be led astray, as he is himself. This idea is all ve well for a child who can neither see nor compare things, wh thinks everything is within his reach, and only bestows his co fidence on those who know how to come down to his level. But youth of Emile's age and sense is no longer so foolish as to make th stake, and it would not be desirable that he should. The con-ence he ought to have in his tutor is of another kind; it should t on the authority of reason, and on superior knowledge, vantages which the young man is capable of appreciating while perceives how useful they are to himself. Long experience has nvinced him that his tutor loves him, that he is a wise and good ın who desires his happiness and knows how to procure it. He ght to know that it is to his own advantage to listen to his advice. ıt if the master lets himself be taken in like the disciple, he will e his right to expect deference from him, and to give him struction. Still less should the pupil suppose that his master is rposely letting him fall into snares or preparing pitfalls for his experience. How can we avoid these two difficulties? Choose e best and most natural means; be frank and straightforward e himself; warn him of the dangers to which he is exposed, point em out plainly and sensibly, without exaggeration, without mper, without pedantic display, and above all without giving ur opinions in the form of orders, until they have become such, d until this imperious tone is absolutely necessary. Should he ll be obstinate as he often will be, leave him free to follow his own oice, follow him, copy his example, and that cheerfully and ankly; if possible fling yourself into things, amuse yourself as uch as he does. If the consequences become too serious, you are hand to prevent them; and yet when this young man has beheld ur foresight and your kindliness, will he not be at once struck by e one and touched by the other? All his faults are but so many nds with which he himself provides you to restrain him at need. ow under these circumstances the great art of the master consists controlling events and directing his exhortations so that he may ıow beforehand when the youth will give in, and when he will fuse to do so, so that all around him he may encompass him with e lessons of experience, and yet never let him run too great a risk.

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[1] Moreover our pupil will be little tempted by this snare; he has many amusements about him, he has never been bored in his life, and scarcely knows the use of money. As children have been led by the two motives, self-interest and vanity, rogues and courtesans use the sam means to get hold of them later. When you see their greediness e couraged by prizes and rewards, when you find their public performanc at ten years old applauded at school or college, you see too how at twent they will be induced to leave their purse in a gambling hell and their healt in a worse place. You may safely wager that the sharpest boy in the cla will become the greatest gambler and debauchee. Now the means whic have not been employed in childhood have not the same effect in yout But we must bear in mind my constant plan and take the thing at i worst. First I try to prevent the vice; then I assume its existence order to correct it.

Warn him of his faults before he commits them; do not blame m when once they are committed; you would only stir his self-ve to mutiny. We learn nothing from a lesson we detest. I ıow nothing more foolish than the phrase, "I told you so." The st way to make him remember what you told him is to seem to ve forgotten it. Go further than this, and when you find him hamed of having refused to believe you, gently smooth away the ame with kindly words. He will indeed hold you dear when he es how you forget yourself on his account, and how you console m instead of reproaching him. But if you increase his annoyance your reproaches he will hate you, and will make it a rule never heed you, as if to show you that he does not agree with you as the value of your opinion.

The turn you give to your consolation may itself be a lesson to m, and all the more because he does not suspect it. When you ll him, for example, that many other people have made the same istakes, this is not what he was expecting; you are administering correction under the guise of pity; for when one thinks onesel better than other people it is a very mortifying excuse to consol oneself by their example; it means that we must realise that th most we can say is that they are no better than we.

The time of faults is the time for fables. When we blame th guilty under the cover of a story we instruct without offending him and he then understands that the story is not untrue by means of th truth he finds in its application to himself. The child who ha never been deceived by flattery understands nothing of the fabl I recently examined; but the rash youth who has just become th dupe of a flatterer perceives only too readily that the crow was fool. Thus he acquires a maxim from the fact, and the experienc he would soon have forgotten is engraved on his mind by means o the fable. There is no knowledge of morals which cannot b acquired through our own experience or that of others. Whe there is danger, instead of letting him try the experiment himself we have recourse to history. When the risk is comparatively slight it is just as well that the youth should be exposed to it; then by means of the apologue the special cases with which the young man is now acquainted are transformed into maxims.

It is not, however, my intention that these maxims should be explained, nor even formulated. Nothing is so foolish and unwise as the moral at the end of most of the fables; as if the moral was not or ought not to be so clear in the fable itself that the reader canno fail to perceive it. Why then add the moral at the end, and so deprive him of the pleasure of discovering it for himself. The ar of teaching consists in making the pupil wish to learn. But if the pupil is to wish to learn, his mind must not remain in such a passive state with regard to what you tell him that there is really nothing for him to do but listen to you. The master's vanity must always give way to the scholars; he must be able to say, I understand, see it, I am getting at it, I am learning something. One of the things which makes the Pantaloon in the Italian comedies so wearisome is the pains taken by him to explain to the audience the platitudes they understand only too well already. We must always be intelligible, but we need not say all there is to be said. If you talk much you will say little, for at last no one will listen to you What is the sense of the four lines at the end of La Fontaine's fable of the frog who puffed herself up. Is he afraid we should not understand it? Does this great painter need to write the names beneath the things he has painted? His morals, far from generalising restrict the lesson to some extent to the examples given, and preven our applying them to others. Before I put the fables of thi inimitable author into the hands of a youth, I should like to cu out all the conclusions with which he strives to explain what he ha just said so clearly and pleasantly. If your pupil does not understand the fable without the explanation, he will not understand it with it.

Moreover, the fables would require to be arranged in a more dactic order, one more in agreement with the feelings and know- dge of the young adolescent. Can you imagine anything so foolish to follow the mere numerical order of the book without regard to r requirements or our opportunities. First the grasshopper, then e crow, then the frog, then the two mules, etc. I am sick of these vo mules; I remember seeing a child who was being educated for nance; they never let him alone, but were always insisting on the rofession he was to follow; they made him read this fable, learn it, y it, repeat it again and again without finding in it the slightest gument against his future calling. Not only have I never found ildren make any real use of the fables they learn, but I have never und anybody who took the trouble to see that they made such a se of them. The study claims to be instruction in morals; but e real aim of mother and child is nothing but to set a whole party atching the child while he recites his fables; when he is too old to cite them and old enough to make use of them, they are altogether gotten. Only men, I repeat, can learn from fables, and Emile now old enough to begin.

I do not mean to tell you everything, so I only indicate the paths hich diverge from the right way, so that you may know how to void them. If you follow the road I have marked out for you, think your pupil will buy his knowledge of mankind and his nowledge of himself in the cheapest market; you will enable him behold the tricks of fortune without envying the lot of her vourites, and to be content with himself without thinking himself etter than others. You have begun by making him an actor that e may learn to be one of the audience; you must continue your sk, for from the theatre things are what they seem, from the stage ey seem what they are. For the general effect we must get a istant view, for the details we must observe more closely. But ow can a young man take part in the business of life? What ght has he to be initiated into its dark secrets? His interests are nfined within the limits of his own pleasures, he has no power over thers, it is much the same as if he had no power at all. Man is e cheapest commodity on the market, and among all our important ghts of property, the rights of the individual are always considered st of all.

When I see the studies of young men at the period of their greatest tivity confined to purely speculative matters, while later on they re suddenly plunged, without any sort of experience, into the world f men and affairs, it strikes me as contrary alike to reason and to ature, and I cease to be surprised that so few men know what to o. How strange a choice to teach us so many useless things, while e art of doing is never touched upon! They profess to fit us for ciety, and we are taught as if each of us were to live a life of con- emplation in a solitary cell, or to discuss theories with persons hom they did not concern. You think you are teaching your holars how to live, and you teach them certain bodily contortions nd certain forms of words without meaning. I, too, have taught

Emile how to live; for I have taught him to enjoy his own socie and, more than that, to earn his own bread. But this is not enoug To live in the world he must know how to get on with other peop he must know what forces move them, he must calculate the acti and re-action of self-interest in civil society, he must estimate t results so accurately that he will rarely fail in his undertakings, he will at least have tried in the best possible way. The law do not allow young people to manage their own affairs nor to dispo of their own property; but what would be the use of these pr cautions if they never gained any experience until they were of ag They would have gained nothing by the delay, and would have more experience at five-and-twenty than at fifteen. No doubt must take precautions, so that a youth, blinded by ignorance misled by passion, may not hurt himself; but at any age there a opportunities when deeds of kindness and of care for the weak ma be performed under the direction of a wise man, on behalf of t unfortunate who need help.

Mothers and nurses grow fond of children because of the ca they lavish on them; the practice of social virtues touches the ve heart with the love of humanity; by doing good we become goo and I know no surer way to this end. Keep your pupil busy wi the good deeds that are within his power, let the cause of the po be his own, let him help them not merely with his money, but wi his service; let him work for them, protect them, let his person ar his time be at their disposal; let him be their agent; he will nev all his life long have a more honourable office. How many of th oppressed, who have never got a hearing, will obtain justice whe he demands it for them with that courage and firmness which th practice of virtue inspires; when he makes his way into the presen of the rich and great, when he goes, if need be, to the footstool the king himself, to plead the cause of the wretched, the cause those who find all doors closed to them by their poverty, those wh are so afraid of being punished for their misfortunes that they not dare to complain?

But shall we make of Emile a knight-errant, a redresser of wrong a paladin? Shall he thrust himself into public life, play the sa and the defender of the laws before the great, before the magistrate before the king? Shall he lay petitions before the judges and plea in the law courts? That I cannot say. The nature of things not changed by terms of mockery and scorn. He will do all tha he knows to be useful and good. He will do nothing more, and knows that nothing is useful and good for him which is unbefittin his age. He knows that his first duty is to himself; that youn men should distrust themselves; that they should act circun spectly; that they should show respect to those older than them selves, reticence and discretion in talking without cause, modest in things indifferent, but courage in well doing, and boldness to spea the truth. Such were those illustrious Romans who, having bee admitted into public life, spent their days in bringing criminals tice and in protecting the innocent, without any motives beyond se of learning, and of the furtherance of justice and of the protion of right conduct.

Emile is not fond of noise or quarrelling, not only among men, but ong animals.[1] He will never set two dogs to fight, he will never a dog to chase a cat. This peaceful spirit is one of the results his education, which has never stimulated self-love or a high inion of himself, and so has not encouraged him to seek his pleasure domination and in the sufferings of others. The sight of suffering kes him suffer too; this is a natural feeling. It is one of the er effects of vanity that hardens a young man and makes him e a delight in seeing the torments of a living and feeling creature; makes him consider himself beyond the reach of similar sufferings ough his superior wisdom or virtue. He who is beyond the ch of vanity cannot fall into the vice which results from vanity.

Emile loves peace. He is delighted at the sight of happiness, d if he can help to bring it about, this is an additional reason for ring it. I do not assume that when he sees the unhappy he will rely feel for them that barren and cruel pity which is content to y the ills it can heal. His kindness is active and teaches him ch he would have learnt far more slowly, or he would never ve learnt at all, if his heart had been harder. If he finds his mrades at strife, he tries to reconcile them; if he sees the afflicted, inquires as to the cause of their sufferings; if he meets two men o hate each other, he wants to know the reason of their enmity; e finds one who is down-trodden, groaning under the oppression the rich and powerful, he tries to discover by what means he can nteract this oppression, and in the interest he takes with regard all these unhappy persons, the means of removing their sufferings are never out of his sight. What use shall we make of this dispos tion so that it may re-act in a way suited to his age? Let us direc his efforts and his knowledge, and use his zeal to increase them.

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[1] "But what will he do if any one seeks a quarrel with him?" My swer is that no one will ever quarrel with him, he will never lend himself such a thing. But, indeed, you continue, who can be safe from a blow, an insult from a bully, a drunkard, a bravo, who for the joy of killing man begins by dishonouring him? That is another matter. The and honour of the citizens should not be at the mercy of a bully, a nkard, or a bravo, and one can no more insure oneself against such an ident than against a falling tile. A blow given, or a lie in the teeth, e submit to them, have social consequences which no wisdom can vent and no tribunal can avenge. The weakness of the laws, therefore, far restores a man's independence; he is the sole magistrate and judge ween the offender and himself, the sole interpreter and administrator natural law. Justice is his due, and he alone can obtain it, and in such ase there is no government on earth so foolish as to punish him for so ng. I do not say he must fight; that is absurd; I say justice is his , and he alone can dispense it. If I were king, I promise you that in kingdom no one would ever strike a man or call him a liar, and yet I uld do without all those useless laws against duels; the means are ple and require no law courts. However that may be, Emile knows at is due to himself in such a case, and the example due from him to safety of men of honour. The strongest of men cannot prevent insult, he can take good care that his adversary has no opportunity to boast that insult.

I am never weary of repeating: let all the lessons of young peop take the form of doing rather than talking; let them learn nothin from books which they can learn from experience. How absur to attempt to give them practice in speaking when they have nothin to say, to expect to make them feel, at their school desks, the vigou of the language of passion and all the force of the arts of persuasio when they have nothing and nobody to persuade! All the rules o rhetoric are mere waste of words to those who do not know how t use them for their own purposes. How does it concern a schoolbo to know how Hannibal encouraged his soldiers to cross the Alps If instead of these grand speeches you showed him how to induce h prefect to give him a holiday, you may be sure he would pay mor attention to your rules.

If I wanted to teach rhetoric to a youth whose passions were a yet undeveloped, I would draw his attention continually to thing that would stir his passions, and I would discuss with him how h should talk to people so as to get them to regard his wishes favourably. But Emile is not in a condition so favourable to the art o oratory. Concerned mainly with his physical well-being, he ha less need of others than they of him; and having nothing to ask o others on his own account, what he wants to persuade them to d does not affect him sufficiently to awake any very strong feelin From this it follows that his language will be on the whole simp and literal. He usually speaks to the point and only to make himself understood. He is not sententious, for he has not learnt t generalise; he does not speak in figures, for he is rarely impassione

Yet this is not because he is altogether cold and phlegmati neither his age, his character, nor his tastes permit of this. In th fire of adolescence the life-giving spirits, retained in the blood an distilled again and again, inspire his young heart with a warmt which glows in his eye, a warmth which is felt in his words an perceived in his actions. The lofty feeling with which he is inspire gives him strength and nobility; imbued with tender love fo mankind his words betray the thoughts of his heart; I know no how it is, but there is more charm in his open-hearted generosit than in the artificial eloquence of others; or rather this eloquenc of his is the only true eloquence, for he has only to show what h feels to make others share his feelings.

The more I think of it the more convinced I am that by th translating our kindly impulses into action, by drawing from ou good or ill success conclusions as to their cause, we shall find tha there is little useful knowledge that cannot be imparted to a youth and that together with such true learning as may be got at colleg he will learn a science of more importance than all the rest togethe the application of what he has learned to the purposes of lif Taking such an interest in his fellow-creatures, it is impossible tha e should fail to learn very quickly how to note and weigh their ctions, their tastes, their pleasures, and to estimate generally at heir true value what may increase or diminish the happiness of men; e should do this better than those who care for nobody and never do anything for any one. The feelings of those who are always occupied with their own concerns are too keenly affected for them o judge wisely of things. They consider everything as it affects hemselves, they form their ideas of good and ill solely on their own experience, their minds are filled with all sorts of absurd prejudices, and anything which affects their own advantage ever o little, seems an upheaval of the universe.

Extend self-love to others and it is transformed into virtue, a virtue which has its root in the heart of every one of us. The less he object of our care is directly dependent on ourselves, the less we have to fear from the illusion of self-interest; the more general his interest becomes, the juster it is; and the love of the human race s nothing but the love of justice within us. If therefore we desire Emile to be a lover of truth, if we desire that he should indeed perceive t, let us keep him far from self-interest in all his business. The more care he bestows upon the happiness of others the wiser and better he is, and the fewer mistakes he will make between good and evil; but never allow him any blind preference founded merely on personal predilection or unfair prejudice. Why should he harm one person to serve another? What does it matter to him who has the greater share of happiness, providing he promotes the happiness of all? Apart from self-interest this care for the general well-being is the irst concern of the wise man, for each of us forms part of the human ace and not part of any individual member of that race.

To prevent pity degenerating into weakness we must generalise it and extend it to mankind. Then we only yield to it when it is n accordance with justice, since justice is of all the virtues that which contributes most to the common good. Reason and self-ove compel us to love mankind even more than our neighbour, and to pity the wicked is to be very cruel to other men.

Moreover, you must bear in mind that all these means employed o project my pupil beyond himself have also a distinct relation to himself; since they not only cause him inward delight, but I am also endeavouring to instruct him, while I am making him kindly disposed towards others.

First I showed the means employed, now I will show the result. What wide prospects do I perceive unfolding themselves before his mind! What noble feelings stifle the lesser passions in his heart! What clearness of judgment, what accuracy in reasoning, do I see developing from the inclinations we have cultivated, from the experience which concentrates the desires of a great heart within the narrow bounds of possibility, so that a man superior to others an come down to their level if he cannot raise them to his own! True principles of justice, true types of beauty, all moral relations between man and man, all ideas of order, these are engraved on his understanding; he sees the right place for everything and the causes which drive it from that place; he sees what may do good, and what hinders it. Without having felt the passions of mankind, he knows the illusions they produce and their mode of action.

I proceed along the path which the force of circumstances compels me to tread, but I do not insist that my readers shall follow me. Long ago they have made up their minds that I am wandering in the land of chimeras, while for my part I think they are dwelling in the country of prejudice. When I wander so far from popular beliefs I do not cease to bear them in mind; I examine them, I consider them, not that I may follow them or shun them, but that I may weigh them in the balance of reason. Whenever reason compels me to abandon these popular beliefs, I know by experience that my readers will not follow my example; I know that they will persist in refusing to go beyond what they can see, and that they will take the youth I am describing for the creation of my fanciful imagination, merely because he is unlike the youths with whom they compare him; they forget that he must needs be different, because he has been brought up in a totally different fashion; he has been influenced by wholly different feelings, instructed in a wholly different manner, so that it would be far stranger if he were like your pupils than if he were what I have supposed. He is a man of nature's making, not man's. No wonder men find him strange.

When I began this work I took for granted nothing but what could be observed as readily by others as by myself; for our starting-point, the birth of man, is the same for all; but the further we go, while I am seeking to cultivate nature and you are seeking to deprave it, the further apart we find ourselves. At six years old my pupil was not so very unlike yours, whom you had not yet had time to disfigure; now there is nothing in common between them; and when they reach the age of manhood, which is now approaching, they will show themselves utterly different from each other, unless all my pains have been thrown away. There may not be so very great a difference in the amount of knowledge they possess, but there is all the difference in the world in the kind of knowledge. You are amazed to find that the one has noble sentiments of which the others have not the smallest germ, but remember that the latter are already philosophers and theologians while Emile does not even know what is meant by a philosopher and has scarcely heard the name of God.

But if you come and tell me, "There are no such young men, young people are not made that way; they have this passion or that, they do this or that," it is as if you denied that a pear tree could ever be a tall tree because the pear trees in our gardens are all dwarfs.

I beg these critics who are so ready with their blame to consider that I am as well acquainted as they are with everything they say, that I have probably given more thought to it, and that, as I have

› private end to serve in getting them to agree with me, I have a ght to demand that they should at least take time to find out here I am mistaken. Let them thoroughly examine the nature f man, let them follow the earliest growth of the heart in any given rcumstances, so as to see what a difference education may make the individual; then let them compare my method of education ith the results I ascribe to it; and let them tell me where my easoning is unsound, and I shall have no answer to give them.

It is this that makes me speak so strongly, and as I think with ood excuse: I have not pledged myself to any system, I depend as ttle as possible on arguments, and I trust to what I myself have bserved. I do not base my ideas on what I have imagined, but n what I have seen. It is true that I have not confined my bservations within the walls of any one town, nor to a single class f people; but having compared men of every class and every nation hich I have been able to observe in the course of a life spent in this ursuit, I have discarded as artificial what belonged to one nation nd not to another, to one rank and not to another; and I have garded as proper to mankind what was common to all, at any age, any station, and in any nation whatsoever.

Now if in accordance with this method you follow from infancy e course of a youth who has not been shaped to any special mould, ne who depends as little as possible on authority and the opinions f others, which will he most resemble, my pupil or yours? It seems me that this is the question you must answer if you would know I am mistaken.

It is not easy for a man to begin to think; but when once he has egun he will never leave off. Once a thinker, always a thinker, nd the understanding once practised in reflection will never rest. ou may therefore think that I do too much or too little; that e human mind is not by nature so quick to unfold; and that after aving given it opportunities it has not got, I keep it too long onfined within a circle of ideas which it ought to have outrown.

But remember, in the first place, that when I want to train a atural man, I do not want to make him a savage and to send him ack to the woods, but that living in the whirl of social life it is nough that he should not let himself be carried away by the assions and prejudices of men; let him see with his eyes and feel ith his heart, let him own no sway but that of reason. Under ese conditions it is plain that many things will strike him; the ft-recurring feelings which affect him, the different ways of satisfyg his real needs, must give him many ideas he would not otherwise ave acquired or would only have acquired much later. The atural progress of the mind is quickened but not reversed. The ame man who would remain stupid in the forests should become ise and reasonable in towns, if he were merely a spectator in them. lothing is better fitted to make one wise than the sight of follies e do not share, and even if we share them, we still learn, provided we are not the dupe of our follies and provided we do not bring t them the same mistakes as the others.

Consider also that while our faculties are confined to the thing of sense, we offer scarcely any hold to the abstractions of philosoph or to purely intellectual ideas. To attain to these we require eithe to free ourselves from the body to which we are so strongly bound or to proceed step by step in a slow and gradual course, or else t leap across the intervening space with a gigantic bound of whic no child is capable, one for which grown men even require man steps hewn on purpose for them; but I find it very difficult to se how you propose to construct such steps.

The Incomprehensible embraces all, he gives its motion to th earth, and shapes the system of all creatures, but our eyes canno see him nor can our hands search him out, he evades the efforts o our senses; we behold the work, but the workman is hidden fro our eyes. It is no small matter to know that he exists, and whe we have got so far, and when we ask, What is he? Where is he? ou mind is overwhelmed, we lose ourselves, we know not what to think

Locke would have us begin with the study of spirits and go o to that of bodies. This is the method of superstition, prejudice and error; it is not the method of nature, nor even that of well ordered reason; it is to learn to see by shutting our eyes. W must have studied bodies long enough before we can form any tru idea of spirits, or even suspect that there are such beings. Th contrary practice merely puts materialism on a firmer footing.

Since our senses are the first instruments to our learning, corporea and sensible bodies are the only bodies we directly apprehend. Th word "spirit" has no meaning for any one who has not philosophised To the unlearned and to the child a spirit is merely a body. D they not fancy that spirits groan, speak, fight, and make noises Now you must own that spirits with arms and voices are very lik bodies. This is why every nation on the face of the earth, not eve excepting the Jews, have made to themselves idols. We, ourselves with our words, Spirit, Trinity, Persons, are for the most part quit anthropomorphic. I admit that we are taught that God is everywhere; but we also believe that there is air everywhere, at leas in our atmosphere; and the word Spirit meant originally nothin more than breath and wind. Once you teach people to say wha they do not understand, it is easy enough to get them to sa anything you like.

The perception of our action upon other bodies must have firs induced us to suppose that their action upon us was effected in lik manner. Thus man began by thinking that all things whose actio affected him were alive. He did not recognise the limits of thei powers, and he therefore supposed that they were boundless; a soon as he had supplied them with bodies they became his gods In the earliest times men went in terror of everything and everything in nature seemed alive. The idea of matter was develope as slowly as that of spirit, for the former is itself an abstraction hus the universe was peopled with gods like themselves. The tars, the winds and the mountains, rivers, trees, and towns, their ery dwellings, each had its soul, its god, its life. The teraphim f Laban, the manitos of savages, the fetishes of the negroes, every ork of nature and of man, were the first gods of mortals; polyheism was their first religion and idolatry their earliest form of orship. The idea of one God was beyond their grasp, till little by ttle they formed general ideas, and they rose to the idea of a first ause and gave meaning to the word "substance," which is at ottom the greatest of abstractions. So every child who believes God is of necessity an idolater or at least he regards the Deity s a man, and when once the imagination has perceived God, it is ery seldom that the understanding conceives him. Locke's order ads us into this same mistake.

Having arrived, I know not how, at the idea of substance, it is lear that to allow of a single substance it must be assumed that his substance is endowed with incompatible and mutually exclusive roperties, such as thought and size, one of which is by its nature ivisible and the other wholly incapable of division. Moreover t is assumed that thought or, if you prefer it, feeling is a primitive uality inseparable from the substance to which it belongs, that its elation to the substance is like the relation between substance and ize. Hence it is inferred that beings who lose one of these attributes se the substance to which it belongs, and that death is, therefore, ut a separation of substances, and that those beings in whom the wo attributes are found are composed of the two substances to hich those two qualities belong.

But consider what a gulf there still is between the idea of two ubstances and that of the divine nature, between the incompreensible idea of the influence of our soul upon our body and the idea f the influence of God upon every living creature. The ideas of reation, destruction, ubiquity, eternity, almighty power, those of the ivine attributes—these are all ideas so confused and obscure that ew men succeed in grasping them; yet there is nothing obscure bout them to the common people, because they do not understand hem in the least; how then should they present themselves in full orce, that is to say in all their obscurity, to the young mind which s still occupied with the first working of the senses, and fails to ealise anything but what it handles? In vain do the abysses of he Infinite open around us, a child does not know the meaning of ear; his weak eyes cannot gauge their depths. To children everyhing is infinite, they cannot assign limits to anything; not that heir measure is so large, but because their understanding is so mall. I have even noticed that they place the infinite rather elow than above the dimensions known to them. They judge a istance to be immense rather by their feet than by their eyes; nfinity is bounded for them, not so much by what they can see, ut how far they can go. If you talk to them of the power of God, hey will think he is nearly as strong as their father. As their own knowledge is in everything the standard by which they judge o what is possible, they always picture what is described to them a rather smaller than what they know. Such are the natural reasonings of an ignorant and feeble mind. Ajax was afraid to measure his strength against Achilles, yet he challenged Jupiter to combat for he knew Achilles and did not know Jupiter. A Swiss peasant thought himself the richest man alive; when they tried to explain to him what a king was, he asked with pride, "Has the king got a hundred cows on the high pastures?"

I am aware that many of my readers will be surprised to find me tracing the course of my scholar through his early years without speaking to him of religion. At fifteen he will not even know that he has a soul, at eighteen even he may not be ready to learn about it. For if he learns about it too soon, there is the risk of his never really knowing anything about it.

If I had to depict the most heart-breaking stupidity, I would paint a pedant teaching children the catechism; if I wanted to drive a child crazy I would set him to explain what he learned in his catechism. You will reply that as most of the Christian doctrines are mysteries, you must wait, not merely till the child is a man, but till the man is dead, before the human mind will understand those doctrines. To that I reply, that there are mysteries which the heart of man can neither conceive nor believe, and I see no use in teaching them to children, unless you want to make liars of them. Moreover, I assert that to admit that there are mysteries, you must at least realise that they are incomprehensible, and children are not even capable of this conception! At an age when everything is mysterious, there are no mysteries properly so-called.

"We must believe in God if we would be saved." This doctrine wrongly understood is the root of bloodthirsty intolerance and the cause of all the futile teaching which strikes a deadly blow at human reason by training it to cheat itself with mere words. No doubt there is not a moment to be lost if we would deserve eternal salvation; but if the repetition of certain words suffices to obtain it, I do not see why we should not people heaven with starlings and magpies as well as with children.

The obligation of faith assumes the possibility of belief. The philosopher who does not believe is wrong, for he misuses the reason he has cultivated, and he is able to understand the truths he rejects. But the child who professes the Christian faith — what does he believe? Just what he understands; and he understands so little of what he is made to repeat that if you tell him to say just the opposite he will be quite ready to do it. The faith of children and the faith of many men is a matter of geography. Will they be rewarded for having been born in Rome rather than in Mecca? One is told that Mahomet is the prophet of God and he says, "Mahomet is the prophet of God." The other is told that Mahomet is a rogue and he says, "Mahomet is a rogue." Either of them would have said just the opposite had he stood in the other's shoes.

When they are so much alike to begin with, can the one be consigned to Paradise and the other to Hell? When a child says he believes in God, it is not God he believes in, but Peter or James who told him that there is something called God, and he believes it after the fashion of Euripides—

"O Jupiter, of whom I know nothing but thy name."[1]

We hold that no child who dies before the age of reason will be deprived of everlasting happiness; the Catholics believe the same of all children who have been baptised, even though they have never heard of God. There are, therefore, circumstances in which one can be saved without belief in God, and these circumstances occur in the case of children or madmen when the human mind is incapable of the operations necessary to perceive the Godhead. The only difference I see between you and me is that you profess that children of seven years old are able to do this and I do not think them ready for it at fifteen. Whether I am right or wrong depends, not on an article of the creed, but on a simple observation in natural history.

From the same principle it is plain that any man having reached old age without faith in God will not, therefore, be deprived of God's presence in another life if his blindness was not wilful; and I maintain that it is not always wilful. You admit that it is so in the case of lunatics deprived by disease of their spiritual faculties, but not of their manhood, and therefore still entitled to the goodness of their Creator. Why then should we not admit it in the case of those brought up from infancy in seclusion, those who have led the life of a savage and are without the knowledge that comes from intercourse with other men.[2] For it is clearly impossible that such a savage could ever raise his thoughts to the knowledge of the true God. Reason tells that man should only be punished for his wilful faults, and that invincible ignorance can never be imputed to him as a crime. Hence it follows that in the sight of the Eternal Justice every man who would believe if he had the necessary knowledge is counted a believer, and that there will be no unbelievers to be punished except those who have closed their hearts against the truth.

Let us beware of proclaiming the truth to those who cannot as yet comprehend it, for to do so is to try to inculcate error. It would be better to have no idea at all of the Divinity than to have mean, grotesque, harmful, and unworthy ideas; to fail to perceive the Divine is a lesser evil than to insult it. The worthy Plutarch says, "I would rather men said, 'There is no such person as Plutarch,' than that they should say, 'Plutarch is unjust, envious, jealous, and such a tyrant that he demands more than can be performed.'"

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[1] Plutarch. It is thus that the tragedy of Menalippus originally began, but the clamour of the Athenians compelled Euripides to change these opening lines.

[2] For the natural condition of the human mind and its slow development, cf. the first part of the *Discours sur Inégalité.*

The chief harm which results from the monstrous ideas of God which are instilled into the minds of children is that they last all their life long, and as men they understand no more of God than they did as children. In Switzerland I once saw a good and pious mother who was so convinced of the truth of this maxim that she refused to teach her son religion when he was a little child for fear lest he should be satisfied with this crude teaching and neglect a better teaching when he reached the age of reason. This child never heard the name of God pronounced except with reverence and devotion, and as soon as he attempted to say the word he was told to hold his tongue, as if the subject were too sublime and great for him. This reticence aroused his curiosity and his self-love; he looked forward to the time when he would know this mystery so carefully hidden from him. The less they spoke of God to him, the less he was himself permitted to speak of God, the more he thought about Him; this child beheld God everywhere. What I should most dread as the result of this unwise affectation of mystery is this: by over-stimulating the youth's imagination you may turn his head, and make him at the best a fanatic rather than a believer.

But we need fear nothing of the sort for Emile, who always declines to pay attention to what is beyond his reach, and listens with profound indifference to things he does not understand. There are so many things of which he is accustomed to say, "That is no concern of mine," that one more or less makes little difference to him; and when he does begin to perplex himself with these great matters, it is because the natural growth of his knowledge is turning his thoughts that way.

We have seen the road by which the cultivated human mind approaches these mysteries, and I am ready to admit that it would not attain to them naturally, even in the bosom of society, till a much later age. But as there are in this same society inevitable causes which hasten the development of the passions, if we did not also hasten the development of the knowledge which controls these passions we should indeed depart from the path of nature and disturb her equilibrium. When we can no longer restrain a precocious development in one direction we must promote a corresponding development in another direction, so that the order of nature may not be inverted, and so that things should progress together, not separately, so that the man, complete at every moment of his life, may never find himself at one stage in one of his faculties and at another stage in another faculty.

What a difficulty do I see before me! A difficulty all the greater because it depends less on actual facts than on the cowardice of those who dare not look the difficulty in the face. Let us at least venture to state our problem. A child should always be brought up in his father's religion; he is always given plain proofs that this religion, whatever it may be, is the only true religion, that all others are ridiculous and absurd. The force of the argument depends entirely on the country in which it is put forward. Let a Turk, who thinks Christianity so absurd at Constantinople, come to Paris nd see what they think of Mahomet. It is in matters of religion more than in anything else that prejudice is triumphant. But when we who profess to shake off its yoke entirely, we who refuse to ield any homage to authority, decline to teach Emile anything which he could not learn for himself in any country, what religion hall we give him, to what sect shall this child of nature belong? he answer strikes me as quite easy. We will not attach him to ny sect, but we will give him the means to choose for himself ccording to the right use of his own reason

> Incedo per ignes
> Suppositos cineri doloso.—HORACE, lib. ii. ode I.

No matter! Thus far zeal and prudence have taken the place of aution. I hope that these guardians will not fail me now. Reader, lo not fear lest I should take precautions unworthy of a lover of ruth; I shall never forget my motto, but I distrust my own judgment all too easily. Instead of telling you what I think myself, will tell you the thoughts of one whose opinions carry more weight han mine. I guarantee the truth of the facts I am about to relate; hey actually happened to the author whose writings I am about to ranscribe; it is for you to judge whether we can draw from them ny considerations bearing on the matter in hand. I do not offer ou my own idea or another's as your rule; I merely present them or your examination.

Thirty years ago there was a young man in an Italian town; he was an exile from his native land and found himself reduced to the lepths of poverty. He had been born a Calvinist, but the consequences of his own folly had made him a fugitive in a strange land; e had no money and he changed his religion for a morsel of bread. here was a hostel for proselytes in that town to which he gained dmission. The study of controversy inspired doubts he had never elt before, and he made acquaintance with evil hitherto unsuspected y him; he heard strange doctrines and he met with morals still tranger to him; he beheld this evil conduct and nearly fell a victim o it. He longed to escape, but he was locked up; he complained, ut his complaints were unheeded; at the mercy of his tyrants, he ound himself treated as a criminal because he would not share heir crimes. The anger kindled in a young and untried heart by he first experience of violence and injustice may be realised by hose who have themselves experienced it. Tears of anger flowed rom his eyes, he was wild with rage; he prayed to heaven and to man, and his prayers were unheard; he spoke to every one and no one stened to him. He saw no one but the vilest servants under the ontrol of the wretch who insulted him, or accomplices in the same rime who laughed at his resistance and encouraged him to follow heir example. He would have been ruined had not a worthy priest isited the hostel on some matter of business. He found an opporunity of consulting him secretly. The priest was poor and in need of help himself, but the victim had more need of his assistance, and he did not hesitate to help him to escape at the risk of making a dangerous enemy.

Having escaped from vice to return to poverty, the young man struggled vainly against fate: for a moment he thought he had gained the victory. At the first gleam of good fortune his woes and his protector were alike forgotten. He was soon punished for this ingratitude; all his hopes vanished; youth indeed was on his side, but his romantic ideas spoiled everything. He had neither talent nor skill to make his way easily, he could neither be commonplace nor wicked, he expected so much that he got nothing. When he had sunk to his former poverty, when he was without food or shelter and ready to die of hunger, he remembered his benefactor.

He went back to him, found him, and was kindly welcomed; the sight of him reminded the priest of a good deed he had done; such a memory always rejoices the heart. This man was by nature humane and pitiful; he felt the sufferings of others through his own, and his heart had not been hardened by prosperity; in a word, the lessons of wisdom and an enlightened virtue had reinforced his natural kindness of heart. He welcomed the young man, found him a lodging, and recommended him; he shared with him his living which was barely enough for two. He did more, he instructed him, consoled him, and taught him the difficult art of bearing adversity in patience. You prejudiced people, would you have expected to find all this in a priest and in Italy?

This worthy priest was a poor Savoyard clergyman who had offended his bishop by some youthful fault; he had crossed the Alps to find a position which he could not obtain in his own country. He lacked neither wit nor learning, and with his interesting countenance he had met with patrons who found him a place in the household of one of the ministers, as tutor to his son. He preferred poverty to dependence, and he did not know how to get on with the great. He did not stay long with this minister, and when he departed he took with him his good opinion; and as he lived a good life and gained the hearts of everybody, he was glad to be forgiven by his bishop and to obtain from him a small parish among the mountains, where he might pass the rest of his life. This was the limit of his ambition.

He was attracted by the young fugitive and he questioned him closely. He saw that ill-fortune had already seared his heart, that scorn and disgrace had overthrown his courage, and that his pride, transformed into bitterness and spite, led him to see nothing in the harshness and injustice of men but their evil disposition and the vanity of all virtue. He had seen that religion was but a mask for selfishness, and its holy services but a screen for hypocrisy; he had found in the subtleties of empty disputations heaven and hell awarded as prizes for mere words; he had seen the sublime and primitive idea of Divinity disfigured by the vain fancies of men; and when, as he thought, faith in God required him to renounce the eason God himself had given him, he held in equal scorn our foolish maginings and the object with which they are concerned. With no nowledge of things as they are, without any idea of their origins, e was immersed in his stubborn ignorance and utterly despised ose who thought they knew more than himself.

The neglect of all religion soon leads to the neglect of a man's uties. The heart of this young libertine was already far on this oad. Yet his was not a bad nature, though incredulity and misery ere gradually stifling his natural disposition and dragging him own to ruin; they were leading him into the conduct of a rascal nd the morals of an atheist.

The almost inevitable evil was not actually consummated. The oung man was not ignorant, his education had not been neglected. e was at that happy age when the pulse beats strongly and the eart is warm, but is not yet enslaved by the madness of the senses. is heart had not lost its elasticity. A native modesty, a timid isposition restrained him, and prolonged for him that period uring which you watch your pupil so carefully. The hateful xample of brutal depravity, of vice without any charm, had not erely failed to quicken his imagination, it had deadened it. For long time disgust rather than virtue preserved his innocence, hich would only succumb to more seductive charms.

The priest saw the danger and the way of escape. He was not iscouraged by difficulties, he took a pleasure in his task; he etermined to complete it and to restore to virtue the victim he ad snatched from vice. He set about it cautiously; the beauty of e motive gave him courage and inspired him with means worthy f his zeal. Whatever might be the result, his pains would not be asted. We are always successful when our sole aim is to do good.

He began to win the confidence of the proselyte by not asking any rice for his kindness, by not intruding himself upon him, by not reaching at him, by always coming down to his level, and treating im as an equal. It was, so I think, a touching sight to see a serious erson becoming the comrade of a young scamp, and virtue putting p with the speech of licence in order to triumph over it more ompletely. When the young fool came to him with his silly con-dences and opened his heart to him, the priest listened and set im at his ease; without giving his approval to what was bad, he ook an interest in everything; no tactless reproof checked his atter or closed his heart; the pleasure which he thought was ven by his conversation increased his pleasure in telling everything; hus he made his general confession without knowing he was onfessing anything.

After he had made a thorough study of his feelings and dis-osition, the priest saw plainly that, although he was not ignorant r his age, he had forgotten everything that he most needed to now, and that the disgrace which fortune had brought upon him d stifled in him all real sense of good and evil. There is a stage of egradation which robs the soul of its life; and the inner voice cannot be heard by one whose whole mind is bent on getting food. To protect the unlucky youth from the moral death which threatened him, he began to revive his self-love and his good opinion of himself. He showed him a happier future in the right use of his talents; he revived the generous warmth of his heart by stories o the noble deeds of others; by rousing his admiration for the doers of these deeds he revived his desire to do like deeds himself. To draw him gradually from his idle and wandering life, he made him copy out extracts from well-chosen books; he pretended to wan these extracts, and so nourished in him the noble feeling of gratitude He taught him indirectly through these books, and thus he made him sufficiently regain his good opinion of himself so that he would no longer think himself good for nothing, and would not make himsel despicable in his own eyes.

A trifling incident will show how this kindly man tried, unknown to him, to raise the heart of his disciple out of its degradation, without seeming to think of teaching. The priest was so well known for his uprightness and his discretion, that many people preferred to entrust their alms to him, rather than to the wealthy clergy o the town. One day some one had given him some money to distribute among the poor, and the young man was mean enough t ask for some of it on the score of poverty. "No," said he, "we are brothers, you belong to me and I must not touch the money entrusted to me." Then he gave him the sum he had asked for out of his own pocket. Lessons of this sort seldom fail to make an impression on the heart of young people who are not wholly corrupt.

I am weary of speaking in the third person, and the precaution is unnecessary; for you are well aware, my dear friend, that myself was this unhappy fugitive; I think I am so far removed from the disorders of my youth that I may venture to confess them and the hand which rescued me well deserves that I should at least do honour to its goodness at the cost of some slight shame.

What struck me most was to see in the private life of my worthy master, virtue without hypocrisy, humanity without weakness speech always plain and straightforward, and conduct in accordance with this speech. I never saw him trouble himself whether those whom he assisted went to vespers or confession, whether they fasted at the appointed seasons and went without meat; nor did he impose upon them any other like conditions, without which you might die of hunger before you could hope for any help from th devout.

Far from displaying before him the zeal of a new convert, I wa encouraged by these observations and I made no secret of my wa of thinking, nor did he seem to be shocked by it. Sometimes would say to myself, he overlooks my indifference to the religion I have adopted because he sees I am equally indifferent to th religion in which I was brought up; he knows that my scorn fo religion is not confined to one sect. But what could I think when I sometimes heard him give his approval to doctrines contrary t

ose of the Roman Catholic Church, and apparently having but
poor opinion of its ceremonies. I should have thought him a
rotestant in disguise if I had not beheld him so faithful to those
ery customs which he seemed to value so lightly; but I knew he
lfilled his priestly duties as carefully in private as in public, and
knew not what to think of these apparent contradictions. Except
r the fault which had formerly brought about his disgrace, a fault
hich he had only partially overcome, his life was exemplary, his
nduct beyond reproach, his conversation honest and discreet.
hile I lived on very friendly terms with him, I learnt day by day
respect him more; and when he had completely won my heart
y such great kindness, I awaited with eager curiosity the time
hen I should learn what was the principle on which the uniformity
f this strange life was based.

This opportunity was a long time coming. Before taking his
isciple into his confidence, he tried to get the seeds of reason and
ndness which he had sown in my heart to germinate. The most
ifficult fault to overcome in me was a certain haughty misanthropy,
certain bitterness against the rich and successful, as if their wealth
nd happiness had been gained at my own expense, and as if their
pposed happiness had been unjustly taken from my own. The
olish vanity of youth, which kicks against the pricks of humiliation,
ade me only too much inclined to this angry temper; and the
lf-respect, which my mentor strove to revive, led to pride, which
ade men still more vile in my eyes, and only added scorn to
y hatred.

Without directly attacking this pride, he prevented it from
eveloping into hardness of heart; and without depriving me of my
elf-esteem, he made me less scornful of my neighbours. By
ntinually drawing my attention from the empty show, and direct-
ng it to the genuine sufferings concealed by it, he taught me to
eplore the faults of my fellows and feel for their sufferings, to pity
ather than envy them. Touched with compassion towards human
eaknesses through the profound conviction of his own failings, he
iewed all men as the victims of their own vices and those of others;
e beheld the poor groaning under the tyranny of the rich, and the
ch under the tyranny of their own prejudices. "Believe me,"
id he, "our illusions, far from concealing our woes, only increase
em by giving value to what is in itself valueless, in making us
ware of all sorts of fancied privations which we should not other-
ise feel. Peace of heart consists in despising everything that
ight disturb that peace; the man who clings most closely to life
the man who can least enjoy it; and the man who most eagerly
esires happiness is always most miserable."

"What gloomy ideas!" I exclaimed bitterly. "If we must deny
urselves everything, we might as well never have been born; and
we must despise even happiness itself who can be happy?" "I
m," replied the priest one day, in a tone which made a great
npression on me. "You happy! So little favoured by fortune,

so poor, an exile and persecuted, you are happy! How have you contrived to be happy?" "My child," he answered, "I will gladly tell you."

Thereupon he explained that, having heard my confessions, he would confess to me. "I will open my whole heart to yours," he said, embracing me. "You will see me, if not as I am, at least as I seem to myself. When you have heard my whole confession of faith, when you really know the condition of my heart, you will know why I think myself happy, and if you think as I do, you will know how to be happy too. But these explanations are not the affair of a moment, it will take time to show you all my ideas about the lot of man and the true value of life; let us choose a fitting time and a place where we may continue this conversation without interruption."

I showed him how eager I was to hear him. The meeting was fixed for the very next morning. It was summer time; we rose at daybreak. He took me out of the town on to a high hill above the river Po, whose course we beheld as it flowed between its fertile banks; in the distance the landscape was crowned by the vast chain of the Alps; the beams of the rising sun already touched the plains and cast across the fields long shadows of trees, hillocks, and houses, and enriched with a thousand gleams of light the fairest picture which the human eye can see. You would have thought that nature was displaying all her splendour before our eyes to furnish a text for our conversation. After contemplating this scene for a space in silence, the man of peace spoke to me.

## THE CREED OF A SAVOYARD PRIEST

My child, do not look to me for learned speeches or profound arguments. I am no great philosopher, nor do I desire to be one. I have, however, a certain amount of common-sense and a constant devotion to truth. I have no wish to argue with you nor even to convince you; it is enough for me to show you, in all simplicity of heart, what I really think. Consult your own heart while I speak that is all I ask. If I am mistaken, I am honestly mistaken, and therefore my error will not be counted to me as a crime; if you, too are honestly mistaken, there is no great harm done. If I am right we are both endowed with reason, we have both the same motive for listening to the voice of reason. Why should not you think as I do?

By birth I was a peasant and poor; to till the ground was my portion; but my parents thought it a finer thing that I should learn to get my living as a priest and they found means to send me to college. I am quite sure that neither my parents nor I had any idea of seeking after what was good, useful, or true; we only sought what was wanted to get me ordained. I learned what was taught me, I said what I was told to say, I promised all that was required and I became a priest. But I soon discovered that when I promised not to be a man, I had promised more than I could perform.

Conscience, they tell us, is the creature of prejudice, but I know from experience that conscience persists in following the order of nature in spite of all the laws of man. In vain is this or that forbidden; remorse makes her voice heard but feebly when what we do is permitted by well-ordered nature, and still more when we are doing her bidding. My good youth, nature has not yet appealed to your senses; may you long remain in this happy state when her voice is the voice of innocence. Remember that to anticipate her teaching is to offend more deeply against her than to resist her teaching; you must first learn to resist, that you may know when to yield without wrong-doing.

From my youth up I had reverenced the married state as the irst and most sacred institution of nature. Having renounced he right to marry, I was resolved not to profane the sanctity of marriage; for in spite of my education and reading I had always ed a simple and regular life, and my mind had preserved the nnocence of its natural instincts; these instincts had not been obscured by worldly wisdom, while my poverty kept me remote rom the temptations dictated by the sophistry of vice.

This very resolution proved my ruin. My respect for marriage ed to the discovery of my misconduct. The scandal must be xpiated; I was arrested, suspended, and dismissed; I was the victim of my scruples rather than of my incontinence, and I had eason to believe, from the reproaches which accompanied my isgrace, that one can often escape punishment by being guilty of a worse fault.

A thoughtful mind soon learns from such experiences. I found my former ideas of justice, honesty, and every duty of man overurned by these painful events, and day by day I was losing my old on one or another of the opinions I had accepted. What was left was not enough to form a body of ideas which could stand alone, nd I felt that the evidence on which my principles rested was being weakened; at last I knew not what to think, and I came to the same conclusion as yourself, but with this difference: My lack of faith was the slow growth of manhood, attained with great difficulty, nd all the harder to uproot.

I was in that state of doubt and uncertainty which Descartes considers essential to the search for truth. It is a state which canot continue, it is disquieting and painful; only vicious tendencies nd an idle heart can keep us in that state. My heart was not so corrupt as to delight in it, and there is nothing which so maintains the habit of thinking as being better pleased with oneself than with one's lot.

I pondered, therefore, on the sad fate of mortals, adrift upon this sea of human opinions, without compass or rudder, and abandoned to their stormy passions with no guide but an inexperienced pilot who does not know whence he comes or whither he is going. I said to myself, "I love truth, I seek her, and cannot find her. Show me truth and I will hold her fast; why does she hide her face from the eager heart that would fain worship her?"

Although I have often experienced worse sufferings, I have never led a life so uniformly distressing as this period of unrest and anxiety, when I wandered incessantly from one doubt to another, gaining nothing from my prolonged meditations but uncertainty, darkness, and contradiction with regard to the source of my being and the rule of my duties.

I cannot understand how any one can be a sceptic sincerely and on principle. Either such philosophers do not exist or they are the most miserable of men. Doubt with regard to what we ought to know is a condition too violent for the human mind; it cannot long be endured; in spite of itself the mind decides one way or another, and it prefers to be deceived rather than to believe nothing.

My perplexity was increased by the fact that I had been brought up in a church which decides everything and permits no doubts, so that having rejected one article of faith I was forced to reject the rest; as I could not accept absurd decisions, I was deprived of those which were not absurd. When I was told to believe everything, I could believe nothing, and I knew not where to stop.

I consulted the philosophers, I searched their books and examined their various theories; I found them all alike proud, assertive, dogmatic, professing, even in their so-called scepticism, to know everything, proving nothing, scoffing at each other. This last trait, which was common to all of them, struck me as the only point in which they were right. Braggarts in attack, they are weaklings in defence. Weigh their arguments, they are all destructive; count their voices, every one speaks for himself; they are only agreed in arguing with each other. I could find no way out of my uncertainty by listening to them.

I suppose this prodigious diversity of opinion is caused, in the first place, by the weakness of the human intellect; and, in the second. by pride. We have no means of measuring this vast machine, we are unable to calculate its workings; we know neither its guiding principles nor its final purpose; we do not know ourselves, we know neither our nature nor the spirit that moves us; we scarcely know whether man is one or many; we are surrounded by impenetrable mysteries. These mysteries are beyond the region of sense, we think we can penetrate them by the light of reason, but we fall back on our imagination. Through this imagined world each forces a way for himself which he holds to be right; none can tell whether his path will lead him to the goal. Yet we long to know and understand it all. The one thing we do not know is the limit of the knowable. We prefer to trust to chance and to believe what is not true, rather than to own that not one of us can see what really is A fragment of some vast whole whose bounds are beyond our gaze a fragment abandoned by its Creator to our foolish quarrels, we are ain enough to want to determine the nature of that whole and our wn relations with regard to it.

If the philosophers were in a position to declare the truth, which f them would care to do so? Every one of them knows that his wn system rests on no surer foundations than the rest, but he aintains it because it is his own. There is not one of them who, he chanced to discover the difference between truth and falsehood, vould not prefer his own lie to the truth which another had discovered. Where is the philosopher who would not deceive the vhole world for his own glory? If he can rise above the crowd, if e can excel his rivals, what more does he want? Among believers e is an atheist; among atheists he would be a believer.

The first thing I learned from these considerations was to restrict ny inquiries to what directly concerned myself, to rest in profound gnorance of everything else, and not even to trouble myself to doubt nything beyond what I required to know.

I also realised that the philosophers, far from ridding me of my vain doubts, only multiplied the doubts that tormented me and ailed to remove any one of them. So I chose another guide and aid, "Let me follow the Inner Light; it will not lead me so ar astray as others have done, or if it does it will be my own fault, nd I shall not go so far wrong if I follow my own illusions as if I rusted to their deceits."

I then went over in my mind the various opinions which I had eld in the course of my life, and I saw that although no one of them was plain enough to gain immediate belief, some were more probable than others, and my inward consent was given or withheld in proportion to this improbability. Having discovered this, I made an unprejudiced comparison of all these different ideas, and I perceived that the first and most general of them was also the simplest and the most reasonable, and that it would have been accepted by every one if only it had been last instead of first. Imagine all your philosophers, ancient and modern, having exhausted their strange systems of force, chance, fate, necessity, atoms, a living world, animated matter, and every variety of materialism. Then comes the illustrious Clarke who gives light to the world and proclaims the Being of beings and the Giver of things. What universal admiration, what unanimous applause would have greeted this new system —a system so great, so illuminating, and so simple. Other systems are full of absurdities; this system seems to me to contain fewer things which are beyond the understanding of the human mind. I said to myself, "Every system has its insoluble problems, for the finite mind of man is too small to deal with them; these difficulties are therefore no final argument against any system. But what a difference there is between the direct evidence on which these systems are based! Should we not prefer that theory which alone explains all the facts, when it is no more difficult than the rest?

Bearing thus within my heart the love of truth as my only philosophy, and as my only method a clear and simple rule which dispensed with the need for vain and subtle arguments, I returne with the help of this rule to the examination of such knowledge a concerned myself; I was resolved to admit as self-evident all tha I could not honestly refuse to believe, and to admit as true al that seemed to follow directly from this; all the rest I determine to leave undecided, neither accepting nor rejecting it, nor yet troubling myself to clear up difficulties which did not lead to any practical ends.

But who am I? What right have I to decide? What is it that determines my judgments? If they are inevitable, if they are the results of the impressions I receive, I am wasting my strength in such inquiries; they would be made or not without any interference of mine. I must therefore first turn my eyes upon myself to acquaint myself with the instrument I desire to use, and to discover how far it is reliable.

I exist, and I have senses through which I receive impressions. This is the first truth that strikes me and I am forced to accept it. Have I any independent knowledge of my existence, or am I only aware of it through my sensations? This is my first difficulty, and so far I cannot solve it. For I continually experience sensations, either directly or indirectly through memory, so how can I know if the feeling of *self* is something beyond these sensations or if it can exist independently of them?

My sensations take place in myself, for they make me aware of my own existence; but their cause is outside me, for they affect me whether I have any reason for them or not, and they are produced or destroyed independently of me. So I clearly perceive that my sensation, which is within me, and its cause or its object, which is outside me, are different things.

Thus, not only do I exist, but other entities exist also, that is to say, the objects of my sensations; and even if these objects are merely ideas, still these ideas are not me.

But everything outside myself, everything which acts upon my senses, I call matter, and all the particles of matter which I suppose to be united into separate entities I call bodies. Thus all the disputes of the idealists and the realists have no meaning for me; their distinctions between the appearance and the reality of bodies are wholly fanciful.

I am now as convinced of the existence of the universe as of my own. I next consider the objects of my sensations, and I find that I have the power of comparing them, so I perceive that I am endowed with an active force of which I was not previously aware.

To perceive is to feel; to compare is to judge; to judge and to feel are not the same. Through sensation objects present themselves to me separately and singly as they are in nature; by comparing them I rearrange them, I shift them so to speak, I place one upon another to decide whether they are alike or different, or more generally to find out their relations. To my mind, the distinctive faculty of an active or intelligent being is the power of understanding this word "is." I seek in vain in the merely sensitive entity that intelligent force which compares and judges; I can find no trace of it in its nature. This passive entity will be aware of each object separately, it will even be aware of the whole formed by the two together, but having no power to place them side by side it can never compare them, it can never form a judgment with regard to them.

To see two things at once is not to see their relations nor to judge of their differences; to perceive several objects, one beyond the other, is not to relate them. I may have at the same moment an idea of a big stick and a little stick without comparing them, without judging that one is less than the other, just as I can see my whole hand without counting my fingers.[1] These comparative ideas, *greater*, *smaller*, together with number ideas of *one*, *two*, etc., are certainly not sensations, although my mind only produces them when my sensations occur.

We are told that a sensitive being distinguishes sensations from each other by the inherent differences in the sensations; this requires explanation. When the sensations are different, the sensitive being distinguishes them by their differences; when they are alike, he distinguishes them because he is aware of them one beyond the other. Otherwise, how could he distinguish between two equal objects simultaneously experienced? He would necessarily confound the two objects and take them for one object, especially under a system which professed that the representative sensations of space have no extension.

When we become aware of the two sensations to be compared, their impression is made, each object is perceived, both are perceived, but for all that their relation is not perceived. If the judgment of this relation were merely a sensation, and came to me solely from the object itself, my judgments would never be mistaken, for it is never untrue that I feel what I feel.

Why then am I mistaken as to the relation between these two sticks, especially when they are not parallel? Why, for example, do I say the small stick is a third of the large, when it is only a quarter? Why is the picture, which is the sensation, unlike its model which is the object? It is because I am active when I judge, because the operation of comparison is at fault; because my understanding, which judges of relations, mingles its errors with the truth of sensations, which only reveal to me things.

Add to this a consideration which will, I feel sure, appeal to you when you have thought about it: it is this—If we were purely passive in the use of our senses, there would be no communication between them; it would be impossible to know that the body we are touching and the thing we are looking at is the same. Either we should never perceive anything outside ourselves, or there would

[1] M. de le Cordamines' narratives tell of a people who only know how to count up to three. Yet the men of this nation, having hands, have often seen their fingers without learning to count up to five.

be for us five substances perceptible by the senses, whose identity we should have no means of perceiving.

This power of my mind which brings my sensations together and compares them may be called by any name; let it be called attention, meditation, reflection, or what you will; it is still true that it is in me and not in things, that it is I alone who produce it, though I only produce it when I receive an impression from things. Though I am compelled to feel or not to feel, I am free to examine more or less what I feel.

Being now, so to speak, sure of myself, I begin to look at things outside myself, and I behold myself with a sort of shudder flung at random into this vast universe, plunged as it were into the vast number of entities, knowing nothing of what they are in themselves or in relation to me. I study them, I observe them; and the first object which suggests itself for comparison with them is myself.

All that I perceive through the senses is matter, and I deduce all the essential properties of matter from the sensible qualities which make me perceive it, qualities which are inseparable from it. I see it sometimes in motion, sometimes at rest,[1] hence I infer that neither motion nor rest is essential to it, but motion, being an action, is the result of a cause of which rest is only the absence. When, therefore, there is nothing acting upon matter it does not move, and for the very reason that rest and motion are indifferent to it, its natural state is a state of rest.

I perceive two sorts of motions of bodies, acquired motion and spontaneous or voluntary motion. In the first the cause is external to the body moved, in the second it is within. I shall not conclude from that that the motion, say of a watch, is spontaneous, for if no external cause operated upon the spring it would run down and the watch would cease to go. For the same reason I should not admit that the movements of fluids are spontaneous, neither should I attribute spontaneous motion to fire which causes their fluidity.[2]

You ask me if the movements of animals are spontaneous; my answer is, "I cannot tell," but analogy points that way. You ask me again, how do I know that there are spontaneous movements? I tell you, "I know it because I feel them." I want to move my arm and I move it without any other immediate cause of the movement but my own will. In vain would any one try to argue me out of this feeling, it is stronger than any proofs; you might as well try to convince me that I do not exist.

If there were no spontaneity in men's actions, nor in anything that happens on this earth, it would be all the more difficult to imagine first cause for all motion. For my own part, I feel myself so thoroughly convinced that the natural state of matter is a state of rest, and that it has no power of action in itself, that when I see a body n motion I at once assume that it is either a living body or that his motion has been imparted to it. My mind declines to accept n any way the idea of inorganic matter moving of its own accord, or giving rise to any action.

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[1] This repose is, if you prefer it, merely relative; but as we perceive more or less of motion, we may plainly conceive one of two extremes, which is rest; and we conceive it so clearly that we are even disposed to take for absolute rest what is only relative. But it is not true that motion is of the essence of matter, if matter may be conceived of as at rest.

[2] Chemists regard phlogiston or the element of fire as diffused, motionless, and stagnant in the compounds of which it forms part, until external forces set it free, collect it and set it in motion, and change it into fire.

Yet this visible universe consists of matter, matter diffused and dead,[1] matter which has none of the cohesion, the organisation, the ommon feeling of the parts of a living body, for it is certain that we who are parts have no consciousness of the whole. This same universe is in motion, and in its movements, ordered, uniform, and ubject to fixed laws, it has none of that freedom which appears in the spontaneous movements of men and animals. So the world s not some huge animal which moves of its own accord; its movements are therefore due to some external cause, a cause which I cannot perceive, but the inner voice makes this cause so apparent to me that I cannot watch the course of the sun without imagining a force which drives it, and when the earth revolves I think I see the hand that sets it in motion.

If I must accept general laws whose essential relation to matter s unperceived by me, how much further have I got? These laws, not being real things, not being substances, have therefore some other basis unknown to me. Experiment and observation have acquainted us with the laws of motion; these laws determine the results without showing their causes; they are quite inadequate to explain the system of the world and the course of the universe. With the help of dice Descartes made heaven and earth; but he could not set his dice in motion, nor start the action of his centrifugal orce without the help of rotation. Newton discovered the law of gravitation; but gravitation alone would soon reduce the universe to a motionless mass; he was compelled to add a projectile force to account for the elliptical course of the celestial bodies; let Newton show us the hand that launched the planets in the tangent of their orbits.

The first causes of motion are not to be found in matter; matter receives and transmits motion, but does not produce it. The more observe the action and reaction of the forces of nature playing on one another, the more I see that we must always go back from one effect to another, till we arrive at a first cause in some will; for to assume an infinite succession of causes is to assume that there is no irst cause. In a word, no motion which is not caused by another motion can take place, except by a spontaneous, voluntary action; nanimate bodies have no action but motion, and there is no real action without will. This is my first principle. I believe, therefore, that there is a will which sets the universe in motion and gives life to nature. This is my first dogma, or the first article of my creed.

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[1] I have tried hard to grasp the idea of a living molecule, but in vain. The idea of matter feeling without any senses seems to me unintelligible and self-contradictory. To accept or reject this idea one must first understand it, and I confess that so far I have not succeeded.

How does a will produce a physical and corporeal action? I cannot tell, but I perceive that it does so in myself; I will to do something and I do it; I will to move my body and it moves, but if an inanimate body, when at rest, should begin to move itself, the thing is incomprehensible and without precedent. The will is known to me in its action, not in its nature. I know this will as a cause of motion, but to conceive of matter as producing motion is clearly to conceive of an effect without a cause, which is not to conceive at all.

It is no more possible for me to conceive how my will moves my body than to conceive how my sensations affect my mind. I do not even know why one of these mysteries has seemed less inexplicable than the other. For my own part, whether I am active or passive, the means of union of the two substances seem to me absolutely incomprehensible. It is very strange that people make this very incomprehensibility a step towards the compounding of the two substances, as if operations so different in kind were more easily explained in one case than in two.

The doctrine I have just laid down is indeed obscure; but at least it suggests a meaning and there is nothing in it repugnant to reason or experience; can we say as much of materialism? Is it not plain that if motion is essential to matter it would be inseparable from it, it would always be present in it in the same degree, always present in every particle of matter, always the same in each particle of matter, it would not be capable of transmission, it could neither increase nor diminish, nor could we ever conceive of matter at rest. When you tell me that motion is not essential to matter but necessary to it, you try to cheat me with words which would be easier to refute if there was a little more sense in them. For either the motion of matter arises from the matter itself and is therefore essential to it; or it arises from an external cause and is not necessary to the matter, because the motive cause acts upon it; we have got back to our original difficulty.

The chief source of human error is to be found in general and abstract ideas; the jargon of metaphysics has never led to the discovery of any single truth, and it has filled philosophy with absurdities of which we are ashamed as soon as we strip them of their long words. Tell me, my friend, when they talk to you of a blind force diffused throughout nature, do they present any real idea to your mind? They think they are saying something by these vague expressions—universal force, essential motion—but they are saying nothing at all. The idea of motion is nothing more than the idea of transference from place to place; there is no motion without direction; for no individual can move all ways at once. In what direction then does matter move of necessity? Has the whole body of matter a uniform motion, or has each atom its own motion? According to the first idea the whole universe must form a solid and divisible mass; according to the second it can only form a diffused d incoherent fluid, which would make the union of any two atoms npossible. What direction shall be taken by this motion common all matter? Shall it be in a straight line, in a circle, or from bove downwards, to the right or to the left? If each molecule has s own direction, what are the causes of all these directions and l these differences? If every molecule or atom only revolved on s own axis, nothing would ever leave its place and there would e no transmitted motion, and even then this circular movement ould require to follow some direction. To set matter in motion y an abstraction is to utter words without meaning, and to attribute matter a given direction is to assume a determining cause. The ore examples I take, the more causes I have to explain, without ver finding a common agent which controls them. Far from being ble to picture to myself an entire absence of order in the fortuitous oncurrence of elements, I cannot even imagine such a strife, and e chaos of the universe is less conceivable to me than its harmony. can understand that the mechanism of the universe may not be telligible to the human mind, but when a man sets to work to xplain it, he must say what men can understand.

If matter in motion points me to a will, matter in motion according fixed laws points me to an intelligence; that is the second article f my creed. To act, to compare, to choose, are the operations of n active, thinking being; so this being exists. Where do you find im existing, you will say? Not merely in the revolving heavens, or in the sun which gives us light, not in myself alone, but in the heep that grazes, the bird that flies, the stone that falls, and the eaf blown by the wind.

I judge of the order of the world, although I know nothing of its urpose, for to judge of this order it is enough for me to compare he parts one with another, to study their co-operation, their elations, and to observe their united action. I know not why the niverse exists, but I see continually how it is changed; I never fail o perceive the close connection by which the entities of which it onsists lend their aid one to another. I am like a man who sees he works of a watch for the first time; he is never weary of admiring he mechanism, though he does not know the use of the instrument nd has never seen its face. I do not know what this is for, says e, but I see that each part of it is fitted to the rest, I admire the orkman in the details of his work, and I am quite certain that all hese wheels only work together in this fashion for some common nd which I cannot perceive.

Let us compare the special ends, the means, the ordered relations f every kind, then let us listen to the inner voice of feeling; what ealthy mind can reject its evidence? Unless the eyes are blinded y prejudices, can they fail to see that the visible order of the niverse proclaims a supreme intelligence? What sophisms must e brought together before we fail to understand the harmony of xistence and the wonderful co-operation of every part for the maintenance of the rest? Say what you will of combinations and probabilities; what do you gain by reducing me to silence if you cannot gain my consent? And how can you rob me of the spontaneous feeling which, in spite of myself, continually gives you the lie? If organised bodies had come together fortuitously in all sorts of ways before assuming settled forms, if stomachs are made without mouths, feet without heads, hands without arms, imperfect organs of every kind which died because they could not preserve their life, why do none of these imperfect attempts now meet our eyes; why has nature at length prescribed laws to herself which she did not at first recognise? I must not be surprised if that which is possible should happen, and if the improbability of the event is compensated for by the number of the attempts. I grant this; yet if any one told me that printed characters scattered broadcast had produced the *Æneid* all complete, I would not condescend to take a single step to verify this falsehood. You will tell me I am forgetting the multitude of attempts. But how many such attempts must I assume to bring the combination within the bounds of probability? For my own part the only possible assumption is that the chances are infinity to one that the product is not the work of chance. In addition to this, chance combinations yield nothing but products of the same nature as the elements combined, so that life and organisation will not be produced by a flow of atoms, and a chemist when making his compounds will never give them thought and feeling in his crucible.[1]

I was surprised and almost shocked when I read Neuwentit. How could this man desire to make a book out of the wonders of nature, wonders which show the wisdom of the author of nature? His book would have been as large as the world itself before he had exhausted his subject, and as soon as we attempt to give details, that greatest wonder of all, the concord and harmony of the whole, escapes us. The mere generation of living organic bodies is the despair of the human mind; the insurmountable barrier raised by nature between the various species, so that they should not mix with one another, is the clearest proof of her intention. She is not content to have established order, she has taken adequate measures to prevent the disturbance of that order.

There is not a being in the universe which may not be regarded as in some respects the common centre of all, around which they are grouped, so that they are all reciprocally end and means in relation to each other. The mind is confused and lost amid these in-

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[1] Could one believe, if one had not seen it, that human absurdity could go so far? Amatus Lusitanus asserts that he saw a little man an inch long enclosed in a glass, which Julius Camillus, like a second Prometheus, had made by alchemy. Paracelsis (*De natura rerum*) teaches the method of making these tiny men, and he maintains that the pygmies, fauns, satyrs, and nymphs have been made by chemistry. Indeed I cannot see that there is anything more to be done, to establish the possibility of these facts, unless it is to assert that organic matter resists the heat of fire and that its molecules can preserve their life in the hottest furnace.

nerable relations, not one of which is itself confused or lost in the
wd. What absurd assumptions are required to deduce all this
mony from the blind mechanism of matter set in motion by
ance! In vain do those who deny the unity of intention manifested
the relations of all the parts of this great whole, in vain do they
ceal their nonsense under abstractions, co-ordinations, general
nciples, symbolic expressions; whatever they do I find it im-
ssible to conceive of a system of entities so firmly ordered unless
elieve in an intelligence that orders them. It is not in my power
believe that passive and dead matter can have brought forth
ng and feeling beings, that blind chance has brought forth
elligent beings, that that which does not think has brought forth
nking beings.

believe, therefore, that the world is governed by a wise and
verful will; I see it or rather I feel it, and it is a great thing to
w this. But has this same world always existed, or has it been
ated? Is there one source of all things? Are there two or many?
at is their nature? I know not; and what concern is it of mine?
en these things become of importance to me I will try to learn
m; till then I abjure these idle speculations, which may trouble
peace, but cannot affect my conduct nor be comprehended
my reason.

ecollect that I am not preaching my own opinion but explaining
Whether matter is eternal or created, whether its origin is
ssive or not, it is still certain that the whole is one, and that it
claims a single intelligence; for I see nothing that is not part
the same ordered system, nothing which does not co-operate to
same end, namely, the conservation of all within the established
er. This being who wills and can perform his will, this being
ive through his own power, this being, whoever he may be, who
ves the universe and orders all things, is what I call God. To
s name I add the ideas of intelligence, power, will, which I have
ught together, and that of kindness which is their necessary
sequence; but for all this I know no more of the being to which
scribe them. He hides himself alike from my senses and my
lerstanding; the more I think of him, the more perplexed I am;
now full well that he exists, and that he exists of himself alone;
now that my existence depends on his, and that everything I
w depends upon him also. I see God everywhere in his works;
eel him within myself; I behold him all around me; but if I try
ponder him himself, if I try to find out where he is, what he is,
at is his substance, he escapes me and my troubled spirit finds
hing.

onvinced of my unfitness, I shall never argue about the nature
God unless I am driven to it by the feeling of his relations with
self. Such reasonings are always rash; a wise man should venture
them with trembling, he should be certain that he can never
nd their abysses; for the most insolent attitude towards God is
to abstain from thinking of him, but to think evil of him.

After the discovery of such of his attributes as enable me t conceive of his existence, I return to myself, and I try to discove what is my place in the order of things which he governs, and can myself examine. At once, and beyond possibility of doub I discover my species; for by my own will and the instrument I can control to carry out my will, I have more power to ac upon all bodies about me, either to make use of or to avoid the action at my pleasure, than any of them has power to act upo me against my will by mere physical impulsion; and through m intelligence I am the only one who can examine all the rest. Wha being here below, except man, can observe others, measure, calculat forecast their motions, their effects, and unite, so to speak, th feeling of a common existence with that of his individual existence What is there so absurd in the thought that all things are made fo me, when I alone can relate all things to myself?

It is true, therefore, that man is lord of the earth on which h dwells; for not only does he tame all the beasts, not only does h control its elements through his industry; but he alone knows ho to control it; by contemplation he takes possession of the stars whic he cannot approach. Show me any other creature on earth wh can make a fire and who can behold with admiration the sur What! can I observe and know all creatures and their relations can I feel what is meant by order, beauty, and virtue; can I conside the universe and raise myself towards the hand that guides it; ca I love good and perform it; and should I then liken myself to th beasts? Wretched soul, it is your gloomy philosophy which make you like the beasts; or rather in vain do you seek to degrade your self; your genius belies your principles, your kindly heart belie your doctrines, and even the abuse of your powers proves the excellence in your own despite.

For myself, I am not pledged to the support of any system. am a plain and honest man, one who is not carried away by part spirit, one who has no ambition to be head of a sect; I am conten with the place where God has set me; I see nothing, next to Go himself, which is better than my species; and if I had to choos my place in the order of creation, what more could I choose tha to be a man!

I am not puffed up by this thought, I am deeply moved by i for this state was no choice of mine, it was not due to the deserts a creature who as yet did not exist. Can I behold myself thu distinguished without congratulating myself on this post of honou without blessing the hand which bestowed it? The first return self has given birth to a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to th author of my species, and this feeling calls forth my first homag to the beneficent Godhead. I worship his Almighty power an my heart acknowledges his mercies. Is it not a natural con sequence of our self-love to honour our protector and to love ou benefactor?

But when, in my desire to discover my own place within m ecies, I consider its different ranks and the men who fill them, iere am I now? What a sight meets my eyes! Where is now the der I perceived? Nature showed me a scene of harmony and oportion; the human race shows me nothing but confusion and sorder. The elements agree together; men are in a state of chaos. ie beasts are happy; their king alone is wretched. O Wisdom, iere are thy laws? O Providence, is this thy rule over the world? erciful God, where is thy Power? I behold the earth, and there is il upon it.

Would you believe it, dear friend, from these gloomy thoughts d apparent contradictions, there was shaped in my mind the blime idea of the soul, which all my seeking had hitherto failed to scover? While I meditated upon man's nature, I seemed to scover two distinct principles in it; one of them raised him to the idy of the eternal truths, to the love of justice, and of true morality, the regions of the world of thought, which the wise delight to ntemplate; the other led him downwards to himself, made m the slave of his senses, of the passions which are their instruents, and thus opposed everything suggested to him by the former inciple. When I felt myself carried away, distracted by these nflicting motives, I said, No; man is not one; I will and I will t; I feel myself at once a slave and a free man; I perceive what right, I love it, and I do what is wrong; I am active when I listen the voice of reason; I am passive when I am carried away by my ssions; and when I yield, my worst suffering is the knowledge at I might have resisted.

Young man, hear me with confidence. I will always be honest th you. If conscience is the creature of prejudice, I am certainly ong, and there is no such thing as a proof of morality; but if to t oneself first is an inclination natural to man, and if the first ntiment of justice is moreover inborn in the human heart, let those io say man is a simple creature remove these contradictions and will grant that there is but one substance.

You will note that by this term *substance* I understand generally e being endowed with some primitive quality, apart from all ecial and secondary modifications. If then all the primitive ialities which are known to us can be united in one and the same ing, we should only acknowledge one substance; but if there are ialities which are mutually exclusive, there are as many different bstances as there are such exclusions. You will think this over; my own part, whatever Locke may say, it is enough for me to cognise matter as having merely extension and divisibility to nvince myself that it cannot think, and if a philosopher tells me at trees feel and rocks think[1] in vain will he perplex me with his cunning arguments; I merely regard him as a dishonest sophist, wh prefers to say that stones have feeling rather than that men hav souls.

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[1] It seems to me that modern philosophy, far from saying that rocks ink, has discovered that men do not think. It perceives nothing more nature than sensitive beings; and the only difference it finds between man and a stone is that a man is a sensitive being which experiences isations, and a stone is a sensitive being which does not experience

Suppose a deaf man denies the existence of sounds because h has never heard them. I put before his eyes a stringed instrumen and cause it to sound in unison by means of another instrumen concealed from him; the deaf man sees the chord vibrate. I tel him, "The sound makes it do that." "Not at all," says he, "th string itself is the cause of the vibration; to vibrate in that way i a quality common to all bodies." "Then show me this vibratio in other bodies," I answer, "or at least show me its cause in thi string." "I cannot," replies the deaf man; "but because I d not understand how that string vibrates why should I try to explai it by means of your sounds, of which I have not the least idea? It i explaining one obscure fact by means of a cause still more obscure Make me perceive your sounds; or I say there are no suc things."

The more I consider thought and the nature of the human mind the more likeness I find between the arguments of the materialist and those of the deaf man. Indeed, they are deaf to the inner voic which cries aloud to them, in a tone which can hardly be mistaken A machine does not think, there is neither movement nor form whic can produce reflection; something within thee tries to break th bands which confine it; space is not thy measure, the whole univers does not suffice to contain thee; thy sentiments, thy desires, th anxiety, thy pride itself, have another origin than this small bod in which thou art imprisoned.

No material creature is in itself active, and I am active. In vai do you argue this point with me; I feel it, and it is this feeling whic speaks to me more forcibly than the reason which disputes it I have a body which is acted upon by other bodies, and it acts i

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sensations. But if it is true that all matter feels, where shall I find th sensitive unit, the individual ego? Shall it be in each molecule of matte or in bodies as aggregates of molecules? Shall I place this unity in fluid and solids alike, in compounds and in elements? You tell me natur consists of individuals. But what are these individuals? Is that ston an individual or an aggregate of individuals? Is it a single sensitiv being, or are there as many beings in it as there are grains of sand? I every elementary atom is a sensitive being, how shall I conceive of tha intimate communication by which one feels within the other, so that thei two egos are blended in one? Attraction may be a law of nature whos mystery is unknown to us; but at least we conceive that there is nothin in attraction acting in proportion to mass which is contrary to extensio and divisibility. Can you conceive of sensation in the same way? Th sensitive parts have extension, but the sensitive being is one and indivisible he cannot be cut in two, he is a whole or he is nothing; therefore th sensitive being is not a material body. I know not how our materialist understand it, but it seems to me that the same difficulties which hav led them to reject thought, should have made them also reject feeling and I see no reason why, when the first step has been taken, they shoul not take the second too; what more would it cost them? Since they ar certain they do not think, why do they dare to affirm that they feel?

rn upon them; there is no doubt about this reciprocal action; t my will is independent of my senses; I consent or I resist; I eld or I win the victory, and I know very well in myself when I ve done what I wanted and when I have merely given way to y passions. I have always the power to will, but not always the rength to do what I will. When I yield to temptation I surrender yself to the action of external objects. When I blame myself for is weakness, I listen to my own will alone; I am a slave in my ces, a free man in my remorse; the feeling of freedom is never aced in me but when I myself do wrong, and when I at length event the voice of the soul from protesting against the authority the body.

I am only aware of will through the consciousness of my own will, d intelligence is no better known to me. When you ask me at is the cause which determines my will, it is my turn to ask at cause determines my judgment; for it is plain that these two uses are but one; and if you understand clearly that man is tive in his judgments, that his intelligence is only the power to mpare and judge, you will see that his freedom is only a similar wer or one derived from this; he chooses between good and evil he judges between truth and falsehood; if his judgment is at ult, he chooses amiss. What then is the cause that determines will? It is his judgment. And what is the cause that deter- nes his judgment? It is his intelligence, his power of judging; e determining cause is in himself. Beyond that, I understand thing.

No doubt I am not free not to desire my own welfare, I am not e to desire my own hurt; but my freedom consists in this very ing, that I can will what is for my own good, or what I esteem such, without any external compulsion. Does it follow that I not my own master because I cannot be other than myself?

The motive power of all action is in the will of a free creature; can go no farther. It is not the word freedom that is meaning- s, but the word necessity. To suppose some action which is not e effect of an active motive power is indeed to suppose effects thout cause, to reason in a vicious circle. Either there is no iginal impulse, or every original impulse has no antecedent cause, d there is no will properly so-called without freedom. Man is erefore free to act, and as such he is animated by an immaterial bstance; that is the third article of my creed. From these three u will easily deduce the rest, so that I need not enumerate them.

If man is at once active and free, he acts of his own accord; what does freely is no part of the system marked out by Providence d it cannot be imputed to Providence. Providence does not will e evil that man does when he misuses the freedom given to him; ither does Providence prevent him doing it, either because the ong done by so feeble a creature is as nothing in its eyes, or because could not prevent it without doing a greater wrong and degrading nature. Providence has made him free that he may choose the good and refuse the evil. It has made him capable of thi choice if he uses rightly the faculties bestowed upon him, but i has so strictly limited his powers that the misuse of his freedom cannot disturb the general order. The evil that man does reacts upon himself without affecting the system of the world, without preventing the preservation of the human species in spite of itself To complain that God does not prevent us from doing wrong is to complain because he has made man of so excellent a nature, that he has endowed his actions with that morality by which they are ennobled, that he has made virtue man's birthright. Supreme happiness consists in self-content; that we may gain this self-content we are placed upon this earth and endowed with freedom, we are tempted by our passions and restrained by conscience. What more could divine power itself have done on our behalf? Could it have made our nature a contradiction, and have given the prize of well-doing to one who was incapable of evil? To prevent a man from wickedness, should Providence have restricted him to instinct and made him a fool? Not so, O God of my soul, I will never reproach thee that thou hast created me in thine own image, that I may be free and good and happy like my Maker!

It is the abuse of our powers that makes us unhappy and wicked Our cares, our sorrows, our sufferings are of our own making. Mora ills are undoubtedly the work of man, and physical ills would be nothing but for our vices which have made us liable to them. Has not nature made us feel our needs as a means to our preservation Is not bodily suffering a sign that the machine is out of order and needs attention? Death. . . . Do not the wicked poison their own life and ours? Who would wish to live for ever? Death is the cure for the evils you bring upon yourself; nature would not have you suffer perpetually. How few sufferings are felt by man living in a state of primitive simplicity! His life is almost entirely free from suffering and from passion; he neither fears nor feels death; if he feels it, his sufferings make him desire it; henceforth it is no evi in his eyes. If we were but content to be ourselves we should have no cause to complain of our lot; but in the search for an imaginary good we find a thousand real ills. He who cannot bear a little pain must expect to suffer greatly. If a man injures his constitution by dissipation, you try to cure him with medicine; the ill he fears i added to the ill he feels; the thought of death makes it horrible and hastens its approach; the more we seek to escape from it, the more we are aware of it; and we go through life in the fear of death blaming nature for the evils we have inflicted on ourselves by our neglect of her laws.

O Man! seek no further for the author of evil; thou art he There is no evil but the evil you do or the evil you suffer, and both come from yourself. Evil in general can only spring from disorder and in the order of the world I find a never-failing system. Evil in particular cases exists only in the mind of those who experience it and this feeling is not the gift of nature, but the work of man himself in has little power over those who, having thought little, look ther before nor after. Take away our fatal progress, take away r faults and our vices, take away man's handiwork, and all is well. Where all is well, there is no such thing as injustice. Justice and odness are inseparable; now goodness is the necessary result of undless power and of that self-love which is innate in all sentient ngs. The omnipotent projects himself, so to speak, into the being his creatures. Creation and preservation are the everlasting work power; it does not act on that which has no existence; God is t the God of the dead; he could not harm and destroy without ury to himself. The omnipotent can only will what is good.[1] erefore he who is supremely good, because he is supremely werful, must also be supremely just, otherwise he would contradict himself; for that love of order which creates order we call odness and that love of order which preserves order we call tice.

Men say God owes nothing to his creatures. I think he owes em all he promised when he gave them their being. Now to give em the idea of something good and to make them feel the need it, is to promise it to them. The more closely I study myself, the re carefully I consider, the more plainly do I read these words, Be just and you will be happy." It is not so, however, in the sent condition of things, the wicked prospers and the oppression the righteous continues. Observe how angry we are when this pectation is disappointed. Conscience revolts and murmurs inst her Creator; she exclaims with cries and groans, "Thou hast ceived me."

' I have deceived thee, rash soul! Who told thee this? Is thy l destroyed? Hast thou ceased to exist? O Brutus! O my ! let there be no stain upon the close of thy noble life; do not andon thy hope and thy glory with thy corpse upon the plains Philippi. Why dost thou say, 'Virtue is naught,' when thou about to enjoy the reward of virtue? Thou art about to die! y, thou shalt live, and thus my promise is fulfilled."

One might judge from the complaints of impatient men that d owes them the reward before they have deserved it, that he is und to pay for virtue in advance. Oh! let us first be good and n we shall be happy. Let us not claim the prize before we have n it, nor demand our wages before we have finished our work. t is not in the lists that we crown the victors in the sacred games," s Plutarch, "it is when they have finished their course."

f the soul is immaterial, it may survive the body; and if it so vives, Providence is justified. Had I no other proof of the naterial nature of the soul, the triumph of the wicked and the oression of the righteous in this world would be enough to vince me. I should seek to resolve so appalling a discord in the universal harmony. I should say to myself, “All is not ove with life, everything finds its place at death.” I should still hav to answer the question, “What becomes of man when all we kno of him through our senses has vanished?” This question no longe presents any difficulty to me when I admit the two substances. I is easy to understand that what is imperceptible to those sense escapes me, during my bodily life, when I perceive through m senses only. When the union of soul and body is destroyed, I thin one may be dissolved and the other may be preserved. Why shoul the destruction of the one imply the destruction of the other On the contrary, so unlike in their nature, they were during thei union in a highly unstable condition, and when this union come to an end they both return to their natural state; the active vita substance regains all the force which it expended to set in motio the passive dead substance. Alas! my vices make me only too wel aware that man is but half alive during this life; the life of th soul only begins with the death of the body.

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[1] The ancients were right when they called the supreme God *Optimus ximus*, but it would have been better to say *Maximus Optimus*, for goodness springs from his power, he is good because he is great.

But what is that life? Is the soul of man in its nature immortal I know not. My finite understanding cannot hold the infinite what is called eternity eludes my grasp. What can I assert o deny, how can I reason with regard to what I cannot conceive I believe that the soul survives the body for the maintenance o order; who knows if this is enough to make it eternal? However I know that the body is worn out and destroyed by the division o its parts, but I cannot conceive a similar destruction of the consciou nature, and as I cannot imagine how it can die, I presume that i does not die. As this assumption is consoling and in itself no unreasonable, why should I fear to accept it?

I am aware of my soul; it is known to me in feeling and in thought I know what it is without knowing its essence; I cannot reaso about ideas which are unknown to me. What I do know is this that my personal identity depends upon memory, and that to b indeed the same self I must remember that I have existed. No after death I could not recall what I was when alive unless I als remembered what I felt and therefore what I did; and I have n doubt that this remembrance will one day form the happiness of th good and the torment of the bad. In this world our inner consciousness is absorbed by the crowd of eager passions which cheat remorse The humiliation and disgrace involved in the practice of virtue d not permit us to realise its charm. But when, freed from th illusions of the bodily senses, we behold with joy the supreme Bein and the eternal truths which flow from him; when all the power of our soul are alive to the beauty of order and we are wholl occupied in comparing what we have done with what we ought t have done, then it is that the voice of conscience will regain it strength and sway; then it is that the pure delight which spring from self-content, and the sharp regret for our own degradation o that self, will decide by means of overpowering feeling what sha be the fate which each has prepared for himself. My good frien do not ask me whether there are other sources of happiness or suffering; I cannot tell; that which my fancy pictures is enough to console me in this life and to bid me look for a life to come. I do not say the good will be rewarded, for what greater good can a truly good being expect than to exist in accordance with his nature? But I do assert that the good will be happy, because their maker, the author of all justice, who has made them capable of feeling, has not made them that they may suffer; moreover, they have not abused their freedom upon earth and they have not changed their fate through any fault of their own; yet they have suffered in this life and it will be made up to them in the life to come. This feeling relies not so much on man's deserts as on the idea of good which seems to me inseparable from the divine essence. I only assume that the laws of order are constant and that God is true to himself.

Do not ask me whether the torments of the wicked will endure for ever, whether the goodness of their creator can condemn them to the eternal suffering; again, I cannot tell, and I have no empty curiosity for the investigation of useless problems. How does the fate of the wicked concern me? I take little interest in it. All the same I find it hard to believe that they will be condemned to everlasting torments. If the supreme justice calls for vengeance, it claims it in this life. The nations of the world with their errors are its ministers. Justice uses self-inflicted ills to punish the crimes which have deserved them. It is in your own insatiable souls, devoured by envy, greed, and ambition, it is in the midst of your false prosperity, that the avenging passions find the due reward of your crimes. What need to seek a hell in the future life? It is here in the breast of the wicked.

When our fleeting needs are over, and our mad desires are at rest, there should also be an end of our passions and our crimes. Can pure spirits be capable of any perversity? Having need of nothing, why should they be wicked? If they are free from our gross senses, f their happiness consists in the contemplation of other beings, they can only desire what is good; and he who ceases to be bad can never be miserable. This is what I am inclined to think hough I have not been at the pains to come to any decision. O God, merciful and good, whatever thy decrees may be I adore them; f thou shouldst commit the wicked to everlasting punishment, I abandon my feeble reason to thy justice; but if the remorse of these wretched beings should in the course of time be extinguished, if heir sufferings should come to an end, and if the same peace shall one day be the lot of all mankind, I give thanks to thee for this. Is not the wicked my brother? How often have I been tempted to be ke him? Let him be delivered from his misery and freed from he spirit of hatred that accompanied it; let him be as happy as myself; his happiness, far from arousing my jealousy, will only ncrease my own.

Thus it is that, in the contemplation of God in his works, and in he study of such of his attributes as it concerned me to know, I have slowly grasped and developed the idea, at first partial and imperfect, which I have formed of this Infinite Being. But if this idea has become nobler and greater it is also more suited to the human reason. As I approach in spirit the eternal light, I am confused and dazzled by its glory, and compelled to abandon all the earthly notions which helped me to picture it to myself. God is no longer corporeal and sensible; the supreme mind which rules the world is no longer the world itself; in vain do I strive to grasp his inconceivable essence. When I think that it is he that gives life and movement to the living and moving substance which controls all living bodies; when I hear it said that my soul is spiritual and that God is a spirit, I revolt against this abasement of the divine essence; as if God and my soul were of one and the same nature! As if God were not the one and only absolute being, the only really active, feeling, thinking, willing being, from whom we derive our thought, feeling, motion, will, our freedom and our very existence! We are free because he wills our freedom, and his inexplicable substance is to our souls what our souls are to our bodies. I know not whether he has created matter, body, soul, the world itself. The idea of creation confounds me and eludes my grasp; so far as I can conceive of it I believe it; but I know that he has formed the universe and all that is, that he has made and ordered all things. No doubt God is eternal; but can my mind grasp the idea of eternity? Why should I cheat myself with meaningless words? This is what I do understand; before things were—God was; he will be when they are no more, and if all things come to an end he will still endure. That a being beyond my comprehension should give life to other beings, this is merely difficult and beyond my understanding; but that Being and Nothing should be convertible terms, this is indeed a palpable contradiction, an evident absurdity.

God is intelligent, but how? Man is intelligent when he reasons, but the Supreme Intelligence does not need to reason; there is neither premise nor conclusion for him, there is not even a proposition. The Supreme Intelligence is wholly intuitive, it sees what is and what shall be; all truths are one for it, as all places are but one point and all time but one moment. Man's power makes use of means, the divine power is self-active. God can because he wills; his will is his power. God is good; this is certain; but man finds his happiness in the welfare of his kind, God's happiness consists in the love of order; for it is through order that he maintains what is, and unites each part in the whole. God is just; of this I am sure, it is a consequence of his goodness; man's injustice is not God's work, but his own; that moral justice which seems to the philosophers a presumption against Providence, is to me a proof of its existence. But man's justice consists in giving to each his due; God's justice consists in demanding from each of us an account of that which he has given us.

If I have succeeded in discerning these attributes of which I have no absolute idea, it is in the form of unavoidable deductions, nd by the right use of my reason; but I affirm them without nderstanding them, and at bottom that is no affirmation at all. In ain do I say, God is thus, I feel it, I experience it, none the more do understand how God can be thus.

In a word: the more I strive to envisage his infinite essence the less o I comprehend it; but it is, and that is enough for me; the less understand, the more I adore. I abase myself, saying, "Being of eings, I am because thou art; to fix my thoughts on thee is to scend to the source of my being. The best use I can make of my eason is to resign it before thee; my mind delights, my weakness ejoices, to feel myself overwhelmed by thy greatness."

Having thus deduced from the perception of objects of sense and rom my inner consciousness, which leads me to judge of causes y my native reason, the principal truths which I require to know, must now seek such principles of conduct as I can draw from them, nd such rules as I must lay down for my guidance in the fulfilment f my destiny in this world, according to the purpose of my Maker. till following the same method, I do not derive these rules from the rinciples of the higher philosophy, I find them in the depths of y heart, traced by nature in characters which nothing can efface. need only consult myself with regard to what I wish to do; what feel to be right is right, what I feel to be wrong is wrong; conscience the best casuist; and it is only when we haggle with conscience hat we have recourse to the subtleties of argument. Our first duty towards ourself; yet how often does the voice of others tell us hat in seeking our good at the expense of others we are doing ill? e think we are following the guidance of nature, and we are esisting it; we listen to what she says to our senses, and we neglect hat she says to our heart; the active being obeys, the passive ommands. Conscience is the voice of the soul, the passions are the oice of the body. Is it strange that these voices often contradict ach other? And then to which should we give heed? Too often oes reason deceive us; we have only too good a right to doubt her; ut conscience never deceives us; she is the true guide of man; it is the soul what instinct is to the body;[1] he who obeys his conscience is following nature and he need not fear that he will go astray. This is a matter of great importance, continued my benefactor, seeing that I was about to interrupt him; let me stop awhile to explain it more fully.

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[1] Modern philosophy, which only admits what it can understand, is reful not to admit this obscure power called instinct which seems to ide the animals to some end without any acquired experience. Instinct, cording to some of our wise philosophers, is only a secret habit of flection, acquired by reflection; and from the way in which they explain is development one ought to suppose that children reflect more than own-up people: a paradox strange enough to be worth examining. ithout entering upon this discussion I must ask what name I shall give the eagerness with which my dog makes war on the moles he does not t, or to the patience with which he sometimes watches them for hours d the skill with which he seizes them, throws them to a distance from eir earth as soon as they emerge, and then kills them and leaves them. et no one has trained him to this sport, nor even told him there were ch things as moles. Again, I ask, and this is a more important question, hy, when I threatened this same dog for the first time, why did he throw mself on the ground with his paws folded, in such a suppliant attitude

The morality of our actions consists entirely in the judgments we ourselves form with regard to them. If good is good, it must be good in the depth of our heart as well as in our actions; and the first reward of justice is the consciousness that we are acting justly. If moral goodness is in accordance with our nature, man can only be healthy in mind and body when he is good. If it is not so, and if man is by nature evil, he cannot cease to be evil without corrupting his nature, and goodness in him is a crime against nature. If he is made to do harm to his fellow-creatures, as the wolf is made to devour his prey, a humane man would be as depraved a creature as a pitiful wolf; and virtue alone would cause remorse.

My young friend, let us look within, let us set aside all personal prejudices and see whither our inclinations lead us. Do we take more pleasure in the sight of the sufferings of others or their joys? Is it pleasanter to do a kind action or an unkind action, and which leaves the more delightful memory behind it? Why do you enjoy the theatre? Do you delight in the crimes you behold? Do you weep over the punishment which overtakes the criminal? They say we are indifferent to everything but self-interest; yet we find our consolation in our sufferings in the charms of friendship and humanity, and even in our pleasures we should be too lonely and miserable if we had no one to share them with us. If there is no such thing as morality in man's heart, what is the source of his rapturous admiration of noble deeds, his passionate devotion to great men? What connection is there between self-interest and this enthusiasm for virtue? Why should I choose to be Cato dying by his own hand, rather than Cæsar in his triumphs? Take from our hearts this love of what is noble and you rob us of the joy of life. The mean-spirited man in whom these delicious feelings have been stifled among vile passions, who by thinking of no one but himself comes at last to love no one but himself, this man feels no raptures, his cold heart no longer throbs with joy, and his eyes no longer fill with the sweet tears of sympathy, he delights in nothing; the wretch has neither life nor feeling, he is already dead.

There are many bad men in this world, but there are few of these

calculated to touch me, a position which he would have maintained if, without being touched by it, I had continued to beat him in that position? What! Had my dog, little more than a puppy, acquired moral ideas? Did he know the meaning of mercy and generosity? By what acquired knowledge did he seek to appease my wrath by yielding to my discretion? Every dog in the world does almost the same thing in similar circumstances, and I am asserting nothing but what any one can verify for himself. Will the philosophers, who so scornfully reject instinct, kindly explain this fact by the mere play of sensations and experience which they assume we have acquired? Let them give an account of it which will satisfy any sensible man; in that case I have nothing further to urge, and I will say no more of instinct.

dead souls, alive only to self-interest, and insensible to all that is right and good. We only delight in injustice so long as it is to our own advantage; in every other case we wish the innocent to be protected. If we see some act of violence or injustice in town or country, our hearts are at once stirred to their depths by an instinctive anger and wrath, which bids us go to the help of the oppressed; but we are restrained by a stronger duty, and the law deprives us of our right to protect the innocent. On the other hand, if some deed of mercy or generosity meets our eye, what reverence and love does it inspire! Do we not say to ourselves, "I should like to have done that myself"? What does it matter to us that two thousand years ago a man was just or unjust? and yet we take the same nterest in ancient history as if it happened yesterday. What are the crimes of Cataline to me? I shall not be his victim. Why then have I the same horror of his crimes as if he were living now? We do not hate the wicked merely because of the harm they do to ourselves, but because they are wicked. Not only do we wish to be happy ourselves, we wish others to be happy too, and if this happiness does not interfere with our own happiness, it increases t. In conclusion, whether we will or not, we pity the unfortunate; when we see their suffering we suffer too. Even the most depraved are not wholly without this instinct, and it often leads them to elf-contradiction. The highwayman who robs the traveller, lothes the nakedness of the poor; the fiercest murderer supports fainting man.

Men speak of the voice of remorse, the secret punishment of hidden crimes, by which such are often brought to light. Alas! who does not know its unwelcome voice? We speak from experience, and we would gladly stifle this imperious feeling which auses us such agony. Let us obey the call of nature; we shall see hat her yoke is easy and that when we give heed to her voice we nd a joy in the answer of a good conscience. The wicked fears nd flees from her; he delights to escape from himself; his anxious yes look around him for some object of diversion; without bitter atire and rude mockery he would always be sorrowful; the scornful ugh is his one pleasure. Not so the just man, who finds his peace within himself; there is joy not malice in his laughter, a joy which prings from his own heart; he is as cheerful alone as in company, is satisfaction does not depend on those who approach him; it cludes them.

Cast your eyes over every nation of the world; peruse every olume of its history; in the midst of all these strange and cruel rms of worship, among this amazing variety of manners and ustoms, you will everywhere find the same ideas of right and justice; verywhere the same principles of morality, the same ideas of good nd evil. The old paganism gave birth to abominable gods who ould have been punished as scoundrels here below, gods who erely offered, as a picture of supreme happiness, crimes to be ommitted and lust to be gratified. But in vain did vice descend from the abode of the gods armed with their sacred authority; the moral instinct refused to admit it into the heart of man. While the debaucheries of Jupiter were celebrated, the continence of Xenocrates was revered; the chaste Lucrece adored the shameless Venus; the bold Roman offered sacrifices to Fear; he invoked the god who mutilated his father, and he died without a murmur at the hand of his own father. The most unworthy gods were worshipped by the noblest men. The sacred voice of nature was stronger than the voice of the gods, and won reverence upon earth; it seemed to relegate guilt and the guilty alike to heaven.

There is therefore at the bottom of our hearts an innate principle of justice and virtue, by which, in spite of our maxims, we judge our own actions or those of others to be good or evil; and it is this principle that I call conscience.

But at this word I hear the murmurs of all the wise men so-called. Childish errors, prejudices of our upbringing, they exclaim in concert! There is nothing in the human mind but what it has gained by experience; and we judge everything solely by means of the ideas we have acquired. They go further; they even venture to reject the clear and universal agreement of all peoples, and to set against this striking unanimity in the judgment of mankind, they seek out some obscure exception known to themselves alone; as if the whole trend of nature were rendered null by the depravity of a single nation, and as if the existence of monstrosities made an end of species. But to what purpose does the sceptic Montaigne strive himself to unearth in some obscure corner of the world a custom which is contrary to the ideas of justice? To what purpose does he credit the most untrustworthy travellers, while he refuses to believe the greatest writers? A few strange and doubtful customs, based on local causes, unknown to us; shall these destroy a general inference based on the agreement of all the nations of the earth, differing from each other in all else, but agreed in this? O Montaigne, you pride yourself on your truth and honesty; be sincere and truthful, if a philosopher can be so, and tell me if there is any country upon earth where it is a crime to keep one's plighted word, to be merciful helpful, and generous, where the good man is scorned, and the traitor is held in honour.

Self-interest, so they say, induces each of us to agree for the common good. But how is it that the good man consents to this to his own hurt? Does a man go to death from self-interest? No doubt each man acts for his own good, but if there is no such thing as moral good to be taken into consideration, self-interest will only enable you to account for the deeds of the wicked; possibly you wil not attempt to do more. A philosophy which could find no plac for good deeds would be too detestable; you would find yoursel compelled either to find some mean purpose, some wicked motive or to abuse Socrates and slander Regulus. If such doctrines eve took root among us, the voice of nature, together with the voic of reason, would constantly protest against them, till no adheren f such teaching could plead an honest excuse for his parti-anship.

It is no part of my scheme to enter at present into metaphysical iscussions which neither you nor I can understand, discussions vhich really lead nowhere. I have told you already that I do not vish to philosophise with you, but to help you to consult your own eart. If all the philosophers in the world should prove that I am vrong, and you feel that I am right, that is all I ask.

For this purpose it is enough to lead you to distinguish between ur acquired ideas and our natural feelings; for feeling precedes nowledge; and since we do not learn to seek what is good for us nd avoid what is bad for us, but get this desire from nature, in he same way the love of good and the hatred of evil are as natural o us as our self-love. The decrees of conscience are not judgments ut feelings. Although all our ideas come from without, the feelings y which they are weighed are within us, and it is by these feelings lone that we perceive fitness or unfitness of things in relation o ourselves, which leads us to seek or shun these things.

To exist is to feel; our feeling is undoubtedly earlier than our ntelligence, and we had feelings before we had ideas.[1] Whatever ay be the cause of our being, it has provided for our preservation y giving us feelings suited to our nature; and no one can deny at these at least are innate. These feelings, so far as the individual concerned, are self-love, fear, pain, the dread of death, the desire r comfort. Again, if, as it is impossible to doubt, man is by nature ciable, or at least fitted to become sociable, he can only be so by eans of other innate feelings, relative to his kind; for if only hysical well-being were considered, men would certainly be scattered ther than brought together. But the motive power of conscience derived from the moral system formed through this twofold lation to himself and to his fellow-men. To know good is not to ve it; this knowledge is not innate in man; but as soon as his ason leads him to perceive it, his conscience impels him to love it; is this feeling which is innate.

So I do not think, my young friend, that it is impossible to explain e immediate force of conscience as a result of our own nature, dependent of reason itself. And even should it be impossible, is unnecessary; for those who deny this principle, admitted and ceived by everybody else in the world, do not prove that there is such thing; they are content to affirm, and when we affirm its istence we have quite as good grounds as they, while we have moreover the witness within us, the voice of conscience, which speaks on its own behalf. If the first beams of judgment dazzle us and confuse the objects we behold, let us wait till our feeble sight grows clear and strong, and in the light of reason we shall soon behold these very objects as nature has already showed them to us. Or rather let us be simpler and less pretentious; let us be content with the first feelings we experience in ourselves, since science always brings us back to these, unless it has led us astray.

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[1] In some respects ideas are feelings and feelings are ideas. Both terms e appropriate to any perception with which we are concerned, appro-iate both to the object of that perception and to ourselves who are ected by it; it is merely the order in which we are affected which decides e appropriate term. When we are chiefly concerned with the object d only think of ourselves as it were by reflection, that is an idea; when, the other hand, the impression received excites our chief attention d we only think in the second place of the object which caused it, it is eeling.

Conscience! Conscience! Divine instinct, immortal voice from heaven; sure guide for a creature ignorant and finite indeed, yet intelligent and free; infallible judge of good and evil, making man like to God! In thee consists the excellence of man's nature and the morality of his actions; apart from thee, I find nothing in myself to raise me above the beasts—nothing but the sad privilege of wandering from one error to another, by the help of an unbridled understanding and a reason which knows no principle.

Thank heaven we have now got rid of all that alarming show of philosophy; we may be men without being scholars; now that we need not spend our life in the study of morality, we have found a less costly and surer guide through this vast labyrinth of human thought. But it is not enough to be aware that there is such a guide; we must know her and follow her. If she speaks to all hearts, how is it that so few give heed to her voice? She speaks to us in the language of nature, and everything leads us to forget that tongue. Conscience is timid, she loves peace and retirement; she is startled by noise and numbers; the prejudices from which she is said to arise are her worst enemies. She flees before them or she is silent; their noisy voices drown her words, so that she cannot get a hearing; fanaticism dares to counterfeit her voice and to inspire crimes in her name. She is discouraged by ill-treatment; she no longer speaks to us, no longer answers to our call; when she has been scorned so long, it is as hard to recall her as it was to banish her.

How often in the course of my inquiries have I grown weary of my own coldness of heart! How often have grief and weariness poured their poison into my first meditations and made them hateful to me! My barren heart yielded nothing but a feeble zeal and a lukewarm love of truth. I said to myself: Why should I strive to find what does not exist? Moral good is a dream, the pleasures of sense are the only real good. When once we have lost the taste for the pleasures of the soul, how hard it is to recover it! How much more difficult to acquire it if we have never possessed it If there were any man so wretched as never to have done anything all his life long which he could remember with pleasure, and which would make him glad to have lived, that man would be incapable of self-knowledge, and for want of knowledge of goodness of which his nature is capable, he would be constrained to remain in his wickedness and would be for ever miserable. But do you think there is any one man upon earth so depraved that he has never yielded to the temptation of well-doing? This temptation is so natural, so pleasant, that it is impossible always to resist it; and the thought of the pleasure it has once afforded is enough to recall it constantly to our memory. Unluckily it is hard at first to find satisfaction for it; we have any number of reasons for refusing to follow the inclinations of our heart; prudence, so called, restricts the heart within the limits of the self; a thousand efforts are needed o break these bonds. The joy of well-doing is the prize of having done well, and we must deserve the prize before we win it. There s nothing sweeter than virtue; but we do not know this till we have tried it. Like Proteus in the fable, she first assumes a thousand terrible shapes when we would embrace her, and only shows her true self to those who refuse to let her go.

Ever at strife between my natural feelings, which spoke of the common weal, and my reason, which spoke of self, I should have drifted through life in perpetual uncertainty, hating evil, loving good, and always at war with myself, if my heart had not received further light, if that truth which determined my opinions had not also settled my conduct, and set me at peace with myself. Reason alone is not a sufficient foundation for virtue; what solid ground can be found? Virtue we are told is love of order. But can this ove prevail over my love for my own well-being, and ought it so o prevail? Let them give me clear and sufficient reason for this preference. Their so-called principle is in truth a mere playing with words; for I also say that vice is love of order, differently understood. Wherever there is feeling and intelligence, there is some sort of moral order. The difference is this: the good man orders his life with regard to all men; the wicked orders it for self alone. The latter centres all things round himself; the other measures his radius and remains on the circumference. Thus his place depends on the common centre, which is God, and on all the concentric circles which are His creatures. If there is no God, the wicked is right and the good man is nothing but a fool.

My child! May you one day feel what a burden is removed when, having fathomed the vanity of human thoughts and tasted he bitterness of passion, you find at length near at hand the path of wisdom, the prize of this life's labours, the source of that happiness which you despaired of. Every duty of natural law, which man's njustice had almost effaced from my heart, is engraven there, for he second time in the name of that eternal justice which lays these duties upon me and beholds my fulfilment of them. I feel myself merely the instrument of the Omnipotent, who wills what is good, who performs it, who will bring about my own good through the o-operation of my will with his own, and by the right use of my berty. I acquiesce in the order he establishes, certain that one ay I shall enjoy that order and find my happiness in it; for what weeter joy is there than this, to feel oneself a part of a system where ll is good? A prey to pain, I bear it in patience, remembering that t will soon be over, and that it results from a body which is not mine. If I do a good deed in secret, I know that it is seen, and my conduct in this life is a pledge of the life to come. When I suffer injustice, I say to myself, the Almighty who does all things well will reward me: my bodily needs, my poverty, make the idea of death less intolerable. There will be all the fewer bonds to be broken when my hour comes.

Why is my soul subjected to my senses, and imprisoned in this body by which it is enslaved and thwarted? I know not; have I entered into the counsels of the Almighty? But I may, without rashness, venture on a modest conjecture. I say to myself: If man's soul had remained in a state of freedom and innocence, what merit would there have been in loving and obeying the order he found established, an order which it would not have been to his advantage to disturb? He would be happy, no doubt, but his happiness would not attain to the highest point, the pride of virtue, and the witness of a good conscience within him; he would be but as the angels are, and no doubt the good man will be more than they. Bound to a mortal body, by bonds as strange as they are powerful, his care for the preservation of this body tempts the soul to think only of self, and gives it an interest opposed to the general order of things, which it is still capable of knowing and loving; then it is that the right use of his freedom becomes at once the merit and the reward; then it is that it prepares for itself unending happiness, by resisting its earthly passions and following its original direction.

If even in the lowly position in which we are placed during our present life our first impulses are always good, if all our vices are of our own making, why should we complain that they are our masters? Why should we blame the Creator for the ills we have ourselves created, and the enemies we ourselves have armed against us? Oh, let us leave man unspoilt; he will always find it easy to be good and he will always be happy without remorse. The guilty, who assert that they are driven to crime, are liars as well as evil-doers; how is it that they fail to perceive that the weakness they bewail is of their own making; that their earliest depravity was the result of their own will; that by dint of wishing to yield to temptations, they at length yield to them whether they will or no and make them irresistible? No doubt they can no longer avoid being weak and wicked, but they need not have become weak and wicked. Oh, how easy would it be to preserve control of ourselves and of our passions, even in this life, if with habits still unformed, with a mind beginning to expand, we were able to keep to such things as we ought to know in order to value rightly what is unknown; if we really wished to learn, not that we might shine before the eyes of others, but that we might be wise and good in accordance with our nature, that we might be happy in the performance of our duty. This study seems tedious and painful to us, for we do not attempt it till we are already corrupted by vice and enslaved by our passions. Our judgments and our standards of worth are determined before we have the nowledge of good and evil; and then we measure all things by this alse standard, and give nothing its true worth.

There is an age when the heart is still free, but eager, unquiet, reedy of a happiness which is still unknown, a happiness which it eeks in curiosity and doubt; deceived by the senses it settles at ength upon the empty show of happiness and thinks it has found t where it is not. In my own case these illusions endured for a ong time. Alas! too late did I become aware of them, and I have ot succeeded in overcoming them altogether; they will last as long s this mortal body from which they arise. If they lead me astray, am at least no longer deceived by them; I know them for what hey are, and even when I give way to them, I despise myself; far rom regarding them as the goal of my happiness, I behold in them n obstacle to it. I long for the time when, freed from the fetters of he body, I shall be myself, at one with myself, no longer torn in wo, when I myself shall suffice for my own happiness. Meanwhile am happy even in this life, for I make small account of all its evils, which I regard myself as having little or no part, while all the eal good that I can get out of this life depends on myself alone.

To raise myself so far as may be even now to this state of happiness, trength, and freedom, I exercise myself in lofty contemplation. I onsider the order of the universe, not to explain it by any futile ystem, but to revere it without ceasing, to adore the wise Author ho reveals himself in it. I hold intercourse with him; I immerse ll my powers in his divine essence; I am overwhelmed by his kindess, I bless him and his gifts, but I do not pray to him. What ould I ask of him—to change the order of nature, to work miracles n my behalf? Should I, who am bound to love above all things e order which he has established in his wisdom and maintained y his providence, should I desire the disturbance of that order on y own account? No, that rash prayer would deserve to be unished rather than to be granted. Neither do I ask of him the ower to do right; why should I ask what he has given me already? as he not given me conscience that I may love the right, reason at I may perceive it, and freedom that I may choose it? If I do il, I have no excuse; I do it of my own free will; to ask him to ange my will is to ask him to do what he asks of me; it is to want im to do the work while I get the wages; to be dissatisfied with my t is to wish to be no longer a man, to wish to be other than what am, to wish for disorder and evil. Thou source of justice and uth, merciful and gracious God, in thee do I trust, and the desire my heart is—Thy will be done. When I unite my will with thine, do what thou doest; I have a share in thy goodness; I believe that enjoy beforehand the supreme happiness which is the reward of odness.

In my well-founded self-distrust the only thing that I ask of od, or rather expect from his justice, is to correct my error if I go tray, if that error is dangerous to me. To be honest I need ot think myself infallible; my opinions, which seem to me true, may be so many lies; for what man is there who does not cling to his own beliefs; and how many men are agreed in everything? The illusion which deceives me may indeed have its source in myself, but it is God alone who can remove it. I have done all I can to attain to truth; but its source is beyond my reach; is it my fault if my strength fails me and I can go no further; it is for Truth to draw near to me.

The good priest had spoken with passion; he and I were overcome with emotion. It seemed to me as if I were listening to the divine Orpheus when he sang the earliest hymns and taught men the worship of the gods. I saw any number of objections which might be raised; yet I raised none, for I perceived that they were more perplexing than serious, and that my inclination took his part. When he spoke to me according to his conscience, my own seemed to confirm what he said.

"The novelty of the sentiments you have made known to me," said I, "strikes me all the more because of what you confess you do not know, than because of what you say you believe. They seem to me very like that theism or natural religion, which Christians profess to confound with atheism or irreligion which is their exact opposite. But in the present state of my faith I should have to ascend rather than descend to accept your views, and I find it difficult to remain just where you are unless I were as wise as you. That I may be at least as honest, I want time to take counsel with myself. By your own showing, the inner voice must be my guide, and you have yourself told me that when it has long been silenced it cannot be recalled in a moment. I take what you have said to heart, and I must consider it. If after I have thought things out, I am as convinced as you are, you will be my final teacher, and I will be your disciple till death. Continue your teaching however; you have only told me half what I must know. Speak to me of revelation, of the Scriptures, of those difficult doctrines among which I have strayed ever since I was a child, incapable either of understanding or believing them, unable to adopt or reject them."

"Yes, my child," said he, embracing me, "I will tell you all I think; I will not open my heart to you by halves; but the desire you express was necessary before I could cast aside all reserve. So far I have told you nothing but what I thought would be of service to you, nothing but what I was quite convinced of. The inquiry which remains to be made is very different. It seems to me full of perplexity, mystery, and darkness; I bring to it only doubt and distrust. I make up my mind with trembling, and I tell you my doubts rather than my convictions. If your own opinions were more settled I should hesitate to show you mine; but in your present condition, to think like me would be gain.[1] Moreover, give to my words only the authority of reason; I know not whether I am nistaken. It is difficult in discussion to avoid assuming sometimes dogmatic tone; but remember in this respect that all my assertions re but reasons to doubt me. Seek truth for yourself; for my own art I only promise you sincerity.

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[1] I think the worthy clergyman might say this at the present time to the general public.

“ In my exposition you find nothing but natural religion; strange hat we should need more! How shall I become aware of this eed? What guilt can be mine so long as I serve God according o the knowledge he has given to my mind, and the feelings he has ut into my heart? What purity of morals, what dogma useful to nan and worthy of its author, can I derive from a positive doctrine vhich cannot be derived without the aid of this doctrine by the ight use of my faculties? Show me what you can add to the luties of the natural law, for the glory of God, for the good of nankind, and for my own welfare; and what virtue you will get rom the new form of religion which does not result from mine. The randest ideas of the Divine nature come to us from reason only. Behold the spectacle of nature; listen to the inner voice. Has not God spoken it all to our eyes, to our conscience, to our reason? Vhat more can man tell us? Their revelations do but degrade God, y investing him with passions like our own. Far from throwing ght upon the ideas of the Supreme Being, special doctrines seem o me to confuse these ideas; far from ennobling them, they degrade hem; to the inconceivable mysteries which surround the Almighty, hey add absurd contradictions, they make man proud, intolerant, nd cruel; instead of bringing peace upon earth, they bring fire and word. I ask myself what is the use of it all, and I find no answer. see nothing but the crimes of men and the misery of mankind.

“They tell me a revelation was required to teach men how God vould be served; as a proof of this they point to the many strange ites which men have instituted, and they do not perceive that his very diversity springs from the fanciful nature of the revelations. s soon as the nations took to making God speak, every one made im speak in his own fashion, and made him say what he himself vanted. Had they listened only to what God says in the heart f man, there would have been but one religion upon earth.

“ One form of worship was required; just so, but was this a matter f such importance as to require all the power of the Godhead to stablish it? Do not let us confuse the outward forms of religion rith religion itself. The service God requires is of the heart; and hen the heart is sincere that is ever the same. It is a strange sort of onceit which fancies that God takes such an interest in the shape f the priest's vestments, the form of words he utters, the gestures e makes before the altar and all his genuflections. Oh, my friend, tand upright, you will still be too near the earth. God desires to e worshipped in spirit and in truth; this duty belongs to every eligion, every country, every individual. As to the form of worship, order demands uniformity, that is only a matter of discipline and eeds no revelation.

“These thoughts did not come to me to begin with. Carried away by the prejudices of my education, and by that dangerous vanity which always strives to lift man out of his proper sphere, when I could not raise my feeble thoughts up to the great Being, I tried to bring him down to my own level. I tried to reduce the distance he has placed between his nature and mine. I desired more immediate relations, more individual instruction; not content to make God in the image of man that I might be favoured above my fellows, I desired supernatural knowledge; I required a special form of worship; I wanted God to tell me what he had not told others, or what others had not understood like myself.

"Considering the point I had now reached as the common centre from which all believers set out on the quest for a more enlightened form of religion, I merely found in natural religion the elements of all religion. I beheld the multitude of diverse sects which hold sway upon earth, each of which accuses the other of falsehood and error; which of these, I asked, is the right? Every one replied, 'My own;' every one said, 'I alone and those who agree with me think rightly, all the others are mistaken.' And how do you know that your sect is in the right? Because God said so. And how do you know God said so?[1] And who told you that God said it? My pastor, who knows all about it. My pastor tells me what to believe and I believe it; he assures me that any one who says anything else is mistaken, and I give no heed to them.

"What! thought I, is not truth one; can that which is true for me be false for you? If those who follow the right path and those who go astray have the same method, what merit or what blame can be assigned to one more than to the other? Their choice is the result of chance; it is unjust to hold them responsible for it, to reward or punish them for being born in one country or another. To dare to say that God judges us in this manner is an outrage on his justice.

"Either all religions are good and pleasing to God, or if there is one which he prescribes for men, if they will be punished for despising it, he will have distinguished it by plain and certain signs by which it can be known as the only true religion; these signs are alike in every time and place, equally plain to all men, great or small earned or unlearned, Europeans, Indians, Africans, savages. If here were but one religion upon earth, and if all beyond its pale vere condemned to eternal punishment, and if there were in any orner of the world one single honest man who was not convinced y this evidence, the God of that religion would be the most unjust nd cruel of tyrants.

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[1] "All men," said a wise and good priest, "maintain that they hold and believe their religion (and all use the same jargon), not of man, nor o any creature, but of God. But to speak truly, without pretence or flattery none of them do so; whatever they may say, religions are taught by human hands and means; take, for example, the way in which religions have been received by the world, the way in which they are still received every day by individuals; the nation, the country, the locality gives the religion we belong to the religion of the place where we are born and brought up we are baptised or circumcised, we are Christians, Jews, Mahometans before we know that we are men; we do not pick and choose our religion for see how ill the life and conduct agree with the religion, see for wha slight and human causes men go against the teaching of their religion."—CHARRON, *De la Sagesse*.

It seems clear that the honest creed of the holy theologian of Condom would not have differed greatly from that of the Savoyard priest.

“Let us therefore seek honestly after truth; let us yield nothing o the claims of birth, to the authority of parents and pastors, ut let us summon to the bar of conscience and of reason all that hey have taught us from our childhood. In vain do they exclaim, Submit your reason;’ a deceiver might say as much; I must ave reasons for submitting my reason.

“All the theology I can get for myself by observation of the unierse and by the use of my faculties is contained in what I have lready told you. To know more one must have recourse to strange eans. These means cannot be the authority of men, for every an is of the same species as myself, and all that a man knows by ature I am capable of knowing, and another may be deceived as uch as I; when I believe what he says, it is not because he says it ut because he proves its truth. The witness of man is therefore othing more than the witness of my own reason, and it adds nothing the natural means which God has given me for the knowledge of uth.

“Apostle of truth, what have you to tell me of which I am not e sole judge? God himself has spoken; give heed to his revelaon. That is another matter. God has spoken, these are indeed ords which demand attention. To whom has he spoken? He as spoken to men. Why then have I heard nothing? He has structed others to make known his words to you. I understand; is men who come and tell me what God has said. I would rather ave heard the words of God himself; it would have been as easy r him and I should have been secure from fraud. He protects you om fraud by showing that his envoys come from him. How does e show this? By miracles. Where are these miracles? In the ooks. And who wrote the books? Men. And who saw the iracles? The men who bear witness to them. What! Nothing t human testimony! Nothing but men who tell me what others ld them! How many men between God and me! Let us see, owever, let us examine, compare, and verify. Oh! if God had but igned to free me from all this labour, I would have served him ith all my heart.

“Consider, my friend, the terrible controversy in which I am now gaged; what vast learning is required to go back to the remotest tiquity, to examine, weigh, confront prophecies, revelations, facts, the monuments of faith set forth throughout the world, to assign eir date, place, authorship, and occasion. What exactness of itical judgment is needed to distinguish genuine documents from rgeries, to compare objections with their answers, translations ith their originals; to decide as to the impartiality of witnesses, their common-sense, their knowledge; to make sure that nothing has been omitted, nothing added, nothing transposed, altered, or falsified; to point out any remaining contradictions, to determine what weight should be given to the silence of our adversaries with regard to the charges brought against them; how far were they aware of those charges; did they think them sufficiently serious to require an answer; were books sufficiently well known for our books to reach them; have we been honest enough to allow their books to circulate among ourselves and to leave their strongest objections unaltered?

"When the authenticity of all these documents is accepted, we must now pass to the evidence of their authors' mission; we must know the laws of chance, and probability, to decide which prophecy cannot be fulfilled without a miracle; we must know the spirit of the original languages, to distinguish between prophecy and figures of speech; we must know what facts are in accordance with nature and what facts are not, so that we may say how far a clever man may deceive the eyes of the simple and may even astonish the learned; we must discover what are the characteristics of a prodigy and how its authenticity may be established, not only so far as to gain credence, but so that doubt may be deserving of punishment; we must compare the evidence for true and false miracles, and find sure tests to distinguish between them; lastly we must say why God chose as a witness to his words means which themselves require so much evidence on their behalf, as if he were playing with human credulity, and avoiding of set purpose the true means of persuasion.

"Assuming that the divine majesty condescends so far as to make a man the channel of his sacred will, is it reasonable, is it fair, to demand that the whole of mankind should obey the voice of this minister without making him known as such? Is it just to give him as his sole credentials certain private signs, performed in the presence of a few obscure persons, signs which everybody else can only know by hearsay? If one were to believe all the miracles that the uneducated and credulous profess to have seen in every country upon earth, every sect would be in the right; there would be more miracles than ordinary events; and it would be the greatest miracle if there were no miracles wherever there were persecuted fanatics. The unchangeable order of nature is the chief witness to the wise hand that guides it; if there were many exceptions, I should hardly know what to think; for my own part I have too great a faith in God to believe in so many miracles which are so little worthy of him.

"Let a man come and say to us: Mortals, I proclaim to you the will of the Most Highest; accept my words as those of him who has sent me; I bid the sun to change his course, the stars to range themselves in a fresh order, the high places to become smooth, the floods to rise up, the earth to change her face. By these miracles who will not recognise the master of nature? She does not obey ostors, their miracles are wrought in holes and corners, in erts, within closed doors, where they find easy dupes among a ll company of spectators already disposed to believe them. o will venture to tell me how many eye-witnesses are required ake a miracle credible? What use are your miracles, performed roof of your doctrine, if they themselves require so much proof? u might as well have let them alone.

"There still remains the most important inquiry of all with regard the doctrine proclaimed; for since those who tell us God works racles in this world, profess that the devil sometimes imitates m, when we have found the best attested miracles we have got y little further; and since the magicians of Pharaoh dared in presence of Moses to counterfeit the very signs he wrought at d's command, why should they not, behind his back, claim a like thority? So when we have proved our doctrine by means of racles, we must prove our miracles by means of doctrine,[1] for r lest we should take the devil's doings for the handiwork of God. hat think you of this dilemma?

"This doctrine, if it comes from God, should bear the sacred stamp the godhead; not only should it illumine the troubled thoughts ich reason imprints on our minds, but it should also offer us a m of worship, a morality, and rules of conduct in accordance with e attributes by means of which we alone conceive of God's essence. then it teaches us what is absurd and unreasonable, if it inspires with feelings of aversion for our fellows and terror for ourselves, it paints us a God, angry, jealous, revengeful, partial, hating men, God of war and battles, ever ready to strike and to destroy, ever eaking of punishment and torment, boasting even of the punish- ent of the innocent, my heart would not be drawn towards this rrible God, I would take good care not to quit the realm of natural ligion to embrace such a religion as that; for you see plainly I ust choose between them. Your God is not ours. He who begins by selecting a chosen people, and proscribing the rest of mankin is not our common father; he who consigns to eternal punishme the greater part of his creatures, is not the merciful and gracio God revealed to me by my reason.

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[1] This is expressly stated in many passages of Scripture, among others Deuteronomy xiii., where it is said that when a prophet preaching range gods confirms his words by means of miracles and what he foretells mes to pass, far from giving heed to him, this prophet must be put to ath. If then the heathen put the apostles to death when they preached strange god and confirmed their words by miracles which came to pass, cannot see what grounds we have for complaint which they could not once turn against us. Now, what should be done in such a case? There only one course; to return to argument and let the miracles alone. It ould have been better not to have had recourse to them at all. That plain common-sense which can only be obscured by great subtlety of stinction. Subtleties in Christianity! So Jesus Christ was mistaken hen he promised the kingdom of heaven to the simple, he was mistaken hen he began his finest discourse with the praise of the poor in spirit, so much wit is needed to understand his teaching and to get others to elieve in him. When you have convinced me that submission is my uty, all will be well; but to convince me of this, come down to my level; dapt your arguments to a lowly mind, or I shall not recognise you as a ue disciple of your master, and it is not his doctrine that you are teaching e.

"Reason tells me that dogmas should be plain, clear, and striki in their simplicity. If there is something lacking in natural religio it is with respect to the obscurity in which it leaves the great trut it teaches; revelation should teach us these truths in a way whic the mind of man can understand; it should bring them within h reach, make him comprehend them, so that he may believe the Faith is confirmed and strengthened by understanding; the be religion is of necessity the simplest. He who hides beneath mysteri and contradictions the religion that he preaches to me, teaches m at the same time to distrust that religion. The God whom I ado is not the God of darkness, he has not given me understanding i order to forbid me to use it; to tell me to submit my reason is t insult the giver of reason. The minister of truth does not tyrannis over my reason, he enlightens it.

"We have set aside all human authority, and without it I do no see how any man can convince another by preaching a doctrin contrary to reason. Let them fight it out, and let us see what the have to say with that harshness of speech which is common to both

"*Inspiration.* Reason tells you that the whole is greater than th part; but I tell you, in God's name, that the part is greater tha the whole.

"*Reason.* And who are you to dare to tell me that God contradict himself? And which shall I choose to believe, God who teaches me, through my reason, the eternal truth, or you who, in his name proclaim an absurdity?

"*Inspiration.* Believe me, for my teaching is more positive; an I will prove to you beyond all manner of doubt that he has sent me

"*Reason.* What! you will convince me that God has sent you t bear witness against himself? What sort of proofs will you adduce to convince me that God speaks more surely by your mouth tha through the understanding he has given me?

"*Inspiration.* The understanding he has given you! Petty, conceited creature! As if you were the first impious person who had been led astray through his reason corrupted by sin.

"*Reason.* Man of God, you would not be the first scoundrel who asserts his arrogance as a proof of his mission.

"*Inspiration.* What! do even philosophers call names?

"*Reason.* Sometimes, when the saints set them the example.

"*Inspiration.* Oh, but I have a right to do it, for I am speaking on God's behalf.

"*Reason.* You would do well to show your credentials before you make use of your privileges.

"*Inspiration.* My credentials are authentic, earth and heaven will bear witness on my behalf. Follow my arguments carefully, if you please.

"*Reason.* Your arguments! You forget what you are saying. en you teach me that my reason misleads me, do you not refute at it might have said on your behalf? He who denies the right reason, must convince me without recourse to her aid. For pose you have convinced me by reason, how am I to know that is not my reason, corrupted by sin, which makes me accept what u say? Besides, what proof, what demonstration, can you vance, more self-evident than the axiom it is to destroy? It is re credible that a good syllogism is a lie, than that the part is ater than the whole.

"*Inspiration.* What a difference! There is no answer to my idence; it is of a supernatural kind.

"*Reason.* Supernatural! What do you mean by the word? I not understand it.

"*Inspiration.* I mean changes in the order of nature, prophecies, ns, and wonders of every kind.

"*Reason.* Signs and wonders! I have never seen anything of the nd.

"*Inspiration.* Others have seen them for you. Clouds of witnesses the witness of whole nations. . . .

"*Reason.* Is the witness of nations supernatural?

"*Inspiration.* No; but when it is unanimous, it is incontestable.

"*Reason.* There is nothing so incontestable as the principles of ason, and one cannot accept an absurdity on human evidence. nce more, let us see your supernatural evidence, for the consent mankind is not supernatural.

"*Inspiration.* Oh, hardened heart, grace does not speak to you.

"*Reason.* That is not my fault; for by your own showing, one ust have already received grace before one is able to ask for it. egin by speaking to me in its stead.

"*Inspiration.* But that is just what I am doing, and you will not sten. But what do you say to prophecy?

"*Reason.* In the first place, I say I have no more heard a prophet an I have seen a miracle. In the next, I say that no prophet ould claim authority over me.

"*Inspiration.* Follower of the devil! Why should not the words f the prophets have authority over you?

"*Reason.* Because three things are required, three things which ill never happen: firstly, I must have heard the prophecy; econdly, I must have seen its fulfilment; and thirdly, it must be learly proved that the fulfilment of the prophecy could not by any ossibility have been a mere coincidence; for even if it was as recise, as plain, and clear as an axiom of geometry, since the clear- ess of a chance prediction does not make its fulfilment impossible, his fulfilment when it does take place does not, strictly speaking, rove what was foretold.

"See what your so-called supernatural proofs, your miracles, your rophecies come to: believe all this upon the word of another, ubmit to the authority of men the authority of God which speaks to my reason. If the eternal truths which my mind conceives o could suffer any shock, there would be no sort of certainty for me; and far from being sure that you speak to me on God's behalf, I should not even be sure that there is a God.

"My child, here are difficulties enough, but these are not all. Among so many religions, mutually excluding and proscribing each other, one only is true, if indeed any one of them is true. To recognise the true religion we must inquire into, not one, but all; and in any question whatsoever we have no right to condemn unheard.[1] The objections must be compared with the evidence; we must know what accusation each brings against the other, and what answers they receive. The plainer any feeling appears to us, the more we must try to discover why so many other people refuse to accept it. We should be simple, indeed, if we thought it enough to hear the doctors on our own side, in order to acquaint ourselves with the arguments of the other. Where can you find theologians who pride themselves on their honesty? Where are those who, to refute the arguments of their opponents, do not begin by making out that they are of little importance? A man may make a good show among his own friends, and be very proud of his arguments, who would cut a very poor figure with those same arguments among those who are on the other side. Would you find out for yourself from books? What learning you will need! What languages you must learn; what libraries you must ransack; what an amount of reading must be got through! Who will guide me in such a choice? It will be hard to find the best books on the opposite side in any one country, and all the harder to find those on all sides; when found they would be easily answered. The absent are always in the wrong, and bad arguments boldly asserted easily efface good arguments put forward with scorn. Besides books are often very misleading, and scarcely express the opinions of their authors. If you think you can judge the Catholic faith from the writings of Bossuet, you will find yourself greatly mistaken when you have lived among us. You will see that the doctrines with which Protestants are answered are quite different from those of the pulpit. To judge a religion rightly, you must not study it in the books of its partisans, you must learn it in their lives; this is quite another matter. Each religion has its own traditions, meaning, customs, prejudices, which form the spirit of its creed, and must be taken in connection with it.

"How many great nations neither print books of their own nor read ours! How shall they judge of our opinions, or we of theirs?

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[1] On the other hand, Plutarch relates that the Stoics maintained, among other strange paradoxes, that it was no use hearing both sides; for, said they, the first either proves his point or he does not prove it; if he has proved it, there is an end of it, and the other should be condemned: if he has not proved it, he himself is in the wrong and judgment should be given against him. I consider the method of those who accept an exclusive revelation very much like that of these Stoics. When each of them claims to be the sole guardian of truth, we must hear them all before we can choose between them without injustice.

e laugh at them, they despise us; and if our travellers turn them o ridicule, they need only travel among us to pay us back in our n coin. Are there not, in every country, men of common-sense, nesty, and good faith, lovers of truth, who only seek to know at truth is that they may profess it? Yet every one finds truth his own religion, and thinks the religion of other nations absurd; all these foreign religions are not so absurd as they seem to us, else the reason we find for our own proves nothing.

"We have three principal forms of religion in Europe. One accepts e revelation, another two, and another three. Each hates the hers, showers curses on them, accuses them of blindness, obstinacy, rdness of heart, and falsehood. What fair-minded man will dare decide between them without first carefully weighing their idence, without listening attentively to their arguments? That ich accepts only one revelation is the oldest and seems the best tablished; that which accepts three is the newest and seems the st consistent; that which accepts two revelations and rejects the ird may perhaps be the best, but prejudice is certainly against it; inconsistency is glaring.'

"In all three revelations the sacred books are written in languages known to the people who believe in them. The Jews no longer derstand Hebrew, the Christians understand neither Hebrew nor eek; the Turks and Persians do not understand Arabic, and the rabs of our time do not speak the language of Mahomet. Is not a very foolish way of teaching, to teach people in an unknown ngue? These books are translated, you say. What an answer! ow am I to know that the translations are correct, or how am I make sure that such a thing as a correct translation is possible? God has gone so far as to speak to men, why should he require interpreter?

"I can never believe that every man is obliged to know what is ntained in books, and that he who is out of reach of these books, d of those who understand them, will be punished for an ignorance hich is no fault of his. Books upon books! What madness! As l Europe is full of books, Europeans regard them as necessary, rgetting that they are unknown throughout three-quarters of the obe. Were not all these books written by men? Why then should man need them to teach him his duty, and how did he learn his ty before these books were in existence? Either he must have arnt his duties for himself, or his ignorance must have been excused.

"Our Catholics talk loudly of the authority of the Church; but hat is the use of it all, if they also need just as great an array of roofs to establish that authority as the other seeks to establish eir doctrine? The Church decides that the Church has a right to ecide. What a well-founded authority! Go beyond it, and you e back again in our discussions.

"Do you know many Christians who have taken the trouble to quire what the Jews allege against them? If any one knows ything at all about it, it is from the writings of Christians. What a way of ascertaining the arguments of our adversaries! But wha is to be done? If any one dared to publish in our day books which were openly in favour of the Jewish religion, we should punish the author, publisher, and bookseller. This regulation is a sure and certain plan for always being in the right. It is easy to refute those who dare not venture to speak.

"Those among us who have the opportunity of talking with Jews are little better off. These unhappy people feel that they are in our power; the tyranny they have suffered makes them timid; they know that Christian charity thinks nothing of injustice and cruelty; will they dare to run the risk of an outcry against blasphemy? Our greed inspires us with zeal, and they are so rich that they must be in the wrong. The more learned, the more enlightened they are, the more cautious. You may convert some poor wretch whom you have paid to slander his religion; you get some wretched old-clothes-man to speak, and he says what you want; you may triumph over their ignorance and cowardice, while all the time their men of learning are laughing at your stupidity. But do you think you would get off so easily in any place where they knew they were safe? At the Sorbonne it is plain that the Messianic prophecies refer to Jesus Christ. Among the rabbis of Amsterdam it is just as clear that they have nothing to do with him. I do not think I have ever heard the arguments of the Jews as to why they should not have a free state, schools and universities, where they can speak and argue without danger. Then alone can we know what they have to say.

"At Constantinople the Turks state their arguments, but we dare not give ours; then it is our turn to cringe. Can we blame the Turks if they require us to show the same respect for Mahomet, in whom we do not believe, as we demand from the Jews with regard to Jesus Christ in whom they do not believe? Are we right? On what grounds of justice can we answer this question?

"Two-thirds of mankind are neither Jews, Mahometans, nor Christians; and how many millions of men have never heard the name of Moses, Jesus Christ, or Mahomet? They deny it; they maintain that our missionaries go everywhere. That is easily said. But do they go into the heart of Africa, still undiscovered, where as yet no European has ever ventured? Do they go to Eastern Tartary to follow on horseback the wandering tribes, whom no stranger approaches, who not only know nothing of the pope, but have scarcely heard tell of the Grand Lama? Do they penetrate into the vast continents of America, where there are still whole nations unaware that the people of another world have set foot on their shores? Do they go to Japan, where their intrigues have led to their perpetual banishment, where their predecessors are only known to the rising generation as skilful plotters who came with feigned zeal to take possession in secret of the empire? Do they reach the harems of the Asiatic princes to preach the gospel to those thousands of poor slaves? What have the women of those countries ne that no missionary may preach the faith to them? Will they go to hell because of their seclusion?

"If it were true that the gospel is preached throughout the world, at advantage would there be? The day before the first missionary foot in any country, no doubt somebody died who could not hear n. Now tell me what we shall do with him? If there were a gle soul in the whole world, to whom Jesus Christ had never en preached, this objection would be as strong for that man as for quarter of the human race.

"If the ministers of the gospel have made themselves heard among -off nations, what have they told them which might reasonably accepted on their word, without further and more exact verifica- n? You preach to me God, born and dying, two thousand years o, at the other end of the world, in some small town I know not ere; and you tell me that all who have not believed this mystery e damned. These are strange things to be believed so quickly the authority of an unknown person. Why did your God make ese things happen so far off, if he would compel me to know about em? Is it a crime to be unaware of what is happening half a rld away? Could I guess that in another hemisphere there was Hebrew nation and a town called Jerusalem? You might as well pect me to know what was happening in the moon. You say you ve come to teach me; but why did you not come and teach my ther, or why do you consign that good old man to damnation cause he knew nothing of all this? Must he be punished ever- tingly for your laziness, he who was so kind and helpful, he who ught only for truth? Be honest; put yourself in my place; see I ought to believe, on your word alone, all these incredible things ich you have told me, and reconcile all this injustice with the st God you proclaim to me. At least allow me to go and see is distant land where such wonders, unheard of in my own country, ok place; let me go and see why the inhabitants of Jerusalem put eir God to death as a robber. You tell me they did not know he as God. What then shall I do, I who have only heard of him om you? You say they have been punished, dispersed, oppressed, slaved; that none of them dare approach that town. Indeed ey richly deserved it; but what do its present inhabitants say of eir crime in slaying their God? They deny him; they too refuse recognise God as God. They are no better than the children of e original inhabitants.

"What! In the very town where God was put to death, neither the rmer nor the latter inhabitants knew him, and you expect that I ould know him, I who was born two thousand years after his time, d two thousand leagues away? Do you not see that before I n believe this book which you call sacred, but which I do not in e least understand, I must know from others than yourself when d by whom it was written, how it has been preserved, how it came to your possession, what they say about it in those lands where is rejected, and what are their reasons for rejecting it, though they know as well as you what you are telling me? You perceiv I must go to Europe, Asia, Palestine, to examine these things fo myself; it would be madness to listen to you before that.

"Not only does this seem reasonable to me, but I maintain tha it is what every wise man ought to say in similar circumstances that he ought to banish to a great distance the missionary wh wants to instruct and baptise him all of a sudden before the evidenc is verified. Now I maintain that there is no revelation agains which these or similar objections cannot be made, and with mor force than against Christianity. Hence it follows that if there i but one true religion and if every man is bound to follow it unde pain of damnation, he must spend his whole life in studying, testing comparing all these religions, in travelling through the countries i which they are established. No man is free from a man's first duty no one has a right to depend on another's judgment. The artisa who earns his bread by his daily toil, the ploughboy who canno read, the delicate and timid maiden, the invalid who can scarcely leave his bed, all without exception must study, consider, argue travel over the whole world; there will be no more fixed and settle nations; the whole earth will swarm with pilgrims on their way, a great cost of time and trouble, to verify, compare, and examine for themselves the various religions to be found. Then farewell t the trades, the arts, the sciences of mankind, farewell to all peaceful occupations; there can be no study but that of religion, even the strongest, the most industrious, the most intelligent, the oldest, will hardly be able in his last years to know where he is; and it will be a wonder if he manages to find out what religion he ought to live by, before the hour of his death.

"Hard pressed by these arguments, some prefer to make God unjust and to punish the innocent for the sins of their fathers, rather than to renounce their barbarous dogmas. Others get out of the difficulty by kindly sending an angel to instruct all those who in invincible ignorance have lived a righteous life. A good idea, that angel! Not content to be the slaves of their own inventions they expect God to make use of them also!

"Behold, my son, the absurdities to which pride and intolerance bring us, when everybody wants others to think as he does, and everybody fancies that he has an exclusive claim upon the rest of mankind. I call to witness the God of Peace whom I adore, and whom I proclaim to you, that my inquiries were honestly made; but when I discovered that they were and always would be unsuccessful, and that I was embarked upon a boundless ocean, I turned back, and restricted my faith within the limits of my primitive ideas. I could never convince myself that God would require such learning of me under pain of hell. So I closed all my books. There is one book which is open to every one—the book of nature. In this good and great volume I learn to serve and adore its Author. There is no excuse for not reading this book, for it speaks to all in a language they can understand. Suppose I had been born in a ert island, suppose I had never seen any man but myself, suppose d never heard what took place in olden days in a remote corner he world; yet if I use my reason, if I cultivate it, if I employ tly the innate faculties which God bestows upon me, I shall n by myself to know and love him, to love his works, to will t he wills, and to fulfil all my duties upon earth, that I may his pleasure. What more can all human learning teach me?

'With regard to revelation, if I were a more accomplished disant, or a more learned person, perhaps I should feel its truth, usefulness for those who are happy enough to perceive it; but find evidence for it which I cannot combat, I also find objections inst it which I cannot overcome. There are so many weighty sons for and against that I do not know what to decide, so that either accept nor reject it. I only reject all obligation to be vinced of its truth; for this so-called obligation is incompatible h God's justice, and far from removing objections in this way vould multiply them, and would make them insurmountable for greater part of mankind. In this respect I maintain an attitude reverent doubt. I do not presume to think myself infallible; er men may have been able to make up their minds though the tter seems doubtful to myself; I am speaking for myself, not for m; I neither blame them nor follow in their steps; their judgnt may be superior to mine, but it is no fault of mine that my gment does not agree with it.

'I own also that the holiness of the gospel speaks to my heart, d that this is an argument which I should be sorry to refute. nsider the books of the philosophers with all their outward show; w petty they are in comparison! Can a book at once so grand and simple be the work of men? Is it possible that he whose history ontained in this book is no more than man? Is the tone of this k, the tone of the enthusiast or the ambitious sectary? What ntleness and purity in his actions, what a touching grace in his ching, how lofty are his sayings, how profoundly wise are his mons, how ready, how discriminating, and how just are his answers! at man, what sage, can live, suffer, and die without weakness or entation? When Plato describes his imaginary good man, erwhelmed with the disgrace of crime, and deserving of all the vards of virtue, every feature of the portrait is that of Christ; resemblance is so striking that it has been noticed by all the thers, and there can be no doubt about it. What prejudices d blindness must there be before we dare to compare the son Sophronisca with the son of Mary. How far apart they are! crates dies a painless death, he is not put to open shame, and he ys his part easily to the last; and if this easy death had not done nour to his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all intellect, was more than a mere sophist. He invented morality, they say; others before him had practised it; he only said what ey had done, and made use of their example in his teaching. istides was just before Socrates defined justice; Leonidas died for his country before Socrates declared that patriotism was a virtue Sparta was sober before Socrates extolled sobriety; there wer plenty of virtuous men in Greece before he defined virtue. Bu among the men of his own time where did Jesus find that pure an lofty morality of which he is both the teacher and pattern?[1] Th voice of loftiest wisdom arose among the fiercest fanaticism, th simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honour to the most degrade of nations. One could wish no easier death than that of Socrates calmly discussing philosophy with his friends; one could fea nothing worse than that of Jesus, dying in torment, among th insults, the mockery, the curses of the whole nation. In the mids of these terrible sufferings, Jesus prays for his cruel murderers. Yes if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the lif and death of Christ are those of a God. Shall we say that th gospel story is the work of the imagination? My friend, such thing are not imagined; and the doings of Socrates, which no one doubts are less well attested than those of Jesus Christ. At best, you only put the difficulty from you; it would be still more incredible tha several persons should have agreed together to invent such a book than that there was one man who supplied its subject matter. The tone and morality of this story are not those of any Jewish authors and the gospel indeed contains characters so great, so striking, so entirely inimitable, that their invention would be more astonishing than their hero. With all this the same gospel is full of incredible things, things repugnant to reason, things which no natural man can understand or accept. What can you do among so many contradictions? You can be modest and wary, my child; respect in silence what you can neither reject nor understand, and humble yourself in the sight of the Divine Being who alone knows the truth.

"This is the unwilling scepticism in which I rest; but this scepticism is in no way painful to me, for it does not extend to matters of practice, and I am well assured as to the principles underlying all my duties. I serve God in the simplicity of my heart; I only seek to know what affects my conduct. As to those dogmas which have no effect upon action or morality, dogmas about which so many men torment themselves, I give no heed to them. I regard all individual religions as so many wholesome institutions which prescribe a uniform method by which each country may do honour to God in public worship; institutions which may each have its reason in the country, the government, the genius of the people, or in other local causes which make one preferable to another in a given time or place. I think them all good alike, when God is served in a fitting manner. True worship is of the heart. God rejects no homage, however offered, provided it is sincere. Called to the service of the Church in my own religion, I fulfil as scrupulously as I can all the duties prescribed to me, and my conscience would reproach me if I were knowingly wanting with regard to any nt. You are aware that after being suspended for a long time, ave, through the influence of M. Mellarède, obtained permission resume my priestly duties, as a means of livelihood. I used to Mass with the levity that comes from long experience even of most serious matters when they are too familiar to us; with my w principles I now celebrate it with more reverence; I dwell on the majesty of the Supreme Being, his presence, the inficiency of the human mind, which so little realises what concerns Creator. When I consider how I present before him the prayers all the people in a form laid down for me, I carry out the whole ual exactly; I give heed to what I say, I am careful not to omit least word, the least ceremony; when the moment of the nsecration approaches, I collect my powers, that I may do all ngs as required by the Church and by the greatness of this rament; I strive to annihilate my own reason before the Supreme nd; I say to myself, Who art thou to measure infinite power? everently pronounce the sacramental words, and I give to their ect all the faith I can bestow. Whatever may be this mystery ich passes understanding, I am not afraid that at the day of lgment I shall be punished for having profaned it in my heart.

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[1] Cf. in the Sermon on the Mount the parallel he himself draws between the teaching of Moses and his own.—Matt. v.

Honoured with the sacred ministry, though in its lowest ranks, will never do or say anything which may make me unworthy to fil these sublime duties. I will always preach virtue and exhort n to well-doing; and so far as I can I will set them a good ample. It will be my business to make religion attractive; it ll be my business to strengthen their faith in those doctrines ich are really useful, those which every man must believe; but, ase God, I shall never teach them to hate their neighbour, to say other men, You will be damned; to say, No salvation outside e Church.[1] If I were in a more conspicuous position, this icence might get me into trouble; but I am too obscure to have ich to fear, and I could hardly sink lower than I am. Come at may, I will never blaspheme the justice of God, nor lie against e Holy Ghost.

"I have long desired to have a parish of my own; it is still my bition, but I no longer hope to attain it. My dear friend, I ink there is nothing so delightful as to be a parish priest. A od clergyman is a minister of mercy, as a good magistrate is a nister of justice. A clergyman is never called upon to do evil; he cannot always do good himself, it is never out of place for him beg for others, and he often gets what he asks if he knows how gain respect. Oh! if I should ever have some poor mountain parish where I might minister to kindly folk, I should be happ indeed; for it seems to me that I should make my parishione happy. I should not bring them riches, but I should share the poverty; I should remove from them the scorn and opprobriu which are harder to bear than poverty. I should make them lov peace and equality, which often remove poverty, and always mak it tolerable. When they saw that I was in no way better off tha themselves, and that yet I was content with my lot, they woul learn to put up with their fate and to be content like me. In m sermons I would lay more stress on the spirit of the gospel than o the spirit of the church; its teaching is simple, its morality sublime there is little in it about the practices of religion, but much abou works of charity. Before I teach them what they ought to d I would try to practise it myself, that they might see that at leas I think what I say. If there were Protestants in the neighbourhoo or in my parish, I would make no difference between them and m own congregation so far as concerns Christian charity; I woul get them to love one another, to consider themselves brethren to respect all religions, and each to live peaceably in his own religion To ask any one to abandon the religion in which he was born is I consider, to ask him to do wrong, and therefore to do wron oneself. While we await further knowledge, let us respect publi order; in every country let us respect the laws, let us not distur the form of worship prescribed by law; let us not lead its citizen into disobedience; for we have no certain knowledge that it is goo for them to abandon their own opinions for others, and on the othe hand we are quite certain that it is a bad thing to disobey the law.

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[1] The duty of following and loving the religion of our country does not so far as to require us to accept doctrines contrary to good morals, ch as intolerance. This horrible doctrine sets men in arms against their low-men, and makes them all enemies of mankind. The distinction tween civil toleration and theological toleration is vain and childish. ese two kinds of toleration are inseparable, and we cannot accept one thout the other. Even the angels could not live at peace with men om they regarded as the enemies of God.

"My young friend, I have now repeated to you my creed as Go reads it in my heart; you are the first to whom I have told it perhaps you will be the last. As long as there is any true fait left among men, we must not trouble quiet souls, nor scare the fait of the ignorant with problems they cannot solve, with difficultie which cause them uneasiness, but do not give them any guidance But when once everything is shaken, the trunk must be preserve at the cost of the branches. Consciences, restless, uncertain, an almost quenched like yours, require to be strengthened and aroused to set the feet again upon the foundation of eternal truth, we mus remove the trembling supports on which they think they rest.

"You are at that critical age when the mind is open to conviction when the heart receives its form and character, when we decide ou own fate for life, either for good or evil. At a later date, th material has hardened and fresh impressions leave no trace. Youn man, take the stamp of truth upon your heart which is not ye hardened. If I were more certain of myself, I should have adopte a more decided and dogmatic tone; but I am a man ignorant an liable to error; what could I do? I have opened my heart full to you; and I have told what I myself hold for certain and sure I have told you my doubts as doubts, my opinions as opinions; have given you my reasons both for faith and doubt. It is now

r turn to judge; you have asked for time; that is a wise pre-
ion and it makes me think well of you. Begin by bringing your
science into that state in which it desires to see clearly; be
est with yourself. Take to yourself such of my opinions as
vince you; reject the rest. You are not yet so depraved by
as to run the risk of choosing amiss. I would offer to argue
you, but as soon as men dispute they lose their temper; pride
obstinacy come in, and there is an end of honesty. My friend,
er argue; for by arguing we gain no light for ourselves or for
ers. So far as I myself am concerned, I have only made up my
d after many years of meditation; here I rest, my conscience
t peace, my heart is satisfied. If I wanted to begin afresh the
mination of my feelings, I should not bring to the task a purer
of truth; and my mind, which is already less active, would be
able to perceive the truth. Here I shall rest, lest the love
contemplation, developing step by step into an idle passion,
uld make me lukewarm in the performance of my duties, lest I
uld fall into my former scepticism without strength to struggle
of it. More than half my life is spent; I have barely time to
ke good use of what is left, to blot out my faults by my virtues.
am mistaken, it is against my will. He who reads my inmost
rt knows that I have no love for my blindness. As my own
wledge is powerless to free me from this blindness, my only way
of it is by a good life; and if God from the very stones can raise
children to Abraham, every man has a right to hope that he may
taught the truth, if he makes himself worthy of it.

If my reflections lead you to think as I do, if you share my feelings,
ve have the same creed, I give you this advice: Do not continue
expose your life to the temptations of poverty and despair, nor
ste it in degradation and at the mercy of strangers; no longer
the shameful bread of charity. Return to your own country,
back to the religion of your fathers, and follow it in sincerity of
rt, and never forsake it; it is very simple and very holy; I think
re is no other religion upon earth whose morality is purer, no
er more satisfying to the reason. Do not trouble about the
t of the journey, that will be provided for you. Neither do you
r the false shame of a humiliating return; we should blush to
nmit a fault, not to repair it. You are still at an age when all is
given, but when we cannot go on sinning with impunity. If
desire to listen to your conscience, a thousand empty objections
disappear at her voice. You will feel that, in our present state
uncertainty, it is an inexcusable presumption to profess any faith
that we were born into, while it is treachery not to practise
nestly the faith we profess. If we go astray, we deprive ourselves
a great excuse before the tribunal of the sovereign judge. Will
not pardon the errors in which we were brought up, rather than
se of our own choosing?

'My son, keep your soul in such a state that you always desire
t there should be a God and you will never doubt it. Moreover,

whatever decision you come to, remember that the real duties religion are independent of human institutions; that a righte heart is the true temple of the Godhead; that in every land, every sect, to love God above all things and to love our neighbo as ourself is the whole law; remember there is no religion whi absolves us from our moral duties; that these alone are rea essential, that the service of the heart is the first of these duti and that without faith there is no such thing as true virtue.

"Shun those who, under the pretence of explaining nature, s destructive doctrines in the heart of men, those whose appare scepticism is a hundredfold more self-assertive and dogmatic th the firm tone of their opponents. Under the arrogant claim, th they alone are enlightened, true, honest, they subject us imperious to their far-reaching decisions, and profess to give us, as the tr principles of all things, the unintelligible systems framed by the imagination. Moreover, they overthrow, destroy, and trample und foot all that men reverence; they rob the afflicted of their la consolation in their misery; they deprive the rich and powerful of t sole bridle of their passions; they tear from the very depths man's heart all remorse for crime, and all hope of virtue; and the boast, moreover, that they are the benefactors of the human rac Truth, they say, can never do a man harm. I think so too, and my mind that is strong evidence that what they teach is not true

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[1] The rival parties attack each other with so many sophistries that would be a rash and overwhelming enterprise to attempt to deal with a of them; it is difficult enough to note some of them as they occur. O of the commonest errors among the partisans of philosophy is to contra a nation of good philosophers with a nation of bad Christians; as if it we easier to make a nation of good philosophers than a nation of go Christians. I know not whether in individual cases it is easier to discov one rather than the other; but I am quite certain that, as far as natio are concerned, we must assume that there will be those who misuse the philosophy without religion, just as our people misuse their religion wit out philosophy; and that seems to put quite a different face upon t matter.

Bayle has proved very satisfactorily that fanaticism is more harmf than atheism, and that cannot be denied; but what he has not taken t trouble to say, though it is none the less true, is this: Fanaticism, thoug cruel and bloodthirsty, is still a great and powerful passion, which stirs t heart of man, teaching him to despise death, and giving him an enormo motive power, which only needs to be guided rightly to produce the noble virtues; while irreligion, and the argumentative philosophic spirit gene ally, on the other hand, assaults the life and enfeebles it, degrades t soul, concentrates all the passions in the basest self-interest, in the mea ness of the human self; thus it saps unnoticed the very foundations all society; for what is common to all these private interests is so sma that it will never outweigh their opposing interests.

If atheism does not lead to bloodshed, it is less from love of peace tha from indifference to what is good; as if it mattered little what happene to others, provided the sage remained undisturbed in his study. H principles do not kill men, but they prevent their birth, by destroyi the morals by which they were multiplied, by detaching them from the fellows, by reducing all their affections to a secret selfishness, as fatal population as to virtue. The indifference of the philosopher is like t

My good youth, be honest and humble; learn how to be ignorant, you will never deceive yourself or others. If ever your talents so far cultivated as to enable you to speak to other men, always k according to your conscience, without caring for their applause. abuse of knowledge causes incredulity. The learned always ise the opinions of the crowd; each of them must have his own ion. A haughty philosophy leads to atheism just as blind otion leads to fanaticism. Avoid these extremes; keep stead- y to the path of truth, or what seems to you truth, in simplicity eart, and never let yourself be turned aside by pride or weak- . Dare to confess God before the philosophers; dare to preach anity to the intolerant. It may be you will stand alone, but will bear within you a witness which will make the witness of

e in a despotic state; it is the repose of death; war itself is not more ructive.

us fanaticism, though its immediate results are more fatal than those hat is now called the philosophic mind, is much less fatal in its after ts. Moreover, it is an easy matter to exhibit fine maxims in books; the real question is—Are they really in accordance with your teaching, they the necessary consequences of it? and this has not been clearly ed so far. It remains to be seen whether philosophy, safely enthroned, d control successfully man's petty vanity, his self-interest, his ambi- , all the lesser passions of mankind, and whether it would practise that t humanity which it boasts of, pen in hand.

theory, there is no good which philosophy can bring about which is equally secured by religion, while religion secures much that philosophy ot secure.

practice, it is another matter; but still we must put it to the proof. man follows his religion in all things, even if his religion is true; t people have hardly any religion, and they do not in the least follow t they have; that is still more true; but still there are some people have a religion and follow it, at least to some extent; and beyond doubt, ious motives do prevent them from wrong-doing, and win from them ues, praiseworthy actions, which would not have existed but for these ives.

monk denies that money was entrusted to him; what of that? It proves that the man who entrusted the money to him was a fool. ascal had done the same, that would have proved that Pascal was a ocrite. But a monk! Are those who make a trade of religion religious ple? All the crimes committed by the clergy, as by other men, do prove that religion is useless, but that very few people are religious.

ost certainly our modern governments owe to Christianity their more le authority, their less frequent revolutions; it has made those govern- ts less bloodthirsty; this can be shown by comparing them with the ernments of former times. Apart from fanaticism, the best known ion has given greater gentleness to Christian conduct. This change ot the result of learning; for whereverlearning has been most illustrious anity has been no more respected on that account; the cruelties of Athenians, the Egyptians, the Roman emperors, the Chinese bear ess to this. What works of mercy spring from the gospel! How y acts of restitution, reparation, confession does the gospel lead to ng Catholics! Among ourselves, as the times of communion draw , do they not lead us to reconciliation and to alms-giving? Did not Hebrew Jubilee make the grasping less greedy, did it not prevent much erty? The brotherhood of the Law made the nation one; no beggar found among them. Neither are there beggars among the Turks, men of no account with you. Let them love or hate, let them r your writings or despise them; no matter. Speak the truth a do the right; the one thing that really matters is to do one's du in this world; and when we forget ourselves we are really work for ourselves. My child, self-interest misleads us; the hope of just is the only sure guide."

I have transcribed this document not as a rule for the sentime we should adopt in matters of religion, but as an example of way in which we may reason with our pupil without forsaking method I have tried to establish. So long as we yield nothing human authority, nor to the prejudices of our native land, light of reason alone, in a state of nature, can lead us no furtl than to natural religion; and this is as far as I should go w Emile. If he must have any other religion, I have no right to his guide; he must choose for himself.

We are working in agreement with nature, and while she shaping the physical man, we are striving to shape his moral bei but we do not make the same progress. The body is already stro

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where there are countless pious institutions; from motives of relig they even show hospitality to the foes of their religion.

"The Mahometans say, according to Chardin, that after the interro tion which will follow the general resurrection, all bodies will travers bridge called Poul-Serrho, which is thrown across the eternal fires bridge which may be called the third and last test of the great Judgme because it is there that the good and bad will be separated, etc.

"The Persians, continues Chardin, make a great point of this brid and when any one suffers a wrong which he can never hope to wipe by any means or at any time, he finds his last consolation in these wor 'By the living God, you will pay me double at the last day; you will ne get across the Poul-Serrho if you do not first do me justice; I will hold hem of your garment, I will cling about your knees.' I have seen ma eminent men, of every profession, who for fear lest this hue and cry shou be raised against them as they cross that fearful bridge, beg pardon those who complained against them; it has happened to me myself many occasions. Men of rank, who had compelled me by their imp tunity to do what I did not wish to do, have come to me when they thoug my anger had had time to cool, and have said to me: I pray you "Ha becon antchisra," that is, "Make this matter lawful and right." So of them have even sent gifts and done me service, so that I might forg them and say I did it willingly; the cause of this is nothing else but t belief that they will not be able to get across the bridge of hell until th have paid the uttermost farthing to the oppressed."

Must I think that the idea of this bridge where so many iniquities made good is of no avail? If the Persians were deprived of this idea they were persuaded that there was no Poul-Serrho, nor anything of kind, where the oppressed were avenged of their tyrants after death it not clear that they would be very much at their ease, and they wo be freed from the care of appeasing the wretched? But it is false to s that this doctrine is hurtful; yet it would not be true.

O Philosopher, your moral laws are all very fine; but kindly sh me their sanction. Cease to shirk the question, and tell me plainly wh you would put in the place of Poul-Serrho.

vigorous, the soul is still frail and delicate, and whatever can done by human art, the body is always ahead of the mind. herto all our care has been devoted to restrain the one and nulate the other, so that the man might be as far as possible at with himself. By developing his individuality, we have kept his wing susceptibilities in check; we have controlled it by cultiing his reason. Objects of thought moderate the influence of ects of sense. By going back to the causes of things, we have withwn him from the sway of the senses; it is an easy thing to raise from the study of nature to the search for the author of nature. Vhen we have reached this point, what a fresh hold we have over our pupil; what fresh ways of speaking to his heart! Then ne does he find a real motive for being good, for doing right en he is far from every human eye, and when he is not driven to oy law. To be just in his own eyes and in the sight of God, to his duty, even at the cost of life itself, and to bear in his heart tue, not only for the love of order which we all subordinate to love of self, but for the love of the Author of his being, a love ich mingles with that self-love, so that he may at length enjoy lasting happiness which the peace of a good conscience and the ntemplation of that supreme being promise him in another life, er he has used this life aright. Go beyond this, and I see nothing t injustice, hypocrisy, and falsehood among men; private interest, ich in competition necessarily prevails over everything else, ches all things to adorn vice with the outward show of virtue. t all men do what is good for me at the cost of what is good for emselves; let everything depend on me alone; let the whole man race perish, if needs be, in suffering and want, to spare me moment's pain or hunger. Yes, I shall always maintain that oso says in his heart, "There is no God," while he takes the me of God upon his lips, is either a liar or a madman.

Reader, it is all in vain; I perceive that you and I shall never Emile with the same eyes; you will always fancy him like ur own young people, hasty, impetuous, flighty, wandering om fête to fête, from amusement to amusement, never able to tle to anything. You smile when I expect to make a thinker, philosopher, a young theologian, of an ardent, lively, eager, and ry young man, at the most impulsive period of youth. This eamer, you say, is always in pursuit of his fancy; when he gives a pupil of his own making, he does not merely form him, he eates him, he makes him up out of his own head; and while he inks he is treading in the steps of nature, he is getting further and rther from her. As for me, when I compare my pupil with yours, can scarcely find anything in common between them. So fferently brought up, it is almost a miracle if they are alike in y respect. As his childhood was passed in the freedom they sume in youth, in his youth he begins to bear the yoke they bore children; this yoke becomes hateful to them, they are sick of it, d they see in it nothing but their masters' tyranny; when they escape from childhood, they think they must shake off all contro they make up for the prolonged restraint imposed upon them, a a prisoner, freed from his fetters, moves and stretches and shake his limbs.[1] Emile, however, is proud to be a man, and to subm to the yoke of his growing reason; his body, already well grown no longer needs so much action, and begins to control itself, whi his half-fledged mind tries its wings on every occasion. Thus the ag of reason becomes for the one the age of licence; for the other, th age of reasoning.

Would you know which of the two is nearer to the order of nature Consider the differences between those who are more or less remove from a state of nature. Observe young villagers and see if they are a undisciplined as your scholars. The Sieur de Beau says that savage in childhood are always active, and ever busy with sports that kee the body in motion; but scarcely do they reach adolescence tha they become quiet and dreamy; they no longer devote themselve to games of skill or chance. Emile, who has been brought up i full freedom like young peasants and savages, should behave like them and change as he grows up. The whole difference is in this, tha instead of merely being active in sport or for food, he has, in th course of his sports, learned to think. Having reached this stage and by this road, he is quite ready to enter upon the next stage t which I introduce him; the subjects I suggest for his consideratio rouse his curiosity, because they are fine in themselves, because the are quite new to him, and because he is able to understand them Your young people, on the other hand, are weary and overdon with your stupid lessons, your long sermons, and your tediou catechisms; why should they not refuse to devote their minds t what has made them sad, to the burdensome precepts which hav been continually piled upon them, to the thought of the Author c their being, who has been represented as the enemy of their pleasures All this has only inspired in them aversion, disgust, and weariness constraint has set them against it; why then should they devot themselves to it when they are beginning to choose for themselves They require novelty, you must not repeat what they learned a children. Just so with my own pupil, when he is a man I spea to him as a man, and only tell him what is new to him; it is jus because they are tedious to your pupils that he will find them t his taste.

This is how I doubly gain time for him by retarding nature t the advantage of reason. But have I indeed retarded the progres of nature? No, I have only prevented the imagination from hastening it; I have employed another sort of teaching to counter balance the precocious instruction which the young man receive from other sources. When he is carried away by the flood c

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[1] There is no one who looks down upon childhood with such lofty scor as those who are barely grown-up; just as there is no country where ran is more strictly regarded than that where there is little real inequality everybody is afraid of being confounded with his inferiors.

ting customs and I draw him in the opposite direction by
ans of other customs, this is not to remove him from his place,
to keep him in it.

Nature's due time comes at length, as come it must. Since man
st die, he must reproduce himself, so that the species may endure
l the order of the world continue. When by the signs I have
ken of you perceive that the critical moment is at hand, at once
andon for ever your former tone. He is still your disciple, but
your scholar. He is a man and your friend; henceforth you
st treat him as such.

What! Must I abdicate my authority when most I need it?
st I abandon the adult to himself just when he least knows how to
ntrol himself, when he may fall into the gravest errors? Must I
ounce my rights when it matters most that I should use them
his behalf? Who bids you renounce them; he is only just
coming conscious of them. Hitherto all you have gained has
n won by force or guile; authority, the law of duty, were un-
own to him, you had to constrain or deceive him to gain his
edience. But see what fresh chains you have bound about his
art. Reason, friendship, affection, gratitude, a thousand bonds
affection, speak to him in a voice he cannot fail to hear. His ears
not yet dulled by vice, he is still sensitive only to the passions
nature. Self-love, the first of these, delivers him into your hands;
bit confirms this. If a passing transport tears him from you,
ret restores him to you without delay; the sentiment which
aches him to you is the only lasting sentiment, all the rest are
eting and self-effacing. Do not let him become corrupt, and he
l always be docile; he will not begin to rebel till he is already
verted.

I grant you, indeed, that if you directly oppose his growing
sires and foolishly treat as crimes the fresh needs which are
ginning to make themselves felt in him, he will not listen to you
long; but as soon as you abandon my method I cannot be
swerable for the consequences. Remember that you are nature's
nister; you will never be her foe.

But what shall we decide to do? You see no alternative but
her to favour his inclinations or to resist them; to tyrannise or
wink at his misconduct; and both of these may lead to such
ngerous results that one must indeed hesitate between them.

The first way out of the difficulty is a very early marriage; this
undoubtedly the safest and most natural plan. I doubt, however,
ether it is the best or the most useful. I will give my reasons
er; meanwhile I admit that young men should marry when they
ch a marriageable age. But this age comes too soon; we have
de them precocious; marriage should be postponed to maturity.
If it were merely a case of listening to their wishes and following
eir lead it would be an easy matter; but there are so many con-
dictions between the rights of nature and the laws of society
at to conciliate them we must continually contradict ourselves.

Much art is required to prevent man in society from being altogeth artificial.

For the reasons just stated, I consider that by the means I hav indicated and others like them the young man's desires may b kept in ignorance and his senses pure up to the age of twent This is so true that among the Germans a young man who lost h virginity before that age was considered dishonoured; and th writers justly attribute the vigour of constitution and the numbe of children among the Germans to the continence of these nation during youth.

This period may be prolonged still further, and a few centuri ago nothing was more common even in France. Among other wel known examples, Montaigne's father, a man no less scrupulousl truthful than strong and healthy, swore that his was a virgi marriage at three and thirty, and he had served for a long time i the Italian wars. We may see in the writings of his son wha strength and spirit were shown by the father when he was over sixty Certainly the contrary opinion depends rather on our own moral and our own prejudices than on the experience of the race as whole.

I may, therefore, leave on one side the experience of our youn people; it proves nothing for those who have been educated i another fashion. Considering that nature has fixed no exact limit which cannot be advanced or postponed, I think I may, withou going beyond the law of nature, assume that under my care Emil has so far remained in his first innocence, but I see that this happ period is drawing to a close. Surrounded by ever-increasing perils he will escape me at the first opportunity in spite of all my efforts and this opportunity will not long be delayed; he will follow th blind instinct of his senses; the chances are a thousand to one o his ruin. I have considered the morals of mankind too profoundl not to be aware of the irrevocable influence of this first moment o all the rest of his life. If I dissimulate and pretend to see nothing he will take advantage of my weakness; if he thinks he can deceiv me, he will despise me, and I become an accomplice in hi destruction. If I try to recall him, the time is past, he no longe heeds me, he finds me tiresome, hateful, intolerable; it will not b long before he is rid of me. There is therefore only one reasonabl course open to me; I must make him accountable for his ow actions, I must at least preserve him from being taken unawares and I must show him plainly the dangers which beset his path I have restrained him so far through his ignorance; henceforwar his restraint must be his own knowledge.

This new teaching is of great importance, and we will take u our story where we left it. This is the time to present my accounts to show him how his time and mine have been spent, to make know to him what he is and what I am; what I have done, and what h has done; what we owe to each other; all his moral relations, al the undertakings to which he is pledged, all those to which other e pledged themselves in respect to him; the stage he has reached the development of his faculties, the road that remains to be velled, the difficulties he will meet, and the way to overcome m; how I can still help him and how he must henceforward help nself; in a word, the critical time which he has reached, the new ngers round about him, and all the valid reasons which should uce him to keep a close watch upon himself before giving heed his growing desires.

Remember that to guide a grown man you must reverse all that u did to guide the child. Do not hesitate to speak to him of ose dangerous mysteries which you have so carefully concealed m him hitherto. Since he must become aware of them, let him t learn them from another, nor from himself, but from you alone; ce he must henceforth fight against them, let him know his emy, that he may not be taken unawares.

Young people who are found to be aware of these matters, with- t our knowing how they obtained their knowledge, have not tained it with impunity. This unwise teaching, which can have honourable object, stains the imagination of those who receive if it does nothing worse, and it inclines them to the vices of their structors. This is not all; servants, by this means, ingratiate emselves with a child, gain his confidence, make him regard his tor as a gloomy and tiresome person; and one of the favourite bjects of their secret colloquies is to slander him. When the pil has got so far, the master may abandon his task; he can no good.

But why does the child choose special confidants? Because of e tyranny of those who control him. Why should he hide himself om them if he were not driven to it? Why should he complain he had nothing to complain of? Naturally those who control m are his first confidants; you can see from his eagerness to tell em what he thinks that he feels he has only half thought till he s told his thoughts to them. You may be sure that when the ild knows you will neither preach nor scold, he will always tell u everything, and that no one will dare to tell him anything he ust conceal from you, for they will know very well that he will ll you everything.

What makes me most confident in my method is this: when I llow it out as closely as possible, I find no situation in the life of y scholar which does not leave me some pleasing memory of him. ven when he is carried away by his ardent temperament or when e revolts against the hand that guides him, when he struggles and on the point of escaping from me, I still find his first simplicity his agitation and his anger; his heart as pure as his body, he has more knowledge of pretence than of vice; reproach and scorn ve not made a coward of him; base fears have never taught him e art of concealment. He has all the indiscretion of innocence; e is absolutely out-spoken; he does not even know the use of eceit. Every impulse of his heart is betrayed either by word or look, and I often know what he is feeling before he is aware of himself.

So long as his heart is thus freely opened to me, so long as h delights to tell me what he feels, I have nothing to fear; the dange is not yet at hand; but if he becomes more timid, more reserved, I perceive in his conversation the first signs of confusion and sham his instincts are beginning to develop, he is beginning to connec the idea of evil with these instincts, there is not a moment to los and if I do not hasten to instruct him, he will learn in spite of me.

Some of my readers, even of those who agree with me, will thin that it is only a question of a conversation with the young man a any time. Oh, this is not the way to control the human hear What we say has no meaning unless the opportunity has bee carefully chosen. Before we sow we must till the ground; the see of virtue is hard to grow; and a long period of preparation is require before it will take root. One reason why sermons have so littl effect is that they are offered to everybody alike, without discrimination or choice. How can any one imagine that the same sermo could be suitable for so many hearers, with their different disposition so unlike in mind, temper, age, sex, station, and opinion. Perhap there are not two among those to whom what is addressed to a is really suitable; and all our affections are so transitory tha perhaps there are not even two occasions in the life of any ma when the same speech would have the same effect on him. Judg for yourself whether the time when the eager senses disturb th understanding and tyrannise over the will, is the time to listen t the solemn lessons of wisdom. Therefore never reason with youn men, even when they have reached the age of reason, unless yo have first prepared the way. Most lectures miss their mark mor through the master's fault than the disciple's. The pedant and th teacher say much the same; but the former says it at random, an the latter only when he is sure of its effect.

As a somnambulist, wandering in his sleep, walks along the edg of a precipice, over which he would fall if he were awake, so my Emile, in the sleep of ignorance, escapes the perils which he does no see; were I to wake him with a start, he might fall. Let us first try to withdraw him from the edge of the precipice, and then we wil awake him to show him it from a distance.

Reading, solitude, idleness, a soft and sedentary life, intercours with women and young people, these are perilous paths for a young man, and these lead him constantly into danger. I divert his senses by other objects of sense; I trace another course for his spirits by which I distract them from the course they would have taken; it is by bodily exercise and hard work that I check the activity of the imagination, which was leading him astray. When the arms are hard at work, the imagination is quiet; when the body is very weary, the passions are not easily inflamed. The quickest and easiest precaution is to remove him from immediate danger At once I take him away from towns, away from things which might d him into temptation. But that is not enough; in what desert, what wilds, shall he escape from the thoughts which pursue him? is not enough to remove dangerous objects; if I fail to remove the emory of them, if I fail to find a way to detach him from every- ing, if I fail to distract him from himself, I might as well have t him where he was.

Emile has learned a trade, but we do not have recourse to it; he fond of farming and understands it, but farming is not enough; e occupations he is acquainted with degenerate into routine; en he is engaged in them he is not really occupied; he is thinking other things; head and hand are at work on different subjects. e must have some fresh occupation which has the interest of velty—an occupation which keeps him busy, diligent, and hard work, an occupation which he may become passionately fond of, e to which he will devote himself entirely. Now the only one hich seems to possess all these characteristics is the chase. If unting is ever an innocent pleasure, if it is ever worthy of a man, ow is the time to betake ourselves to it. Emile is well-fitted to cceed in it. He is strong, skilful, patient, unwearied. He is ure to take a fancy to this sport; he will bring to it all the ardour youth; in it he will lose, at least for a time, the dangerous inclina- ons which spring from softness. The chase hardens the heart as ell as the body; we get used to the sight of blood and cruelty. iana is represented as the enemy of love; and the allegory is true life; the languors of love are born of soft repose, and tender elings are stifled by violent exercise. In the woods and fields, e lover and the sportsman are so diversely affected that they eceive very different impressions. The fresh shade, the arbours, e pleasant resting-places of the one, to the other are but feeding ounds, or places where the quarry will hide or turn to bay. Where e lover hears the flute and the nightingale, the hunter hears the orn and the hounds; one pictures to himself the nymphs and ryads, the other sees the horses, the huntsman, and the pack. ake a country walk with one or other of these men; their different onversation will soon show you that they behold the earth with ther eyes, and that the direction of their thoughts is as different s their favourite pursuit.

I understand how these tastes may be combined, and that at ast men find time for both. But the passions of youth cannot be ivided in this way. Give the youth a single occupation which he oves, and the rest will soon be forgotten. Varied desires come with aried knowledge, and the first pleasures we know are the only nes we desire for long enough. I would not have the whole of mile's youth spent in killing creatures, and I do not even profess o justify this cruel passion; it is enough for me that it serves to elay a more dangerous passion, so that he may listen to me calmly hen I speak of it, and give me time to describe it without timulating it.

There are moments in human life which can never be forgotten.

Such is the time when Emile receives the instruction of which I hav spoken; its influence should endure all his life through. Let us tr to engrave it on his memory so that it may never fade away. It i one of the faults of our age to rely too much on cold reason, as if me were all mind. By neglecting the language of expression we hav lost the most forcible mode of speech. The spoken word is alway weak, and we speak to the heart rather through the eyes than th ears. In our attempt to appeal to reason only, we have reduce our precepts to words, we have not embodied them in deeds. Mer reason is not active; occasionally she restrains, more rarely sh stimulates, but she never does any great thing. Small minds hav a mania for reasoning. Strong souls speak a very different language and it is by this language that men are persuaded and driven t action.

I observe that in modern times men only get a hold over others by force or self-interest, while the ancients did more by persuasion, by the affections of the heart; because they did not neglect the language of symbolic expression. All agreements were drawn up solemnly so that they might be more inviolable; before the reign of force, the gods were the judges of mankind; in their presence, individuals made their treaties and alliances, and pledged themselves to perform their promises; the face of the earth was the book in which the archives were preserved. The leaves of this book were rocks, trees, piles of stones, made sacred by these transactions, and regarded with reverence by barbarous men; and these pages were always open before their eyes. The well of the oath, the well of the living and seeing one; the ancient oak of Mamre, the stones of witness, such were the simple but stately monuments of the sanctity of contracts; none dared to lay a sacrilegious hand on these monuments, and man's faith was more secure under the warrant of these dumb witnesses than it is to-day under all the rigour of the law.

In government the people were over-awed by the pomp and splendour of royal power. The symbols of greatness, a throne, a sceptre, a purple robe, a crown, a fillet, these were sacred in their sight. These symbols, and the respect which they inspired, led them to reverence the venerable man whom they beheld adorned with them; without soldiers and without threats, he spoke and was obeyed. In our own day men profess to do away with these symbols.[1] What are the consequences of this contempt? The kingly majesty makes no impression on all hearts, kings can only gain edience by the help of troops, and the respect of their subjects based only on the fear of punishment. Kings are spared the uble of wearing their crowns, and our nobles escape from the tward signs of their station, but they must have a hundred ousand men at their command if their orders are to be obeyed. ough this may seem a finer thing, it is easy to see that in the long n they will gain nothing.

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[1] The Roman Catholic clergy have very wisely retained these symbols, and certain republics, such as Venice, have followed their example. Thus the Venetian government, despite the fallen condition of the state, still enjoys, under the trappings of its former greatness, all the affection, all the reverence of the people; and next to the pope in his triple crown, there is perhaps no king, no potentate, no person in the world so much respected as the Doge of Venice; he has no power, no authority, but he is rendered sacred by his pomp, and he wears beneath his ducal coronet a woman's flowing locks. That ceremony of the Bucentaurius, which stirs the laughter of fools, stirs the Venetian populace to shed its life-blood for the maintenance of this tyrannical government.

It is amazing what the ancients accomplished with the aid of quence: but this eloquence did not merely consist in fine eches carefully prepared; and it was most effective when the ator said least. The most startling speeches were expressed not words but in signs; they were not uttered but shown. A thing held by the eyes kindles the imagination, stirs the curiosity, and eps the mind on the alert for what we are about to say, and often ough the thing tells the whole story. Thrasybulus and Tarquin tting off the heads of the poppies, Alexander placing his seal on e lips of his favourite, Diogenes marching before Zeno, do not these eak more plainly than if they had uttered long orations? What w of words could have expressed the ideas as clearly? Darius, the course of the Scythian war, received from the king of the ythians a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows. The ambassador posited this gift and retired without a word. In our days he uld have been taken for a madman. This terrible speech was derstood, and Darius withdrew to his own country with what eed he could. Substitute a letter for these symbols and the ore threatening it was the less terror it would inspire; it would ve been merely a piece of bluff, to which Darius would have paid attention.

What heed the Romans gave to the language of signs! Different s and different ranks had their appropriate garments, toga, tunic, trician robes, fringes and borders, seats of honour, lictors, rods d axes, crowns of gold, crowns of leaves, crowns of flowers, ovations, umphs, everything had its pomp, its observances, its ceremonial, d all these spoke to the heart of the citizens. The state regarded as a matter of importance that the populace should assemble in e place rather than another, that they should or should not behold e Capitol, that they should or should not turn towards the Senate, at this day or that should be chosen for their deliberations. The used wore a special dress, so did the candidates for election; rriors did not boast of their exploits, they showed their scars. an fancy one of our orators at the death of Cæsar exhausting all e commonplaces of rhetoric to give a pathetic description of his unds, his blood, his dead body; Anthony was an orator, but he d none of this; he showed the murdered Cæsar. What rhetoric s this!

But this digression, like many others, is drawing me unawares ay from my subject; and my digressions are too frequent to borne with patience. I therefore return to the point.

Do not reason coldly with youth. Clothe your reason with a body, if you would make it felt. Let the mind speak the languag of the heart, that it may be understood. I say again our opinion not our actions, may be influenced by cold argument; they set u thinking, not doing; they show us what we ought to think, not wha we ought to do. If this is true of men, it is all the truer of youn people who are still enwrapped in their senses and cannot thin otherwise than they imagine.

Even after the preparations of which I have spoken, I shall tak good care not to go all of a sudden to Emile's room and preach long and heavy sermon on the subject in which he is to be instructe I shall begin by rousing his imagination; I shall choose the tim place, and surroundings most favourable to the impression I wis to make; I shall, so to speak, summon all nature as witness to ou conversations; I shall call upon the eternal God, the Creator nature, to bear witness to the truth of what I say. He shall judg between Emile and myself; I will make the rocks, the woods, th mountains round about us, the monuments of his promises an mine; eyes, voice, and gesture shall show the enthusiasm I desi to inspire. Then I will speak and he will listen, and his emotio will be stirred by my own. The more impressed I am by the sanctit of my duties, the more sacred he will regard his own. I will enforc the voice of reason with images and figures, I will not give him long winded speeches or cold precepts, but my overflowing feelings wi break their bounds; my reason shall be grave and serious, but m heart cannot speak too warmly. Then when I have shown hi all that I have done for him, I will show him how he is made for me he will see in my tender affection the cause of all my care. Ho greatly shall I surprise and disturb him when I change my ton Instead of shrivelling up his soul by always talking of his ow interests, I shall henceforth speak of my own; he will be mo deeply touched by this. I will kindle in his young heart all th sentiments of affection, generosity, and gratitude which I hav already called into being, and it will indeed be sweet to watch the growth. I will press him to my bosom, and weep over him in m emotion; I will say to him: "You are my wealth, my child, my hand work; my happiness is bound up in yours; if you frustrate my hop you rob me of twenty years of my life, and you bring my grey hai with sorrow to the grave." This is the way to gain a hearing and impress what is said upon the heart and memory of the young ma

Hitherto I have tried to give examples of the way in which tutor should instruct his pupil in cases of difficulty. I have trie to do so in this instance; but after many attempts I have abandon the task, convinced that the French language is too artificial permit in print the plainness of speech required for the first lesso in certain subjects.

They say French is more chaste than other languages; for m own part I think it more obscene; for it seems to me that the puri of a language does not consist in avoiding coarse expressions but having none. Indeed, if we are to avoid them, they must be in o oughts, and there is no language in which it is so difficult to speak th purity on every subject than French. The reader is always icker to detect than the author to avoid a gross meaning, and he shocked and startled by everything. How can what is heard impure ears avoid coarseness? On the other hand, a nation whose orals are pure has fit terms for everything, and these terms are ways right because they are rightly used. One could not imagine ore modest language than that of the Bible, just because of its ainness of speech. The same things translated into French uld become immodest. What I ought to say to Emile will sound re and honourable to him; but to make the same impression in int would demand a like purity of heart in the reader.

I should even think that reflections on true purity of speech and e sham delicacy of vice might find a useful place in the conrsations as to morality to which this subject brings us; for when learns the language of plain-spoken goodness, he must also learn e language of decency, and he must know why the two are so fferent. However this may be, I maintain that if instead of the pty precepts which are prematurely dinned into the ears of ildren, only to be scoffed at when the time comes when they ight prove useful, if instead of this we bide our time, if we prepare e way for a hearing, if we then show him the laws of nature in their truth, if we show him the sanction of these laws in the ysical and moral evils which overtake those who neglect them, while we speak to him of this great mystery of generation, we in to the idea of the pleasure which the Author of nature has given this act the idea of the exclusive affection which makes it delight- l, the idea of the duties of faithfulness and modesty which surround and redouble its charm while fulfilling its purpose; if we paint to m marriage, not only as the sweetest form of society, but also as e most sacred and inviolable of contracts, if we tell him plainly the reasons which lead men to respect this sacred bond, and to ur hatred and curses upon him who dares to dishonour it; if give him a true and terrible picture of the horrors of debauch, its stupid brutality, of the downward road by which a first act of sconduct leads from bad to worse, and at last drags the sinner to ruin; if, I say, we give him proofs that on a desire for chastity pends health, strength, courage, virtue, love itself, and all that truly good for man—I maintain that this chastity will be so dear d so desirable in his eyes, that his mind will be ready to receive r teaching as to the way to preserve it; for so long as we are aste we respect chastity; it is only when we have lost this virtue at we scorn it.

It is not true that the inclination to evil is beyond our control, d that we cannot overcome it until we have acquired the habit yielding to it. Aurelius Victor says that many men were mad ough to purchase a night with Cleopatra at the price of their life, d this is not incredible in the madness of passion. But let us ppose the maddest of men, the man who has his senses least under control; let him see the preparations for his death, let him realise that he will certainly die in torment a quarter of an hour later not only would that man, from that time forward, become able to resist temptation, he would even find it easy to do so; the terrible picture with which they are associated will soon distract his attention from these temptations, and when they are continually put aside they will cease to recur. The sole cause of our weakness is the feebleness of our will, and we have always strength to perform what we strongly desire. "Volenti nihil difficile!" Oh! if only we hated vice as much as we love life, we should abstain as easily from a pleasant sin as from a deadly poison in a delicious dish.

How is it that you fail to perceive that if all the lessons given to a young man on this subject have no effect, it is because they are not adapted to his age, and that at every age reason must be presented in a shape which will win his affection? Speak seriously to him if required, but let what you say to him always have a charm which will compel him to listen. Do not coldly oppose his wishes do not stifle his imagination, but direct it lest it should bring forth monsters. Speak to him of love, of women, of pleasure; let him find in your conversation a charm which delights his youthful heart spare no pains to make yourself his confidant; under this name alone will you really be his master. Then you need not fear he will find your conversation tedious; he will make you talk more than you desire.

If I have managed to take all the requisite precautions in accordance with these maxims, and have said the right things to Emile at the age he has now reached, I am quite convinced that he will come of his own accord to the point to which I would lead him, and will eagerly confide himself to my care. When he sees the dangers by which he is surrounded, he will say to me with all the warmth of youth, "Oh, my friend, my protector, my master! resume the authority you desire to lay aside at the very time when I most need it; hitherto my weakness has given you this power. I now place it in your hands of my own free-will, and it will be all the more sacred in my eyes. Protect me from all the foes which are attacking me, and above all from the traitors within the citadel; watch over your work, that it may still be worthy of you. I mean to obey your laws, I shall ever do so, that is my steadfast purpose; if I ever disobey you, it will be against my will; make me free by guarding me against the passions which do me violence; do not let me become their slave; compel me to be my own master and to obey, not my senses, but my reason."

When you have led your pupil so far (and it will be your own fault if you fail to do so), beware of taking him too readily at his word, lest your rule should seem too strict to him, and lest he should think he has a right to escape from it, by accusing you of taking him by surprise. This is the time for reserve and seriousness; and this attitude will have all the more effect upon him seeing that it is the first time you have adopted it towards him.

You will say to him therefore: “Young man, you readily make omises which are hard to keep; you must understand what they ean before you have a right to make them; you do not know how ur fellows are drawn by their passions into the whirlpool of vice asquerading as pleasure. You are honourable, I know; you will ver break your word, but how often will you repent of having ven it! How often will you curse your friend, when, in order to ard you from the ills which threaten you, he finds himself com-lled to do violence to your heart. Like Ulysses who, hearing the ng of the Sirens, cried aloud to his rowers to unbind him, you will eak your chains at the call of pleasure; you will importune me th your lamentations, you will reproach me as a tyrant when I ve your welfare most at heart; when I am trying to make you ppy, I shall incur your hatred. Oh, Emile, I can never bear to hateful in your eyes; this is too heavy a price to pay even for ur happiness. My dear young man, do you not see that when u undertake to obey me, you compel me to promise to be your ide, to forget myself in my devotion to you, to refuse to listen your murmurs and complaints, to wage unceasing war against ur wishes and my own. Before we either of us undertake such a sk, let us count our resources; take your time, give me time to nsider, and be sure that the slower we are to promise, the more ithfully will our promises be kept.

You may be sure that the more difficulty he finds in getting your omise, the easier you will find it to carry it out. The young an must learn that he is promising a great deal, and that you are omising still more. When the time is come, when he has, so to y, signed the contract, then change your tone, and make your le as gentle as you said it would be severe. Say to him, “My ung friend, it is experience that you lack; but I have taken care at you do not lack reason. You are ready to see the motives of y conduct in every respect; to do this you need only wait till u are free from excitement. Always obey me first, and then ask e reasons for my commands; I am always ready to give my asons so soon as you are ready to listen to them, and I shall never afraid to make you the judge between us. You promise to follow y teaching, and I promise only to use your obedience to make u the happiest of men. For proof of this I have the life you ve lived hitherto. Show me any one of your age who has led as ppy a life as yours, and I promise you nothing more.”

When my authority is firmly established, my first care will be to oid the necessity of using it. I shall spare no pains to become ore and more firmly established in his confidence, to make myself e confidant of his heart and the arbiter of his pleasures. Far om combating his youthful tastes, I shall consult them that I ay be their master; I will look at things from his point of view at I may be his guide; I will not seek a remote distant good at e cost of his present happiness. I would always have him happy, ways if that may be.

Those who desire to guide young people rightly and to preserv them from the snares of sense give them a disgust for love, an would willingly make the very thought of it a crime, as if love wer for the old. All these mistaken lessons have no effect; the hea gives the lie to them. The young man, guided by a surer instinc laughs to himself over the gloomy maxims which he pretends t accept, and only awaits the chance of disregarding them. A that is contrary to nature. By following the opposite course reach the same end more safely. I am not afraid to encourage i him the tender feeling for which he is so eager, I shall paint it as th supreme joy of life, as indeed it is; when I picture it to him, I desi that he shall give himself up to it; by making him feel the char which the union of hearts adds to the delights of sense, I sha inspire him with a disgust for debauchery; I shall make him a love and a good man.

How narrow-minded to see nothing in the rising desires of a youn heart but obstacles to the teaching of reason. In my eyes, thes are the right means to make him obedient to that very teachin Only through passion can we gain the mastery over passions; the tyranny must be controlled by their legitimate power, and natu herself must furnish us with the means to control her.

Emile is not made to live alone, he is a member of society, an must fulfil his duties as such. He is made to live among his fello men and he must get to know them. He knows mankind in genera he has still to learn to know individual men. He knows what go on in the world; he has now to learn how men live in the world. is time to show him the front of that vast stage, of which he alread knows the hidden workings. It will not arouse in him the foolis admiration of a giddy youth, but the discrimination of an exact an upright spirit. He may no doubt be deceived by his passions who is there who yields to his passions without being led astray b them? At least he will not be deceived by the passions of othe people. If he sees them, he will regard them with the eye of th wise, and will neither be led away by their example nor seduce by their prejudices.

As there is a fitting age for the study of the sciences, so there a fitting age for the study of the ways of the world. Those wh learn these too soon, follow them throughout life, without choi or consideration, and although they follow them fairly well the never really know what they are about. But he who studies th ways of the world and sees the reason for them, follows them wit more insight, and therefore more exactly and gracefully. Give m a child of twelve who knows nothing at all; at fifteen I will resto him to you knowing as much as those who have been under instru tion from infancy; with this difference, that your scholars onl know things by heart, while mine knows how to use his knowledg In the same way plunge a young man of twenty into society; und good guidance, in a year's time, he will be more charming and mo truly polite than one brought up in society from childhood. Fo former is able to perceive the reasons for all the proceedings ating to age, position, and sex, on which the customs of society pend, and can reduce them to general principles, and apply them unforeseen emergencies; while the latter, who is guided solely habit, is at a loss when habit fails him.

Young French ladies are all brought up in convents till they are rried. Do they seem to find any difficulty in acquiring the ys which are so new to them, and is it possible to accuse the ladies Paris of awkward and embarrassed manners or of ignorance of the ys of society, because they have not acquired them in infancy? is is the prejudice of men of the world, who know nothing of re importance than this trifling science, and wrongly imagine at you cannot begin to acquire it too soon.

On the other hand, it is quite true that we must not wait too long. y one who has spent the whole of his youth far from the great rld is all his life long awkward, constrained, out of place; his nners will be heavy and clumsy, no amount of practice will get of this, and he will only make himself more ridiculous by trying do so. There is a time for every kind of teaching and we ought recognise it, and each has its own dangers to be avoided. At s age there are more dangers than at any other; but I do not ose my pupil to them without safeguards.

When my method succeeds completely in attaining one object, and en in avoiding one difficulty it also provides against another, I n consider that it is a good method, and that I am on the right ck. This seems to be the case with regard to the expedient gested by me in the present case. If I desire to be stern and cold ards my pupil, I shall lose his confidence, and he will soon nceal himself from me. If I wish to be easy and complaisant, to ut my eyes, what good does it do him to be under my care? I y give my authority to his excesses, and relieve his conscience the expense of my own. If I introduce him into society with no ect but to teach him, he will learn more than I want. If I keep n apart from society, what will he have learnt from me? Every-ng perhaps, except the one art absolutely necessary to a civilised n, the art of living among his fellow-men. If I try to attend to s at a distance, it will be of no avail; he is only concerned with present. If I am content to supply him with amusement, he l acquire habits of luxury and will learn nothing.

We will have none of this. My plan provides for everything. ur heart, I say to the young man, requires a companion; let us in search of a fitting one; perhaps we shall not easily find such one, true worth is always rare, but we will be in no hurry, nor l we be easily discouraged. No doubt there is such a one, and shall find her at last, or at least we shall find some one like her. th an end so attractive to himself, I introduce him into society. at more need I say? Have I not achieved my purpose?

By describing to him his future mistress, you may imagine ether I shall gain a hearing, whether I shall succeed in making the qualities he ought to love pleasing and dear to him, whether shall sway his feelings to seek or shun what is good or bad for him I shall be the stupidest of men if I fail to make him in love wit he knows not whom. No matter that the person I describe i imaginary, it is enough to disgust him with those who might hav attracted him; it is enough if it is continually suggesting comparisons which make him prefer his fancy to the real people he sees and is not love itself a fancy, a falsehood, an illusion? We are fa more in love with our own fancy than with the object of it. I we saw the object of our affections as it is, there would be no suc thing as love. When we cease to love, the person we used to lov remains unchanged, but we no longer see with the same eyes; th magic veil is drawn aside, and love disappears. But when I suppl the object of imagination, I have control over comparisons, and am able easily to prevent illusion with regard to realities.

For all that I would not mislead a young man by describing model of perfection which could never exist; but I would so choos the faults of his mistress that they will suit him, that he will b pleased by them, and they may serve to correct his own. Neithe would I lie to him and affirm that there really is such a person let him delight in the portrait, he will soon desire to find the origina From desire to belief the transition is easy; it is a matter of a littl skilful description, which under more perceptible features will giv to this imaginary object an air of greater reality. I would go s far as to give her a name; I would say, smiling, Let us call you future mistress Sophy; Sophy is a name of good omen; if it is no the name of the lady of your choice at least she will be worthy of th name; we may honour her with it meanwhile. If after all thes details, without affirming or denying, we excuse ourselves fron giving an answer, his suspicions will become certainty; he will thin that his destined bride is purposely concealed from him, and tha he will see her in good time. If once he has arrived at this conclusio and if the characteristics to be shown to him have been well chosen the rest is easy; there will be little risk in exposing him to the world protect him from his senses, and his heart is safe.

But whether or no he personifies the model I have contrived t make so attractive to him, this model, if well done, will attach him none the less to everything that resembles itself, and will give him as great a distaste for all that is unlike it as if Sophy really existed What a means to preserve his heart from the dangers to which hi appearance would expose him, to repress his senses by means of hi imagination, to rescue him from the hands of those women wh profess to educate young men, and make them pay so dear for thei teaching, and only teach a young man manners by making him utterly shameless. Sophy is so modest? What would she thin of their advances! Sophy is so simple! How would she like thei airs? They are too far from his thoughts and his observations t be dangerous.

Every one who deals with the control of children follows the sam prejudices and the same maxims, for their observation is at fault, and their reflection still more so. A young man is led astray in the first place neither by temperament nor by the senses, but by popular opinion. If we were concerned with boys brought up in boarding schools or girls in convents, I would show that this applies even to them; for the first lessons they learn from each other, the only lessons that bear fruit, are those of vice; and it is not nature that corrupts them but example. But let us leave the boarders in schools and convents to their bad morals; there is no cure for them. I am dealing only with home training. Take a young man carefully educated in his father's country house, and examine him when he reaches Paris and makes his entrance into society; you will find him thinking clearly about honest matters, and you will find his will as wholesome as his reason. You will find scorn of vice and disgust for debauchery; his face will betray his innocent horror at the very mention of a prostitute. I maintain that no young man could make up his mind to enter the gloomy abodes of these unfortunates by himself, if indeed he were aware of their purpose and felt their necessity.

See the same young man six months later, you will not know him; from his bold conversation, his fashionable maxims, his easy air, you would take him for another man, if his jests over his former simplicity and his shame when any one recalls it did not show that it is he indeed and that he is ashamed of himself. How greatly has he changed in so short a time! What has brought about so sudden and complete a change? His physical development? Would not that have taken place in his father's house, and certainly he would not have acquired these maxims and this tone at home? The first charms of sense? On the contrary; those who are beginning to abandon themselves to these pleasures are timid and anxious, they shun the light and noise. The first pleasures are always mysterious, modesty gives them their savour, and modesty conceals them; the first mistress does not make a man bold but timid. Wholly absorbed in a situation so novel to him, the young man retires into himself to enjoy it, and trembles for fear it should escape him. If he is noisy he knows neither passion nor love; however he may boast, he has not enjoyed.

These changes are merely the result of changed ideas. His heart is the same, but his opinions have altered. His feelings, which change more slowly, will at length yield to his opinions and it is then that he is indeed corrupted. He has scarcely made his entrance into society before he receives a second education quite unlike the first, which teaches him to despise what he esteemed, and esteem what he despised; he learns to consider the teaching of his parents and masters as the jargon of pedants, and the duties they have instilled into him as a childish morality, to be scorned now that he is grown up. He thinks he is bound in honour to change his conduct; he becomes forward without desire, and he talks foolishly from false shame. He rails against morality before he has any taste for vice, and prides himself on debauchery without knowing how to set about it. I shall never forget the confession of a young officer in the Swiss Guards, who was utterly sick of the noisy pleasures of his comrades, but dared not refuse to take part in them lest he should be laughed at. "I am getting used to it," he said, "as I am getting used to taking snuff; the taste will come with practice; it will not do to be a child for ever."

So a young man when he enters society must be preserved from vanity rather than from sensibility; he succumbs rather to the tastes of others than to his own, and self-love is responsible for more libertines than love.

This being granted, I ask you, Is there any one on earth better armed than my pupil against all that may attack his morals, his sentiments, his principles; is there any one more able to resist the flood? What seduction is there against which he is not forearmed? If his desires attract him towards women, he fails to find what he seeks, and his heart, already occupied, holds him back. If he is disturbed and urged onward by his senses, where will he find satisfaction? His horror of adultery and debauch keeps him at a distance from prostitutes and married women, and the disorders of youth may always be traced to one or other of these. A maiden may be a coquette, but she will not be shameless, she will not fling herself at the head of a young man who may marry her if he believes in her virtue; besides she is always under supervision. Emile, too, will not be left entirely to himself; both of them will be under the guardianship of fear and shame, the constant companions of a first passion; they will not proceed at once to misconduct, and they will not have time to come to it gradually without hindrance. If he behaves otherwise, he must have taken lessons from his comrades, he must have learned from them to despise his self-control, and to imitate their boldness. But there is no one in the whole world so little given to imitation as Emile. What man is there who is so little influenced by mockery as one who has no prejudices himself and yields nothing to the prejudices of others. I have laboured twenty years to arm him against mockery; they will not make him their dupe in a day; for in his eyes ridicule is the argument of fools, and nothing makes one less susceptible to raillery than to be beyond the influence of prejudice. Instead of jests he must have arguments, and while he is in this frame of mind, I am not afraid that he will be carried away by young fools; conscience and truth are on my side. If prejudice is to enter into the matter at all, an affection of twenty years' standing counts for something; no one will ever convince him that I have wearied him with vain lessons; and in a heart so upright and so sensitive the voice of a tried and trusted friend will soon efface the shouts of twenty libertines. As it is therefore merely a question of showing him that he is deceived, that while they pretend to treat him as a man they are really treating him as a child, I shall choose to be always simple but serious and plain in my arguments, so that he may feel that I do indeed treat m as a man. I will say to him, You will see that your welfare, in hich my own is bound up, compels me to speak; I can do nothing se. But why do these young men want to persuade you? Because ney desire to seduce you; they do not care for you, they take no al interest in you; their only motive is a secret spite because they e you are better than they; they want to drag you down to their wn level, and they only reproach you with submitting to control at they may themselves control you. Do you think you have nything to gain by this? Are they so much wiser than I, is the ffection of a day stronger than mine? To give any weight to their sts they must give weight to their authority; and by what xperience do they support their maxims above ours? They have nly followed the example of other giddy youths, as they would ave you follow theirs. To escape from the so-called prejudices of heir fathers, they yield to those of their comrades. I cannot see hat they are any the better off; but I see that they lose two things f value—the affection of their parents, whose advice is that of enderness and truth, and the wisdom of experience which teaches s to judge by what we know; for their fathers have once been oung, but the young men have never been fathers.

But you think they are at least sincere in their foolish precepts. Not so, dear Emile; they deceive themselves in order to deceive you; they are not in agreement with themselves; their heart continually revolts, and their very words often contradict themselves. This man who mocks at everything good would be in despair if his wife held the same views. Another extends his indifference to good morals even to his future wife, or he sinks to such depths of infamy as to be indifferent to his wife's conduct; but go a step further; speak to him of his mother; is he willing to be treated as the child of an adulteress and the son of a woman of bad character, is he ready to assume the name of a family, to steal the patrimony of the true heir, in a word will he bear being treated as a bastard? Which of them will permit his daughter to be dishonoured as he dishonours the daughter of another? There is not one of them who would not kill you if you adopted in your conduct towards him all the principles he tries to teach you. Thus they prove their inconsistency, and we know they do not believe what they say. Here are reasons, dear Emile; weigh their arguments if they have any, and compare them with mine. If I wished to have recourse like them to scorn and mockery, you would see that they lend themselves to ridicule as much or more than myself. But I am not afraid of serious inquiry. The triumph of mockers is soon over; truth endures, and their foolish laughter dies away.

You do not think that Emile, at twenty, can possibly be docile. How differently we think! I cannot understand how he could be docile at ten, for what hold have I on him at that age? It took me fifteen years of careful preparation to secure that hold. I was not educating him, but preparing him for education. He is now sufficiently educated to be docile; he recognises the voice of friendship and he knows how to obey reason. It is true I allow him show of freedom, but he was never more completely under control because he obeys of his own free will. So long as I could not ge the mastery over his will, I retained my control over his person I never left him for a moment. Now I sometimes leave him to himself because I control him continually. When I leave him I embrace him and I say with confidence: Emile, I trust you to my friend, I leave you to his honour; he will answer for you.

To corrupt healthy affections which have not been previously depraved, to efface principles which are directly derived from our own reasoning, is not the work of a moment. If any change takes place during my absence, that absence will not be long, he will never be able to conceal himself from me, so that I shall perceive the danger before any harm comes of it, and I shall be in time to provide a remedy. As we do not become depraved all at once, neither do we learn to deceive all at once; and if ever there was a man unskilled in the art of deception it is Emile, who has never had any occasion for deceit.

By means of these precautions and others like them, I expect to guard him so completely against strange sights and vulgar precepts that I would rather see him in the worst company in Paris than alone in his room or in a park left to all the restlessness of his age. Whatever we may do, a young man's worst enemy is himself, and this is an enemy we cannot avoid. Yet this is an enemy of our own making, for, as I have said again and again, it is the imagination which stirs the senses. Desire is not a physical need; it is not true that it is a need at all. If no lascivious object had met our eye, if no unclean thought had entered our mind, this so-called need might never have made itself felt, and we should have remained chaste, without temptation, effort, or merit. We do not know how the blood of youth is stirred by certain situations and certain sights, while the youth himself does not understand the cause of his uneasiness—an uneasiness difficult to subdue and certain to recur. For my own part, the more I consider this serious crisis and its causes, immediate and remote, the more convinced I am that a solitary brought up in some desert, apart from books, teaching, and women, would die a virgin, however long he lived.

But we are not concerned with a savage of this sort. When we educate a man among his fellow-men and for social life, we cannot, and indeed we ought not to, bring him up in this wholesome ignorance, and half knowledge is worse than none. The memory of things we have observed, the ideas we have acquired, follow us into retirement and people it, against our will, with images more seductive than the things themselves, and these make solitude as fatal to those who bring such ideas with them as it is wholesome for those who have never left it.

Therefore, watch carefully over the young man; he can protect himself from all other foes, but it is for you to protect him against himself. Never leave him night or day, or at least share his room;

ver let him go to bed till he is sleepy, and let him rise as soon he wakes. Distrust instinct as soon as you cease to rely alto- ther upon it. Instinct was good while he acted under its guidance ly; now that he is in the midst of human institutions, instinct not to be trusted; it must not be destroyed, it must be controlled, hich is perhaps a more difficult matter. It would be a dangerous atter if instinct taught your pupil to abuse his senses; if once he quires this dangerous habit he is ruined. From that time rward, body and soul will be enervated; he will carry to the ave the sad effects of this habit, the most fatal habit which a ung man can acquire. If you cannot attain to the mastery of ur passions, dear Emile, I pity you; but I shall not hesitate r a moment, I will not permit the purposes of nature to be aded. If you must be a slave, I prefer to surrender you to a rant from whom I may deliver you; whatever happens, I can e you more easily from the slavery of women than from urself.

Up to the age of twenty, the body is still growing and requires l its strength; till that age continence is the law of nature, and is law is rarely violated without injury to the constitution. fter twenty, continence is a moral duty; it is an important duty, r it teaches us to control ourselves, to be masters of our own ppetites. But moral duties have their modifications, their excep- ns, their rules. When human weakness makes an alternative evitable, of two evils choose the least; in any case it is better to mmit a misdeed than to contract a vicious habit.

Remember, I am not talking of my pupil now, but of yours. is passions, to which you have given way, are your master; yield them openly and without concealing his victory. If you are le to show him it in its true light, he will be ashamed rather than oud of it, and you will secure the right to guide him in his wander- gs, at least so as to avoid precipices. The disciple must do nothing, t even evil, without the knowledge and consent of his master; it a hundredfold better that the tutor should approve of a misdeed an that he should deceive himself or be deceived by his pupil, d the wrong should be done without his knowledge. He who inks he must shut his eyes to one thing, must soon shut them together; the first abuse which is permitted leads to others, d this chain of consequences only ends in the complete overthrow all order and contempt for every law.

There is another mistake which I have already dealt with, a istake continually made by narrow-minded persons; they con- antly affect the dignity of a master, and wish to be regarded by eir disciples as perfect. This method is just the contrary of what ould be done. How is it that they fail to perceive that when ey try to strengthen their authority they are really destroying ; that to gain a hearing one must put oneself in the place of our earers, and that to speak to the human heart, one must be a an. All these perfect people neither touch nor persuade; people always say, "It is easy for them to fight against passions they do not feel." Show your pupil your own weaknesses if you want to cure his; let him see in you struggles like his own; let him learn by your example to master himself and let him not say like other young men, "These old people, who are vexed because they are no longer young, want to treat all young people as if they were old; and they make a crime of our passions because their own passions are dead."

Montaigne tells us that he once asked Seigneur de Langey how often, in his negotiations with Germany, he had got drunk in his king's service. I would willingly ask the tutor of a certain young man how often he has entered a house of ill-fame for his pupil's sake. How often? I am wrong. If the first time has not cured the young libertine of all desire to go there again, if he does not return penitent and ashamed, if he does not shed torrents of tears upon your bosom, leave him on the spot; either he is a monster or you are a fool; you will never do him any good. But let us have done with these last expedients, which are as distressing as they are dangerous; our kind of education has no need of them.

What precautions we must take with a young man of good birth before exposing him to the scandalous manners of our age! These precautions are painful but necessary; negligence in this matter is the ruin of all our young men; degeneracy is the result of youthful excesses, and it is these excesses which make men what they are. Old and base in their vices, their hearts are shrivelled, because their worn-out bodies were corrupted at an early age; they have scarcely strength to stir. The subtlety of their thoughts betrays a mind lacking in substance; they are incapable of any great or noble feeling, they have neither simplicity nor vigour; altogether abject and meanly wicked, they are merely frivolous, deceitful, and false; they have not even courage enough to be distinguished criminals. Such are the despicable men produced by early debauchery; if there were but one among them who knew how to be sober and temperate, to guard his heart, his body, his morals from the contagion of bad example, at the age of thirty he would crush all these insects, and would become their master with far less trouble than it cost him to become master of himself.

However little Emile owes to birth and fortune, he might be this man if he chose; but he despises such people too much to condescend to make them his slaves. Let us now watch him in their midst, as he enters into society, not to claim the first place, but to acquaint himself with it and to seek a helpmeet worthy of himself.

Whatever his rank or birth, whatever the society into which he is introduced, his entrance into that society will be simple and unaffected; God grant he may not be unlucky enough to shine in society; the qualities which make a good impression at the first glance are not his, he neither possesses them, nor desires to possess them. He cares too little for the opinions of other people to value their prejudices, and he is indifferent whether people esteem him or not until they know him. His address is neither shy nor conceited, but natural and sincere, he knows nothing of constraint or concealment, and he is just the same among a group of people as he is when he is alone. Will this make him rude, scornful, and careless of others? On the contrary; if he were not heedless of others when he lived alone, why should he be heedless of them now that he is living among them? He does not prefer them to himself in his manners, because he does not prefer them to himself in his heart, but neither does he show them an indifference which he is far from feeling; if he is unacquainted with the forms of politeness, he is not unacquainted with the attentions dictated by humanity. He cannot bear to see any one suffer; he will not give up his place to another from mere external politeness, but he will willingly yield it to him out of kindness if he sees that he is being neglected and that this neglect hurts him; for it will be less disagreeable to Emile to remain standing of his own accord than to see another compelled to stand.

Although Emile has no very high opinion of people in general, he does not show any scorn of them, because he pities them and is sorry for them. As he cannot give them a taste for what is truly good, he leaves them the imaginary good with which they are satisfied, lest by robbing them of this he should leave them worse off than before. So he neither argues nor contradicts; neither does he flatter nor agree; he states his opinion without arguing with others, because he loves liberty above all things, and freedom is one of the fairest gifts of liberty.

He says little, for he is not anxious to attract attention; for the same reason he only says what is to the point; who could induce him to speak otherwise? Emile is too well informed to be a chatterbox. A great flow of words comes either from a pretentious spirit, of which I shall speak presently, or from the value laid upon trifles which we foolishly think to be as important in the eyes of others as in our own. He who knows enough of things to value them at their true worth never says too much; for he can also judge of the attention bestowed on him and the interest aroused by what he says. People who know little are usually great talkers, while men who know much say little. It is plain that an ignorant person thinks everything he does know important, and he tells it to everybody. But a well-educated man is not so ready to display his learning; he would have too much to say, and he sees that there is much more to be said, so he holds his peace.

Far from disregarding the ways of other people, Emile conforms to them readily enough; not that he may appear to know all about them, nor yet to affect the airs of a man of fashion, but on the contrary for fear lest he should attract attention, and in order to pass unnoticed; he is most at his ease when no one pays any attention to him.

Although when he makes his entrance into society he knows nothing of its customs, this does not make him shy or timid; if he keeps in the background, it is not because he is embarrassed, but because, if you want to see, you must not be seen; for he scarcely troubles himself at all about what people think of him, and he is not the least afraid of ridicule. Hence he is always quiet and self-possessed and is not troubled with shyness. All he has to do is done as well as he knows how to do it, whether people are looking at him or not; and as he is always on the alert to observe other people, he acquires their ways with an ease impossible to the slaves of other people's opinions. We might say that he acquires the ways of society just because he cares so little about them.

But do not make any mistake as to his bearing; it is not to be compared with that of your young dandies. It is self-possessed, not conceited; his manners are easy, not haughty; an insolent look is the mark of a slave, there is nothing affected in independence. I never saw a man of lofty soul who showed it in his bearing; this affectation is more suited to vile and frivolous souls, who have no other means of asserting themselves. I read somewhere that a foreigner appeared one day in the presence of the famous Marcel, who asked him what country he came from. "I am an Englishman," replied the stranger. "You are an Englishman!" replied the dancer, "You come from that island where the citizens have a share in the government, and form part of the sovereign power?[1] No, sir, that modest bearing, that timid glance, that hesitating manner, proclaim only a slave adorned with the title of an elector."

I cannot say whether this saying shows much knowledge of the true relation between a man's character and his appearance. I have not the honour of being a dancing master, and I should have thought just the opposite. I should have said, "This Englishman is no courtier; I never heard that courtiers have a timid bearing and a hesitating manner. A man whose appearance is timid in the presence of a dancer might not be timid in the House of Commons." Surely this M. Marcel must take his fellow-countrymen for so many Romans.

He who loves desires to be loved. Emile loves his fellows and desires to please them. Even more does he wish to please the women; his age, his character, the object he has in view, all increase this desire. I say his character, for this has a great effect; men of good character are those who really adore women. They have not the mocking jargon of gallantry like the rest, but their eagerness is more genuinely tender, because it comes from the heart. In the presence of a young woman, I could pick out a young man of character and self-control from among a hundred thousand libertines. Consider what Emile must be, with all the eagerness of early youth and so many reasons for resistance! For in the presence of women t think he will sometimes be shy and timid; but this shyness will ertainly not be displeasing, and the least foolish of them will only oo often find a way to enjoy it and augment it. Moreover, his agerness will take a different shape according to those he has to o with. He will be more modest and respectful to married women, ore eager and tender towards young girls. He never loses sight his purpose, and it is always those who most recall it to him who ceive the greater share of his attentions.

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[1] As if there were citizens who were not part of the city and had not, as such, a share in sovereign power! But the French, who have thought fit to usurp the honourable name of citizen which was formerly the right of the members of the Gallic cities, have degraded the idea till it has no longer any sort of meaning. A man who recently wrote a number of silly criticisms on the "Nouvelle Heloise" added to his signature the title "Citizen of Paimbœuf," and he thought it a capital joke.

No one could be more attentive to every consideration based pon the laws of nature, and even on the laws of good society; but e former are always preferred before the latter, and Emile will ow more respect to an elderly person in private life than to a oung magistrate of his own age. As he is generally one of the ungest in the company, he will always be one of the most modest, ot from the vanity which apes humility, but from a natural feeling unded upon reason. He will not have the effrontery of the young p, who speaks louder than the wise and interrupts the old in order amuse the company. He will never give any cause for the reply ven to Louis XV. by an old gentleman who was asked whether he eferred this century or the last: “Sire, I spent my youth in verence towards the old; I find myself compelled to spend my old e in reverence towards the young.”

His heart is tender and sensitive, but he cares nothing for the eight of popular opinion, though he loves to give pleasure to others; he will care little to be thought a person of importance. Hence will be affectionate rather than polite, he will never be pompous affected, and he will be always more touched by a caress than by uch praise. For the same reasons he will never be careless of his anners or his clothes; perhaps he will be rather particular about s dress, not that he may show himself a man of taste, but to make s appearance more pleasing; he will never require a gilt frame, d he will never spoil his style by a display of wealth.

All this demands, as you see, no stock of precepts from me; it all the result of his early education. People make a great mystery the ways of society, as if, at the age when these ways are acquired, did not take to them quite naturally, and as if the first laws of liteness were not to be found in a kindly heart. True politeness nsists in showing our goodwill towards men; it shows its presence thout any difficulty; those only who lack this goodwill are mpelled to reduce the outward signs of it to an art.

“The worst effect of artificial politeness is that it teaches us how dispense with the virtues it imitates. If our education teaches kindness and humanity, we shall be polite, or we shall have no ed of politeness.

“If we have not those qualities which display themselves gracefully shall have those which proclaim the honest man and the citizen; shall have no need for falsehood.

“Instead of seeking to please by artificiality, it will suffice that we are kindly; instead of flattering the weaknesses of others by falsehood, it will suffice to tolerate them.

"Those with whom we have to do will neither be puffed up no corrupted by such intercourse; they will only be grateful and wi be informed by it."[1]

It seems to me that if any education is calculated to produce th sort of politeness required by M. Duclos in this passage, it is th education I have already described.

Yet I admit that with such different teaching Emile will not b just like everybody else, and heaven preserve him from such fate! But where he is unlike other people, he will neither caus annoyance nor will he be absurd; the difference will be perceptibl but not unpleasant. Emile will be, if you like, an agreeabl foreigner. At first his peculiarities will be excused with the phrase "He will learn." After a time people will get used to his ways and seeing that he does not change they will still make excuse for him and say, "He is made that way."

He will not be fêted as a charming man, but every one will lik him without knowing why; no one will praise his intellect, bu every one will be ready to make him the judge between men o intellect; his own intelligence will be clear and limited, his min will be accurate, and his judgment sane. As he never runs afte new ideas, he cannot pride himself on his wit. I have convince him that all wholesome ideas, ideas which are really useful t mankind, were among the earliest known, that in all times they have formed the true bonds of society, and that there is nothing left for ambitious minds but to seek distinction for themselves by means of ideas which are injurious and fatal to mankind. This way of winning admiration scarcely appeals to him; he knows how he ought to seek his own happiness in life, and how he can contribute to the happiness of others. The sphere of his knowledge is restricte to what is profitable. His path is narrow and clearly defined; a he has no temptation to leave it, he is lost in the crowd; he wil neither distinguish himself nor will he lose his way. Emile is a ma of common-sense and he has no desire to be anything more; yo may try in vain to insult him by applying this phrase to him; h will always consider it a title of honour.

Although from his wish to please he is no longer wholly indifferen to the opinion of others, he only considers that opinion so far as h himself is directly concerned, without troubling himself abou arbitrary values, which are subject to no law but that of fashio or conventionality. He will have pride enough to wish to do wel in everything that he undertakes, and even to wish to do it bette than others; he will want to be the swiftest runner, the stronges wrestler, the cleverest workman, the readiest in games of skill but he will not seek advantages which are not in themselves clea gain, but need to be supported by the opinion of others, such as t be thought wittier than another, a better speaker, more learned, etc.

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[1] *Considerations sur les mœurs de ce siècle*, par M. Duclos.

ill less will he trouble himself with those which have nothing to with the man himself, such as higher birth, a greater reputation r wealth, credit, or public estimation, or the impression created by showy exterior.

As he loves his fellows because they are like himself, he will efer him who is most like himself, because he will feel that he is od; and as he will judge of this resemblance by similarity of taste morals, in all that belongs to a good character, he will be delighted win approval. He will not say to himself in so many words, I am delighted to gain approval," but "I am delighted because ey say I have done right; I am delighted because the men who nour me are worthy of honour; while they judge so wisely, it is fine thing to win their respect."

As he studies men in their conduct in society, just as he formerly udied them through their passions in history, he will often have casion to consider what it is that pleases or offends the human art. He is now busy with the philosophy of the principles of ste, and this is the most suitable subject for his present study.

The further we seek our definitions of taste, the further we go tray; taste is merely the power of judging what is pleasing or pleasing to most people. Go beyond this, and you cannot say hat taste is. It does not follow that the men of taste are in the ajority; for though the majority judges wisely with regard to ch individual thing, there are few men who follow the judgment the majority in everything; and though the most general agree- ent in taste constitutes good taste, there are few men of good ste just as there are few beautiful people, although beauty consists the sum of the most usual features.

It must be observed that we are not here concerned with what like because it is serviceable, or hate because it is harmful to us. aste deals only with things that are indifferent to us, or which fect at most our amusements, not those which relate to our needs; ste is not required to judge of these, appetite only is sufficient. is this which makes mere decisions of taste so difficult and as it ems so arbitrary; for beyond the instinct they follow there pears to be no reason whatever for them. We must also make distinction between the laws of good taste in morals and its laws physical matters. In the latter the laws of taste appear to be solutely inexplicable. But it must be observed that there is a oral element in everything which involves imitation.[1] This is the planation of beauties which seem to be physical, but are not so reality. I may add that taste has local rules which make it pendent in many respects on the country we are in, its manners, vernment, institutions; it has other rules which depend upon e, sex, and character, and it is in this sense that we must not spute over matters of taste.

Taste is natural to men; but all do not possess it in the same degree, it is not developed to the same extent in every one; and in ever one it is liable to be modified by a variety of causes. Such tast as we may possess depends on our native sensibility; its cultivatio and its form depend upon the society in which we have lived. I the first place we must live in societies of many different kinds, s as to compare much. In the next place, there must be societie for amusement and idleness, for in business relations, interest, no pleasure, is our rule. Lastly, there must be societies in whic people are fairly equal, where the tyranny of public opinion may b moderate, where pleasure rather than vanity is queen; where thi is not so, fashion stifles taste, and we seek what gives distinctio rather than delight.

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[1] This is demonstrated in an "Essay on the Origin of Languages" which ll be found in my collected works.

In the latter case it is no longer true that good taste is the tast of the majority. Why is this? Because the purpose is different Then the crowd has no longer any opinion of its own, it only follow the judgment of those who are supposed to know more about it its approval is bestowed not on what is good, but on what they hav already approved. At any time let every man have his ow opinion, and what is most pleasing in itself will always secur most votes.

Every beauty that is to be found in the works of man is imitate All the true models of taste are to be found in nature. The furthe we get from the master, the worse are our pictures. Then it is tha we find our models in what we ourselves like, and the beauty fancy, subject to caprice and to authority, is nothing but what pleasing to our leaders.

Those leaders are the artists, the wealthy, and the great, and the themselves follow the lead of self-interest or pride. Some to displa their wealth, others to profit by it, they seek eagerly for new way of spending it. This is how luxury acquires its power and make us love what is rare and costly; this so-called beauty consists, no in following nature, but in disobeying her. Hence luxury and ba taste are inseparable. Wherever taste is lavish, it is bad.

Taste, good or bad, takes its shape especially in the intercours between the two sexes; the cultivation of taste is a necessar consequence of this form of society. But when enjoyment is easil obtained, and the desire to please becomes lukewarm, taste mus degenerate; and this is, in my opinion, one of the best reasons wh good taste implies good morals.

Consult the women's opinions in bodily matters, in all tha concerns the senses; consult the men in matters of morality an all that concerns the understanding. When women are what the ought to be, they will keep to what they can understand, and the judgment will be right; but since they have set themselves up judges of literature, since they have begun to criticise books and make them with might and main, they are altogether astra Authors who take the advice of blue-stockings will always be il advised; gallants who consult them about their clothes will alway be absurdly dressed. I shall presently have an opportunity aking of the real talents of the female sex, the way to cultivate se talents, and the matters in regard to which their decisions uld receive attention.

These are the elementary considerations which I shall lay down principles when I discuss with Emile this matter which is by no ans indifferent to him in his present inquiries. And to whom uld it be a matter of indifference? To know what people may l pleasant or unpleasant is not only necessary to any one who uires their help, it is still more necessary to any one who would p them; you must please them if you would do them service; l the art of writing is no idle pursuit if it is used to make men r the truth.

f in order to cultivate my pupil's taste, I were compelled to ose between a country where this form of culture has not yet sen and those in which it has already degenerated, I would gress backwards; I would begin his survey with the latter and l with the former. My reason for this choice is, that taste becomes rupted through excessive delicacy, which makes it sensitive to ngs which most men do not perceive; this delicacy leads to a rit of discussion, for the more subtle is our discrimination of ngs the more things there are for us. This subtlety increases delicacy and decreases the uniformity of our touch. So there as many tastes as there are people. In disputes as to our ferences, philosophy and knowledge are enlarged, and thus we rn to think. It is only men accustomed to plenty of society are capable of very delicate observations, for these observations not occur to us till the last, and people who are unused to all ts of society exhaust their attention in the consideration of the re conspicuous features. There is perhaps no civilised place n earth where the common taste is so bad as in Paris. Yet it n this capital that good taste is cultivated, and it seems that books make any impression in Europe whose authors have not died in Paris. Those who think it is enough to read our books mistaken; there is more to be learnt from the conversation of hors than from their books; and it is not from the authors that learn most. It is the spirit of social life which develops a thinking d, and carries the eye as far as it can reach. If you have a rk of genius, go and spend a year in Paris; you will soon be all t you are capable of becoming, or you will never be good for anyng at all.

ne may learn to think in places where bad taste rules supreme; we must not think like those whose taste is bad, and it is very cult to avoid this if we spend much time among them. We st use their efforts to perfect the machinery of judgment, but must be careful not to make the same use of it. I shall take not to polish Emile's judgment so far as to transform it, and n he has acquired discernment enough to feel and compare the ied tastes of men, I shall lead him to fix his own taste upon pler matters.

I will go still further in order to keep his taste pure and whole some. In the tumult of dissipation I shall find opportunities fo useful conversation with him; and while these conversations ar always about things in which he takes a delight, I shall take car to make them as amusing as they are instructive. Now is the tim to read pleasant books; now is the time to teach him to analys speech and to appreciate all the beauties of eloquence and diction It is a small matter to learn languages, they are less useful tha people think; but the study of languages leads us on to that o grammar in general. We must learn Latin if we would have thorough knowledge of French; these two languages must b studied and compared if we would understand the rules of the ar of speaking.

There is, moreover, a certain simplicity of taste which goes straigh to the heart; and this is only to be found in the classics. In oratory poetry, and every kind of literature, Emile will find the classica authors as he found them in history, full of matter and sober in thei judgment. The authors of our own time, on the contrary, say littl and talk much. To take their judgment as our constant law i not the way to form our own judgment. These differences of tast make themselves felt in all that is left of classical times and even o their tombs. Our monuments are covered with praises, their recorded facts.

"Sta, viator; heroem calcas."

If I had found this epitaph on an ancient monument, I should a once have guessed it was modern; for there is nothing so commo among us as heroes, but among the ancients they were rare. Instea of saying a man was a hero, they would have said what he had don to gain that name. With the epitaph of this hero compare tha of the effeminate Sardanapalus—

"Tarsus and Anchiales I built in a day, and now I am dead."

Which do you think says most? Our inflated monumental styl is only fit to trumpet forth the praises of pygmies. The ancient showed men as they were, and it was plain that they were me indeed. Xenophon did honour to the memory of some warrior who were slain by treason during the retreat of the Ten Thousand "They died," said he, "without stain in war and in love." Tha is all, but think how full was the heart of the author of this shor and simple elegy. Woe to him who fails to perceive its charm.

The following words were engraved on a tomb at Thermopylæ—

"Go, Traveller, tell Sparta that here we fell in obedience to her laws.

It is pretty clear that this was not the work of the Academy c Inscriptions.

If I am not mistaken, the attention of my pupil, who sets so sma value upon words, will be directed in the first place to these ferences, and they will affect his choice in his reading. He will carried away by the manly eloquence of Demosthenes, and will y, "This is an orator;" but when he reads Cicero, he will say, This is a lawyer."

Speaking generally Emile will have more taste for the books of e ancients than for our own, just because they were the first, and erefore the ancients are nearer to nature and their genius is more stinct. Whatever La Motte and the Abbé Terrasson may say, ere is no real advance in human reason, for what we gain in one ection we lose in another; for all minds start from the same int, and as the time spent in learning what others have thought so much time lost in learning to think for ourselves, we have more quired knowledge and less vigour of mind. Our minds like our ns are accustomed to use tools for everything, and to do nothing themselves. Fontenelle used to say that all these disputes as to e ancients and the moderns came to this—Were the trees in former nes taller than they are now. If agriculture had changed, it uld be worth our while to ask this question.

After I have led Emile to the sources of pure literature, I will also w him the channels into the reservoirs of modern compilers; rnals, translations, dictionaries, he shall cast a glance at them , and then leave them for ever. To amuse him he shall hear the tter of the academies; I will draw his attention to the fact that ery member of them is worth more by himself than he is as a mber of the society; he will then draw his own conclusions as to e utility of these fine institutions.

I take him to the theatre to study taste, not morals; for in the eatre above all taste is revealed to those who can think. Lay de precepts and morality, I should say; this is not the place to dy them. The stage is not made for truth; its object is to tter and amuse; there is no place where one can learn so com- tely the art of pleasing and of interesting the human heart. The dy of plays leads to the study of poetry; both have the same end view. If he has the least glimmering of taste for poetry, how gerly will he study the languages of the poets, Greek, Latin, and lian! These studies will afford him unlimited amusement and l be none the less valuable; they will be a delight to him at an and in circumstances when the heart finds so great a charm in ery kind of beauty which affects it. Picture to yourself on the e hand Emile, on the other some young rascal from college, ding the fourth book of the *Æneid*, or Tibullus, or the *Banquet* Plato: what a difference between them! What stirs the heart Emile to its depths, makes not the least impression on the other! , good youth, stay, make a pause in your reading, you are too eply moved; I would have you find pleasure in the language of e, but I would not have you carried away by it; be a wise man, t be a good man too. If you are only one of these, you are hing. After this let him win fame or not in dead languages, in literature, in poetry, I care little. He will be none the worse i he knows nothing of them, and his education is not concerned wit these mere words.

My main object in teaching him to feel and love beauty of ever kind is to fix his affections and his taste on these, to prevent th corruption of his natural appetites, lest he should have to see some day in the midst of his wealth for the means of happines which should be found close at hand. I have said elsewhere tha taste is only the art of being a connoisseur in matters of little importance, and this is quite true; but since the charm of life depend on a tissue of these matters of little importance, such efforts are n small thing; through their means we learn how to fill our life wit the good things within our reach, with as much truth as they ma hold for us. I do not refer to the morally good which depends o a good disposition of the heart, but only to that which depend on the body, on real delight, apart from the prejudices of publi opinion.

The better to unfold my idea, allow me for a moment to leav Emile, whose pure and wholesome heart cannot be taken as a rul for others, and to seek in my own memory for an illustration bette suited to the reader and more in accordance with his own manners

There are professions which seem to change a man's nature, t recast, either for better or worse, the men who adopt them. A coward becomes a brave man in the regiment of Navarre. It i not only in the army that *esprit de corps* is acquired, and its effect are not always for good. I have thought again and again wit terror that if I had the misfortune to fill a certain post I am thinkin of in a certain country, before to-morrow I should certainly be tyrant, an extortioner, a destroyer of the people, harmful to my king, and a professed enemy of mankind, a foe to justice an every kind of virtue.

In the same way, if I were rich, I should have done all that i required to gain riches; I should therefore be insolent and degraded sensitive and feeling only on my own behalf, harsh and pitiless t all besides, a scornful spectator of the sufferings of the lower classes for that is what I should call the poor, to make people forget tha I was once poor myself. Lastly I should make my fortune a mean to my own pleasures with which I should be wholly occupied; an so far I should be just like other people.

But in one respect I should be very unlike them; I should b sensual and voluptuous rather than proud and vain, and I shoul give myself up to the luxury of comfort rather than to that o ostentation. I should even be somewhat ashamed to make to great a show of my wealth, and if I overwhelmed the envious wit my pomp I should always fancy I heard him saying, "Here is rascal who is greatly afraid lest we should take him for anythin but what he is."

In the vast profusion of good things upon this earth I shoul seek what I like best, and what I can best appropriate to mysel this end, the first use I should make of my wealth would be to rchase leisure and freedom, to which I would add health, if it re to be purchased; but health can only be bought by temperance, ld as there is no real pleasure without health, I should be temperate m sensual motives.

I should also keep as close as possible to nature, to gratify the ises given me by nature, being quite convinced that, the greater r share in my pleasures, the more real I shall find them. In the oice of models for imitation I shall always choose nature as my ttern; in my appetites I will give her the preference; in my stes she shall always be consulted; in my food I will always choose at most owes its charm to her, and what has passed through the vest possible hands on its way to table. I will be on my guard ainst fraudulent shams; I will go out to meet pleasure. No k shall grow rich on my gross and foolish greediness; he shall t poison me with fish which cost its weight in gold, my table all not be decked with fetid splendour or putrid flesh from far-lands. I will take any amount of trouble to gratify my sensiity, since this trouble has a pleasure of its own, a pleasure more n we expect. If I wished to taste a food from the ends of the th, I would go, like Apicius, in search of it, rather than send for for the daintiest dishes always lack a charm which cannot be ought along with them, a flavour which no cook can give them— air of the country where they are produced.

For the same reason I would not follow the example of those who never well off where they are, but are always setting the seasons nought, and confusing countries and their seasons; those who k winter in summer and summer in winter, and go to Italy to cold and to the north to be warm, do not consider that when ey think they are escaping from the severity of the seasons, they going to meet that severity in places where people are not epared for it. I shall stay in one place, or I shall adopt just the posite course; I should like to get all possible enjoyment out of season to discover what is peculiar to any given country. I uld have a variety of pleasures, and habits quite unlike one other, but each according to nature; I would spend the summer Naples and the winter in St. Petersburg; sometimes I would athe the soft zephyr lying in the cool grottoes of Tarentum, and ain I would enjoy the illuminations of an ice palace, breathless d wearied with the pleasures of the dance.

In the service of my table and the adornment of my dwelling I uld imitate in the simplest ornaments the variety of the seasons, d draw from each its charm without anticipating its successor. ere is no taste but only difficulty to be found in thus disturbing order of nature; to snatch from her unwilling gifts, which she lds regretfully, with her curse upon them; gifts which have ther strength nor flavour, which can neither nourish the body r tickle the palate. Nothing is more insipid than forced fruits. wealthy man in Paris, with all his stoves and hot-houses, only succeeds in getting all the year round poor fruit and poor vegetables for his table at a very high price. If I had cherries in frost, and golden melons in the depths of winter, what pleasure should I find in them when my palate did not need moisture or refreshment. Would the heavy chestnut be very pleasant in the heat of the dog days; should I prefer to have it hot from the stove, rather than the gooseberry, the strawberry, the refreshing fruits which the earth takes care to provide for me. A mantelpiece covered in January with forced vegetation, with pale and scentless flowers, is not winter adorned, but spring robbed of its beauty; we deprive ourselves of the pleasure of seeking the first violet in the woods, of noting the earliest buds, and exclaiming in a rapture of delight, "Mortals, you are not forsaken, nature is living still."

To be well served I would have few servants; this has been said before, but it is worth saying again. A tradesman gets more real service from his one man than a duke from the ten gentlemen round about him. It has often struck me when I am sitting at table with my glass beside me that I can drink whenever I please; whereas if I were dining in state, twenty men would have to call for "Wine" before I could quench my thirst. You may be sure that whatever is done for you by other people is ill done. I would not send to the shops, I would go myself; I would go so that my servants should not make their own terms with the shopkeepers, and to get a better choice and cheaper prices; I would go for the sake of pleasant exercise and to get a glimpse of what was going on out of doors; this is amusing and sometimes instructive; lastly I would go for the sake of the walk; there is always something in that. A sedentary life is the source of tedium; when we walk a good deal we are never dull. A porter and footmen are poor interpreters, I should never wish to have such people between the world and myself, nor would I travel with all the fuss of a coach, as if I were afraid people would speak to me. Shanks' mare is always ready; if she is tired or ill, her owner is the first to know it; he need not be afraid of being kept at home while his coachman is on the spree; on the road he will not have to submit to all sorts of delays, nor will he be consumed with impatience, nor compelled to stay in one place a moment longer than he chooses. Lastly, since no one serves us so well as we serve ourselves, had we the power of Alexander and the wealth of Crœsus we should accept no services from others, except those we cannot perform for ourselves.

I would not live in a palace; for even in a palace I should only occupy one room; every room which is common property belongs to nobody, and the rooms of each of my servants would be as strange to me as my neighbour's. The Orientals, although very voluptuous, are lodged in plain and simply furnished dwellings. They consider life as a journey, and their house as an inn. This reason scarcely appeals to us rich people who propose to live for ever; but I should find another reason which would have the same effect. It would seem to me that if I settled myself in one place he midst of such splendour, I should banish myself from every er place, and imprison myself, so to speak, in my palace. The ld is a palace fair enough for any one; and is not everything at disposal of the rich man when he seeks enjoyment? "Ubi ne, ibi patria," that is his motto; his home is anywhere where ney will carry him, his country is anywhere where there is room his strong-box, as Philip considered as his own any place where ule laden with silver could enter.[1] Why then should we shut selves up within walls and gates as if we never meant to leave m? If pestilence, war, or rebellion drive me from one place, o to another, and I find my hotel there before me. Why should uild a mansion for myself when the world is already at my posal? Why should I be in such a hurry to live, to bring from r delights which I can find on the spot? It is impossible to make leasant life for oneself when one is always at war with oneself. us Empedocles reproached the men of Agrigentum with heaping pleasures as if they had but one day to live, and building as if y would live for ever.

nd what use have I for so large a dwelling, as I have so few ple to live in it, and still fewer goods to fill it? My furniture uld be as simple as my tastes; I would have neither picture- lery nor library, especially if I was fond of reading and knew nething about pictures. I should then know that such collections never complete, and that the lack of that which is wanting ses more annoyance than if one had nothing at all. In this pect abundance is the cause of want, as every collector knows his cost. If you are an expert, do not make a collection; if you w how to use your cabinets, you will not have any to show.

ambling is no sport for the rich, it is the resource of those who e nothing to do; I shall be so busy with my pleasures that I ll have no time to waste. I am poor and lonely and I never play, ess it is a game of chess now and then, and that is more than ugh. If I were rich I would play even less, and for very low kes, so that I should not be disappointed myself, nor see the appointment of others. The wealthy man has no motive for y, and the love of play will not degenerate into the passion for nbling unless the disposition is evil. The rich man is always re keenly aware of his losses than his gains, and as in games ere the stakes are not high the winnings are generally exhausted the long run, he will usually lose more than he gains, so that if reason rightly we shall scarcely take a great fancy to games ere the odds are against us. He who flatters his vanity so far to believe that Fortune favours him can seek her favour in more iting ways; and her favours are just as clearly shown when the kes are low as when they are high. The taste for play, the result greed and dullness, only lays hold of empty hearts and heads;

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[1] A stranger, splendidly clad, was asked in Athens what country he nged to. "I am one of the rich," was his answer; and a very good wer in my opinion.

and I think I should have enough feeling and knowledge to dispens with its help. Thinkers are seldom gamblers; gambling interrup the habit of thought and turns it towards barren combination thus one good result, perhaps the only good result of the taste f science, is that it deadens to some extent this vulgar passion; peop will prefer to try to discover the uses of play rather than to devot themselves to it. I should argue with the gamblers against gam bling, and I should find more delight in scoffing at their losses tha in winning their money.

I should be the same in private life as in my social intercours I should wish my fortune to bring comfort in its train, and neve to make people conscious of inequalities of wealth. Showy dres is inconvenient in many ways. To preserve as much freedom a possible among other men, I should like to be dressed in such a wa that I should not seem out of place among all classes, and should n attract attention in any; so that without affectation or chang I might mingle with the crowd at the inn or with the nobility a the Palais Royal. In this way I should be more than ever my ow master, and should be free to enjoy the pleasures of all sorts an conditions of men. There are women, so they say, whose door are closed to embroidered cuffs, women who will only receive guest who wear lace ruffles; I should spend my days elsewhere; thoug if these women were young and pretty I might sometimes put o lace ruffles to spend an evening or so in their company.

Mutual affection, similarity of tastes, suitability of character these are the only bonds between my companions and myself among them I would be a man, not a person of wealth; the char of their society should never be embittered by self-seeking. I my wealth had not robbed me of all humanity, I would scatter m benefits and my services broadcast, but I should want companion about me, not courtiers, friends, not protégés; I should wish m friends to regard me as their host, not their patron. Independenc and equality would leave to my relations with my friends th sincerity of goodwill; while duty and self-seeking would have n place among us, and we should know no law but that of pleasur and friendship.

Neither a friend nor a mistress can be bought. Women may b got for money, but that road will never lead to love. Love is no only not for sale; money strikes it dead. If a man pays, were h indeed the most lovable of men, the mere fact of payment woul prevent any lasting affection. He will soon be paying for som one else, or rather some one else will get his money; and in thi double connection based on self-seeking and debauchery, withou love, honour, or true pleasure, the woman is grasping, faithless, an unhappy, and she is treated by the wretch to whom she gives he money as she treats the fool who gives his money to her; she ha no love for either. It would be sweet to be generous towards on we love, if that did not make a bargain of love. I know only on way of gratifying this desire with the woman one loves withou bittering love; it is to bestow our all upon her and to live at her ense. It remains to be seen whether there is any woman with ard to whom such conduct would not be unwise.

le who said, "Lais is mine, but I am not hers," was talking isense. Possession which is not mutual is nothing at all; at st it is the possession of the sex not of the individual. But ere there is no morality in love, why make such ado about the t? Nothing is so easy to find. A muleteer is in this respect as r to happiness as a millionaire.

)h, if we could thus trace out the unreasonableness of vice, how en should we find that, when it has attained its object, it discovers s not what it seemed! Why is there this cruel haste to corrupt ocence, to make a victim of a young creature whom we ought to tect, one who is dragged by this first false step into a gulf of ery from which only death can release her? Brutality, vanity, y, error, and nothing more. This pleasure itself is unnatural; ests on popular opinion, and popular opinion at its worst, since lepends on scorn of self. He who knows he is the basest of men rs comparison with others, and would be the first that he may be hateful. See if those who are most greedy in pursuit of such cied pleasures are ever attractive young men—men worthy of asing, men who might have some excuse if they were hard to ase. Not so; any one with good looks, merit, and feeling has le fear of his mistress' experience; with well-placed confidence says to her, "You know what pleasure is, what is that to me? heart assures me that this is not so."

ut an aged satyr, worn out with debauchery, with no charm, no sideration, no thought for any but himself, with no shred of our, incapable and unworthy of finding favour in the eyes of woman who knows anything of men deserving of love, expects make up for all this with an innocent girl by trading on her xperience and stirring her emotions for the first time. His last e is to find favour as a novelty; no doubt this is the secret tive of this desire; but he is mistaken, the horror he excites is as natural as the desires he wishes to arouse. He is also misen in his foolish attempt; that very nature takes care to assert rights; every girl who sells herself is no longer a maid; she has en herself to the man of her choice, and she is making the very parison he dreads. The pleasure purchased is imaginary, but e the less hateful.

or my own part, however riches may change me, there is one tter in which I shall never change. If I have neither morals virtue, I shall not be wholly without taste, without sense, with- delicacy; and this will prevent me from spending my fortune he pursuit of empty dreams, from wasting my money and my ngth in teaching children to betray me and mock at me. If I e young, I would seek the pleasures of youth; and as I would e them at their best I would not seek them in the guise of a rich . If I were at my present age, it would be another matter;

I would wisely confine myself to the pleasures of my age; I would form tastes which I could enjoy, and I would stifle those which could only cause suffering. I would not go and offer my grey beard to the scornful jests of young girls; I could never bear to sicken them with my disgusting caresses, to furnish them at my expense with the most absurd stories, to imagine them describing the vile pleasures of the old ape, so as to avenge themselves for what they had endured. But if habits unresisted had changed my former desires into needs, I would perhaps satisfy those needs, but with shame and blushes. I would distinguish between passion and necessity, I would find a suitable mistress and would keep to her I would not make a business of my weakness, and above all I would only have one person aware of it. Life has other pleasures when these fail us; by hastening in vain after those that fly us, we deprive ourselves of those that remain. Let our tastes change with our years, let us no more meddle with age than with the seasons. We should be ourselves at all times, instead of struggling against nature such vain attempts exhaust our strength and prevent the right use of life.

The lower classes are seldom dull, their life is full of activity, if there is little variety in their amusements they do not recur frequently; many days of labour teach them to enjoy their rare holidays. Short intervals of leisure between long periods of labour give a spice to the pleasures of their station. The chief curse of the rich is dullness; in the midst of costly amusements, among so many men striving to give them pleasure, they are devoured and slain by dullness; their life is spent in fleeing from it and in being overtaken by it; they are overwhelmed by the intolerable burden; women more especially, who do not know how to work or play, are a prey to tedium under the name of the vapours; with them it takes the shape of a dreadful disease, which robs them of their reason and even of their life. For my own part I know no more terrible fate than that of a pretty woman in Paris, unless it is that of the pretty manikin who devotes himself to her, who becomes idle and effeminate like her, and so deprives himself twice over of his manhood, while he prides himself on his successes and for their sake endures the longest and dullest days which human being ever put up with.

Proprieties, fashions, customs which depend on luxury and breeding, confine the course of life within the limits of the most miserable uniformity. The pleasure we desire to display to others is a pleasure lost; we neither enjoy it ourselves, nor do others enjoy it.[1] Ridicule, which public opinion dreads more than anything, is ever at hand to tyrannise and punish. It is only ceremony that kes us ridiculous; if we can vary our place and our pleasures, day's impressions can efface those of yesterday; in the mind of n they are as if they had never been; but we enjoy ourselves for throw ourselves into every hour and everything. My only set e would be this: wherever I was I would pay no heed to anything e. I would take each day as it came, as if there were neither terday nor to-morrow. As I should be a man of the people, h the populace, I should be a countryman in the fields; and if poke of farming, the peasant should not laugh at my expense. vould not go and build a town in the country nor erect the ileries at the door of my lodgings. On some pleasant shady -side I would have a little cottage, a white house with green itters, and though a thatched roof is the best all the year round, vould be grand enough to have, not those gloomy slates, but s, because they look brighter and more cheerful than thatch, l the houses in my own country are always roofed with them, l so they would recall to me something of the happy days of youth. For my courtyard I would have a poultry-yard, and my stables a cowshed for the sake of the milk which I love. garden should be a kitchen-garden, and my park an orchard, e the one described further on. The fruit would be free to se who walked in the orchard, my gardener should neither int it nor gather it; I would not, with greedy show, display ore your eyes superb espaliers which one scarcely dare touch. t this small extravagance would not be costly, for I would oose my abode in some remote province where silver is scarce l food plentiful, where plenty and poverty have their seat.

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[1] Two ladies of fashion, who wished to seem to be enjoying themselves greatly, decided never to go to bed before five o'clock in the morning In the depths of winter their servants spent the night in the street waiting for them, and with great difficulty kept themselves from freezing. One night, or rather one morning, some one entered the room where these merry people spent their hours without knowing how time passed. He found them quite alone; each of them was asleep in her arm-chair.

There I would gather round me a company, select rather than nerous, a band of friends who know what pleasure is, and how enjoy it, women who can leave their arm-chairs and betake themves to outdoor sports, women who can exchange the shuttle or cards for the fishing line or the bird-trap, the gleaner's rake or pe-gatherer's basket. There all the pretensions of the town l be forgotten, and we shall be villagers in a village; we shall l all sorts of different sports and we shall hardly know how to oose the morrow's occupation. Exercise and an active life will prove our digestion and modify our tastes. Every meal will be east, where plenty will be more pleasing than any delicacies. ere are no such cooks in the world as mirth, rural pursuits, and rry games; and the finest made dishes are quite ridiculous in eyes of people who have been on foot since early dawn. Our als will be served without regard to order or elegance; we shall ke our dining-room anywhere, in the garden, on a boat, beneath ree; sometimes at a distance from the house on the banks of a nning stream, on the fresh green grass, among the clumps of low and hazel; a long procession of guests will carry the material the feast with laughter and singing; the turf will be our chairs l table, the banks of the stream our side-board, and our dessert hanging on the trees; the dishes will be served in any order, appetite needs no ceremony; each one of us, openly putting himse first, would gladly see every one else do the same; from this warm hearted and temperate familiarity there would arise, withou coarseness, pretence, or constraint, a laughing conflict a hundredfol more delightful than politeness, and more likely to cement our friendship. No tedious flunkeys to listen to our words, to whispe criticisms on our behaviour, to count every mouthful with greed eyes, to amuse themselves by keeping us waiting for our wine, t complain of the length of our dinner. We will be our own servants in order to be our own masters. Time will fly unheeded, our mea will be an interval of rest during the heat of the day. If some peasan comes our way, returning from his work with his tools over hi shoulder, I will cheer his heart with kindly words, and a glass o two of good wine, which will help him to bear his poverty mor cheerfully; and I too shall have the joy of feeling my heart stirre within me, and I should say to myself—I too am a man.

If the inhabitants of the district assembled for some rustic feast I and my friends would be there among the first; if there wer marriages, more blessed than those of towns, celebrated near m home, every one would know how I love to see people happy, and should be invited. I would take these good folks some gift as simpl as themselves, a gift which would be my share of the feast; and i exchange I should obtain gifts beyond price, gifts so little know among my equals, the gifts of freedom and true pleasure. I shoul sup gaily at the head of their long table; I should join in the choru of some rustic song and I should dance in the barn more merril than at a ball in the Opera House.

“This is all very well so far,” you will say, “but what about th shooting? One must have some sport in the country.” Just so I only wanted a farm, but I was wrong. I assume I am rich, I mus keep my pleasures to myself, I must be free to kill something; thi is quite another matter. I must have estates, woods, keepers rents, seignorial rights, particularly incense and holy water.

Well and good. But I shall have neighbours about my estat who are jealous of their rights and anxious to encroach on those o others; our keepers will quarrel, and possibly their masters wil quarrel too; this means altercations, disputes, ill-will, or law-suit at the least; this in itself is not very pleasant. My tenants will no enjoy finding my hares at work upon their corn, or my wild boar among their beans. As they dare not kill the enemy, every one o them will try to drive him from their fields; when the day has bee spent in cultivating the ground, they will be compelled to sit u at night to watch it; they will have watch-dogs, drums, horns, an bells; my sleep will be disturbed by their racket. Do what I will I cannot help thinking of the misery of these poor people, and cannot help blaming myself for it. If I had the honour of being prince, this would make little impression on me; but as I am self-made man who has only just come into his property, I am stil rather vulgar at heart.

hat is not all; abundance of game attracts trespassers; I shall n have poachers to punish; I shall require prisons, gaolers, rds, and galleys; all this strikes me as cruel. The wives of those erable creatures will besiege my door and disturb me with their ing; they must either be driven away or roughly handled. The r people who are not poachers, whose harvest has been destroyed my game, will come next with their complaints. Some people be put to death for killing the game, the rest will be punished having spared it; what a choice of evils! On every side I shall d nothing but misery and hear nothing but groans. So far as I see this must greatly disturb the pleasure of slaying at one's e heaps of partridges and hares which are tame enough to run ut one's feet.

f you would have pleasure without pain let there be no monopoly; more you leave it free to everybody, the purer will be your n enjoyment. Therefore I should not do what I have just cribed, but without change of tastes I would follow those which m likely to cause me least pain. I would fix my rustic abode a district where game is not preserved, and where I can have my rt without hindrance. Game will be less plentiful, but there will more skill in finding it, and more pleasure in securing it. I member the start of delight with which my father watched the of his first partridge and the rapture with which he found the e he had sought all day long. Yes, I declare, that alone with his , carrying his own gun, cartridges, and game bag together with hare, he came home at nightfall, worn out with fatigue and torn pieces by brambles, but better pleased with his day's sport than your ordinary sportsmen, who on a good horse, with twenty guns dy for them, merely take one gun after another, and shoot and l everything that comes their way, without skill, without glory, d almost without exercise. The pleasure is none the less, and the ficulties are removed; there is no estate to be preserved, no acher to be punished, and no wretches to be tormented; here solid grounds for preference. Whatever you do, you cannot ment men for ever without experiencing some amount of dis- mfort; and sooner or later the muttered curses of the people will oil the flavour of your game.

Again, monopoly destroys pleasure. Real pleasures are those ich we share with the crowd; we lose what we try to keep to rselves alone. If the walls I build round my park transform it o a gloomy prison, I have only deprived myself, at great expense, the pleasure of a walk; I must now seek that pleasure at a stance. The demon of property spoils everything he lays hands on. A rich man wants to be master everywhere, and he is never ppy where he is; he is continually driven to flee from himself. shall therefore continue to do in my prosperity what I did in my verty. Henceforward, richer in the wealth of others than I ever all be in my own wealth, I will take possession of everything in y neighbourhood that takes my fancy; no conqueror is so determined as I; I even usurp the rights of princes; I take possession o every open place that pleases me, I give them names; this is my park, that is my terrace, and I am their owner; henceforward I wander among them at will; I often return to maintain my proprietary rights; I make what use I choose of the ground to walk upon, and you will never convince me that the nominal owner of the property which I have appropriated gets better value out of the money it yields him than I do out of his land. No matter if I am interrupted by hedges and ditches, I take my park on my back, and I carry it elsewhere; there will be space enough for it near at hand, and I may plunder my neighbours long enough before I outstay my welcome.

This is an attempt to show what is meant by good taste in the choice of pleasant occupations for our leisure hours; this is the spirit of enjoyment; all else is illusion, fancy, and foolish pride. He who disobeys these rules, however rich he may be, will devour his gold on a dung-hill, and will never know what it is to live.

You will say, no doubt, that such amusements lie within the reach of all, that we need not be rich to enjoy them. That is the very point I was coming to. Pleasure is ours when we want it; it is only social prejudice which makes everything hard to obtain, and drives pleasure before us. To be happy is a hundredfold easier than it seems. If he really desires to enjoy himself the man of taste has no need of riches; all he wants is to be free and to be his own master. With health and daily bread we are rich enough, if we will but get rid of our prejudices; this is the "Golden Mean" of Horace. You folks with your strong-boxes may find some other use for your wealth, for it cannot buy you pleasure. Emile knows this as well as I, but his heart is purer and more healthy, so he will feel it more strongly, and all that he has beheld in society will only serve to confirm him in this opinion.

While our time is thus employed, we are ever on the look-out for Sophy, and we have not yet found her. It was not desirable that she should be found too easily, and I have taken care to look for her where I knew we should not find her.

The time is come; we must now seek her in earnest, lest Emile should mistake some one else for Sophy, and only discover his error when it is too late. Then farewell Paris, far-famed Paris, with all your noise and smoke and dirt, where the women have ceased to believe in honour and the men in virtue. We are in search of love, happiness, innocence; the further we go from Paris the better.

# BOOK V

e have reached the last act of youth's drama; we are approaching closing scene.

It is not good that man should be alone. Emile is now a man, d we must give him his promised helpmeet. That helpmeet is phy. Where is her dwelling-place, where shall she be found? e must know beforehand what she is, and then we can decide ere to look for her. And when she is found, our task is not ded. "Since our young gentleman," says Locke, "is about to rry, it is time to leave him with his mistress." And with these rds he ends his book. As I have not the honour of educating A young gentleman," I shall take care not to follow his example.

## SOPHY, OR WOMAN

Sophy should be as truly a woman as Emile is a man, *i.e.*, she ust possess all those characters of her sex which are required to able her to play her part in the physical and moral order. Let inquire to begin with in what respects her sex differs from our n.

But for her sex, a woman is a man; she has the same organs, e same needs, the same faculties. The machine is the same in its nstruction; its parts, its working, and its appearance are similar. egard it as you will the difference is only in degree.

Yet where sex is concerned man and woman are unlike; each is e complement of the other; the difficulty in comparing them lies our inability to decide, in either case, what is a matter of sex, and nat is not. General differences present themselves to the comrative anatomist and even to the superficial observer; they seem t to be a matter of sex; yet they are really sex differences, though e connection eludes our observation. How far such differences ay extend we cannot tell; all we know for certain is that where an and woman are alike we have to do with the characteristics the species; where they are unlike, we have to do with the characristics of sex. Considered from these two standpoints, we find many instances of likeness and unlikeness that it is perhaps one the greatest of marvels how nature has contrived to make two ings so like and yet so different.

These resemblances and differences must have an influence on the oral nature; this inference is obvious, and it is confirmed by perience; it shows the vanity of the disputes as to the superiority the equality of the sexes; as if each sex, pursuing the path arked out for it by nature, were not more perfect in that very divergence than if it more closely resembled the other. A perfect man and a perfect woman should no more be alike in mind than in face, and perfection admits of neither less nor more.

In the union of the sexes each alike contributes to the common end, but in different ways. From this diversity springs the first difference which may be observed between man and woman in their moral relations. The man should be strong and active; the woman should be weak and passive; the one must have both the power and the will; it is enough that the other should offer little resistance.

When this principle is admitted, it follows that woman is specially made for man's delight. If man in his turn ought to be pleasing in her eyes, the necessity is less urgent, his virtue is in his strength, he pleases because he is strong. I grant you this is not the law of love, but it is the law of nature, which is older than love itself.

If woman is made to please and to be in subjection to man, she ought to make herself pleasing in his eyes and not provoke him to anger; her strength is in her charms, by their means she should compel him to discover and use his strength. The surest way of arousing this strength is to make it necessary by resistance. Thus pride comes to the help of desire and each exults in the other's victory. This is the origin of attack and defence, of the boldness of one sex and the timidity of the other, and even of the shame and modesty with which nature has armed the weak for the conquest of the strong.

Who can possibly suppose that nature has prescribed the same advances to the one sex as to the other, or that the first to feel desire should be the first to show it? What strange depravity of judgment! The consequences of the act being so different for the two sexes, is it natural that they should enter upon it with equal boldness? How can any one fail to see that when the share of each is so unequal, if the one were not controlled by modesty as the other is controlled by nature, the result would be the destruction of both, and the human race would perish through the very means ordained for its continuance?

Women so easily stir a man's senses and fan the ashes of a dying passion, that if philosophy ever succeeded in introducing this custom into any unlucky country, especially if it were a warm country where more women are born than men, the men, tyrannised over by the women, would at last become their victims, and would be dragged to their death without the least chance of escape.

Female animals are without this sense of shame, but what of that? Are their desires as boundless as those of women, which are curbed by this shame? The desires of the animals are the result of necessity, and when the need is satisfied, the desire ceases; they no longer make a feint of repulsing the male, they do it in earnest. Their seasons of complaisance are short and soon over. Impulse and restraint are alike the work of nature. But what would take the place of this negative instinct in women if you rob them of their modesty?

The Most High has deigned to do honour to mankind; he has dowed man with boundless passions, together with a law to guide em, so that man may be alike free and self-controlled; though ayed by these passions man is endowed with reason by which control them. Woman is also endowed with boundless passions; od has given her modesty to restrain them. Moreover, he has ven to both a present reward for the right use of their powers, the delight which springs from that right use of them, *i.e.*, the ste for right conduct established as the law of our behaviour. o my mind this is far higher than the instinct of the beasts.

Whether the woman shares the man's passion or not, whether e is willing or unwilling to satisfy it, she always repulses him and efends herself, though not always with the same vigour, and therere not always with the same success. If the siege is to be successl, the besieged must permit or direct the attack. How skilfully an she stimulate the efforts of the aggressor. The freest and most elightful of activities does not permit of any real violence; reason nd nature are alike against it; nature, in that she has given the eaker party strength enough to resist if she chooses; reason, in that tual violence is not only most brutal in itself, but it defeats its wn ends, not only because the man thus declares war against his ompanion and thus gives her a right to defend her person and her berty even at the cost of the enemy's life, but also because the oman alone is the judge of her condition, and a child would have o father if any man might usurp a father's rights.

Thus the different constitution of the two sexes leads us to a third onclusion, that the stronger party seems to be master, but is as matter of fact dependent on the weaker, and that, not by any olish custom of gallantry, nor yet by the magnanimity of the rotector, but by an inexorable law of nature. For nature has ndowed woman with a power of stimulating man's passions in xcess of man's power of satisfying those passions, and has thus ade him dependent on her goodwill, and compelled him in his urn to endeavour to please her, so that she may be willing to yield o his superior strength. Is it weakness which yields to force, or it voluntary self-surrender? This uncertainty constitutes the hief charm of the man's victory, and the woman is usually cunning nough to leave him in doubt. In this respect the woman's mind xactly resembles her body; far from being ashamed of her weakess, she is proud of it; her soft muscles offer no resistance, she rofesses that she cannot lift the lightest weight; she would be shamed to be strong. And why? Not only to gain an appearance f refinement; she is too clever for that; she is providing herself eforehand with excuses, with the right to be weak if she chooses.

The experience we have gained through our vices has considerably odified the views held in older times; we rarely hear of violence or which there is so little occasion that it would hardly be credited. Yet such stories are common enough among the Jews and ancient Greeks; for such views belong to the simplicity of nature, and have only been uprooted by our profligacy. If fewer deeds of violence are quoted in our days, it is not that men are more temperate, bu because they are less credulous, and a complaint which would have been believed among a simple people would only excite laughter among ourselves; therefore silence is the better course. There, i a law in Deuteronomy, under which the outraged maiden was punished, along with her assailant, if the crime were committed in a town; but if in the country or in a lonely place, the latter alone was punished. "For," says the law, "the maiden cried for help, and there was none to hear." From this merciful interpretation of the law, girls learnt not to let themselves be surprised in lonely places.

This change in public opinion has had a perceptible effect on our morals. It has produced our modern gallantry. Men have found that their pleasures depend, more than they expected, on the goodwill of the fair sex, and have secured this goodwill by attentions which have had their reward.

See how we find ourselves led unconsciously from the physical to the moral constitution, how from the grosser union of the sexes spring the sweet laws of love. Woman reigns, not by the will of man, but by the decrees of nature herself; she had the power long before she showed it. That same Hercules who proposed to violate all the fifty daughters of Thespis was compelled to spin at the feet of Omphale, and Samson, the strong man, was less strong than Delilah. This power cannot be taken from woman; it is hers by right; she would have lost it long ago, were it possible.

The consequences of sex are wholly unlike for man and woman. The male is only a male now and again, the female is always a female, or at least all her youth; everything reminds her of her sex; the performance of her functions requires a special constitution. She needs care during pregnancy and freedom from work when her child is born; she must have a quiet, easy life while she nurses her children; their education calls for patience and gentleness, for a zeal and love which nothing can dismay; she forms a bond between father and child, she alone can win the father's love for his children and convince him that they are indeed his own. What loving care is required to preserve a united family! And there should be no question of virtue in all this, it must be a labour of love, without which the human race would be doomed to extinction.

The mutual duties of the two sexes are not, and cannot be, equally binding on both. Women do wrong to complain of the inequality of man-made laws; this inequality is not of man's making, or at any rate it is not the result of mere prejudice, but of reason. She to whom nature has entrusted the care of the children must hold herself responsible for them to their father. No doubt every breach of faith is wrong, and every faithless husband, who robs his wife of the sole reward of the stern duties of her sex, is cruel and unjust; but the faithless wife is worse; she destroys the family and breaks the bonds of nature; when she gives her husband children who are ot his own, she is false both to him and them, her crime is not nfidelity but treason. To my mind, it is the source of dissension nd of crime of every kind. Can any position be more wretched han that of the unhappy father who, when he clasps his child to his reast, is haunted by the suspicion that this is the child of another, he badge of his own dishonour, a thief who is robbing his own hildren of their inheritance. Under such circumstances the family s little more than a group of secret enemies, armed against each ther by a guilty woman, who compels them to pretend to love one nother.

Thus it is not enough that a wife should be faithful; her husband, long with his friends and neighbours, must believe in her fidelity; he must be modest, devoted, retiring; she should have the witness ot only of a good conscience, but of a good reputation. In a word, f a father must love his children, he must be able to respect their nother. For these reasons it is not enough that the woman should e chaste, she must preserve her reputation and her good name. From these principles there arises not only a moral difference etween the sexes, but also a fresh motive for duty and propriety, which prescribes to women in particular the most scrupulous ttention to their conduct, their manners, their behaviour. Vague ssertions as to the equality of the sexes and the similarity of their uties are only empty words; they are no answer to my argument.

It is a poor sort of logic to quote isolated exceptions against laws o firmly established. Women, you say, are not always bearing hildren. Granted; yet that is their proper business. Because here are a hundred or so of large towns in the world where women ive licentiously and have few children, will you maintain that it is heir business to have few children? And what would become of our towns if the remote country districts, with their simpler and urer women, did not make up for the barrenness of your fine ladies? There are plenty of country places where women with only four or ive children are reckoned unfruitful. In conclusion, although ere and there a woman may have few children,[1] what difference oes it make? Is it any the less a woman's business to be a mother? And do not the general laws of nature and morality make provision or this state of things?

Even if there were these long intervals, which you assume, etween the periods of pregnancy, can a woman suddenly change er way of life without danger? Can she be a nursing mother to-day nd a soldier to-morrow? Will she change her tastes and her feelings s a chameleon changes his colour? Will she pass at once from the rivacy of household duties and indoor occupations to the buffetng of the winds, the toils, the labours, the perils of war? Will she be now timid,[1] now brave, now fragile, now robust? If th young men of Paris find a soldier's life too hard for them, how woul a woman put up with it, a woman who has hardly ventured out o doors without a parasol and who has scarcely put a foot to th ground? Will she make a good soldier at an age when even me are retiring from this arduous business?

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[1] Without this the race would necessarily diminish; all things considered, or its preservation each woman ought to have about four children, for bout half the children born die before they can become parents, and two ust survive to replace the father and mother. See whether the towns will supply them?

There are countries, I grant you, where women bear and rea children with little or no difficulty, but in those lands the men g half-naked in all weathers, they strike down the wild beasts, the carry a canoe as easily as a knapsack, they pursue the chase fo 700 or 800 leagues, they sleep in the open on the bare ground, the bear incredible fatigues and go many days without food. Whe women become strong, men become still stronger; when me become soft, women become softer; change both the terms and th ratio remains unaltered.

I am quite aware that Plato, in the *Republic*, assigns the sam gymnastics to women and men. Having got rid of the family ther is no place for women in his system of government, so he is force to turn them into men. That great genius has worked out his plan in detail and has provided for every contingency; he has eve provided against a difficulty which in all likelihood no one woul ever have raised; but he has not succeeded in meeting the rea difficulty. I am not speaking of the alleged community of wive which has often been laid to his charge; this assertion only show that his detractors have never read his works. I refer to tha political promiscuity under which the same occupations are assigne to both sexes alike, a scheme which could only lead to intolerabl evils; I refer to that subversion of all the tenderest of our natura feelings, which he sacrificed to an artificial sentiment which can only exist by their aid. Will the bonds of convention hold firm without some foundation in nature? Can devotion to the state exist apart from the love of those near and dear to us? Can patriotism thrive except in the soil of that miniature fatherland, the home? Is it not the good son, the good husband, the good father, who makes the good citizen?

When once it is proved that men and women are and ought to be unlike in constitution and in temperament, it follows that their education must be different. Nature teaches us that they should work together, but that each has its own share of the work; the end is the same, but the means are different, as are also the feelings which direct them. We have attempted to paint a natural man, let us try to paint a helpmeet for him.

You must follow nature's guidance if you would walk aright. The native characters of sex should be respected as nature's handiwork. You are always saying, "Women have such and such faults, from which we are free." You are misled by your vanity; what would be faults in you are virtues in them; and things would go worse, they were without these so-called faults. Take care that they do ot degenerate into evil, but beware of destroying them.

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[1] Women's timidity is yet another instinct of nature against the double risk she runs during pregnancy.

On the other hand, women are always exclaiming that we educate em for nothing but vanity and coquetry, that we keep them mused with trifles that we may be their masters; we are responsible, they say, for the faults we attribute to them. How silly! What ave men to do with the education of girls? What is there to hinder eir mothers educating them as they please? There are no colleges r girls; so much the better for them! Would God there were ne for the boys, their education would be more sensible and more holesome. Who is it that compels a girl to waste her time on olish trifles? Are they forced, against their will, to spend half eir time over their toilet, following the example set them by you? ho prevents you teaching them, or having them taught, whatever ems good in your eyes? Is it our fault that we are charmed by eir beauty and delighted by their airs and graces, if we are tracted and flattered by the arts they learn from you, if we love see them prettily dressed, if we let them display at leisure the eapons by which we are subjugated? Well then, educate them e men. The more women are like men, the less influence they ill have over men, and then men will be masters indeed.

All the faculties common to both sexes are not equally shared tween them, but taken as a whole they are fairly divided. Woman worth more as a woman and less as a man; when she makes a good e of her own rights, she has the best of it; when she tries to usurp r rights, she is our inferior. It is impossible to controvert this, cept by quoting exceptions after the usual fashion of the partisans the fair sex.

To cultivate the masculine virtues in women and to neglect their vn is evidently to do them an injury. Women are too clearghted to be thus deceived; when they try to usurp our privileges ey do not abandon their own; with this result: they are unable to ake use of two incompatible things, so they fall below their own vel as women, instead of rising to the level of men. If you are a nsible mother you will take my advice. Do not try to make ur daughter a good man in defiance of nature. Make her a good man, and be sure it will be better both for her and us.

Does this mean that she must be brought up in ignorance and pt to housework only? Is she to be man's handmaid or his helpeet? Will he dispense with her greatest charm, her companionip? To keep her a slave will he prevent her knowing and feeling? ill he make an automaton of her? No, indeed, that is not the aching of nature, who has given women such a pleasant easy wit. the contrary, nature means them to think, to will, to love, to ltivate their minds as well as their persons; she puts these weapons their hands to make up for their lack of strength and to enable em to direct the strength of men. They should learn many things, t only such things as are suitable.

When I consider the special purpose of woman, when I observe her inclinations or reckon up her duties, everything combines to indicate the mode of education she requires. Men and women are made for each other, but their mutual dependence differs in degree; man is dependent on woman through his desires; woman is dependent on man through her desires and also through her needs; he could do without her better than she can do without him. She cannot fulfil her purpose in life without his aid, without his goodwill, without his respect; she is dependent on our feelings, on the price we put upon her virtue, and the opinion we have of her charms and her deserts. Nature herself has decreed that woman, both for herself and her children, should be at the mercy of man's judgment.

Worth alone will not suffice, a woman must be thought worthy; nor beauty, she must be admired; nor virtue, she must be respected. A woman's honour does not depend on her conduct alone, but on her reputation, and no woman who permits herself to be considered vile is really virtuous. A man has no one but himself to consider, and so long as he does right he may defy public opinion; but when a woman does right her task is only half finished, and what people think of her matters as much as what she really is. Hence her education must, in this respect, be different from man's education. "What will people think" is the grave of a man's virtue and the throne of a woman's.

The children's health depends in the first place on the mother's, and the early education of man is also in a woman's hands; his morals, his passions, his tastes, his pleasures, his happiness itself, depend on her. A woman's education must therefore be planned in relation to man. To be pleasing in his sight, to win his respect and love, to train him in childhood, to tend him in manhood, to counsel and console, to make his life pleasant and happy, these are the duties of woman for all time, and this is what she should be taught while she is young. The further we depart from this principle, the further we shall be from our goal, and all our precepts will fail to secure her happiness or our own.

Every woman desires to be pleasing in men's eyes, and this is right; but there is a great difference between wishing to please a man of worth, a really lovable man, and seeking to please those foppish manikins who are a disgrace to their own sex and to the sex which they imitate. Neither nature nor reason can induce a woman to love an effeminate person, nor will she win love by imitating such a person.

If a woman discards the quiet modest bearing of her sex, and adopts the airs of such foolish creatures, she is not following her vocation, she is forsaking it; she is robbing herself of the rights to which she lays claim. "If we were different," she says, "the men would not like us." She is mistaken. Only a fool likes folly; to wish to attract such men only shows her own foolishness. If there were no frivolous men, women would soon make them, and women are more responsible for men's follies than men are for theirs. The woman who loves true manhood and seeks to find favour in its sight will adopt means adapted to her ends. Woman is a coquette by profession, but her coquetry varies with her aims; let these aims be in accordance with those of nature, and a woman will receive a fitting education.

Even the tiniest little girls love finery; they are not content to be pretty, they must be admired; their little airs and graces show that their heads are full of this idea, and as soon as they can understand they are controlled by "What will people think of you?" If you are foolish enough to try this way with little boys, it will not have the same effect; give them their freedom and their sports, and they care very little what people think; it is a work of time to bring them under the control of this law.

However acquired, this early education of little girls is an excellent thing in itself. As the birth of the body must precede the birth of the mind, so the training of the body must precede the cultivation of the mind. This is true of both sexes; but the aim of physical training for boys and girls is not the same; in the one case it is the development of strength, in the other of grace; not that these qualities should be peculiar to either sex, but that their relative values should be different. Women should be strong enough to do anything gracefully; men should be skilful enough to do anything easily.

The exaggeration of feminine delicacy leads to effeminacy in men. Women should not be strong like men but for them, so that their sons may be strong. Convents and boarding-schools, with their plain food and ample opportunities for amusements, races, and games in the open air and in the garden, are better in this respect than the home, where the little girl is fed on delicacies, continually encouraged or reproved, where she is kept sitting in a stuffy room, always under her mother's eye, afraid to stand or walk or speak or breathe, without a moment's freedom to play or jump or run or shout, or to be her natural, lively, little self; there is either harmful ndulgence or misguided severity, and no trace of reason. In this fashion heart and body are alike destroyed.

In Sparta the girls used to take part in military sports just like the boys, not that they might go to war, but that they might bear sons who could endure hardship. That is not what I desire. To provide the state with soldiers it is not necessary that the mother should carry a musket and master the Prussian drill. Yet, on the whole, think the Greeks were very wise in this matter of physical training. Young girls frequently appeared in public, not with the boys, but in groups apart. There was scarcely a festival, a sacrifice, or a procession without its bands of maidens, the daughters of the chief citizens. Crowned with flowers, chanting hymns, forming the chorus of the dance, bearing baskets, vases, offerings, they presented charming spectacle to the depraved senses of the Greeks, a spectacle well fitted to efface the evil effects of their unseemly gymnastics. Whatever this custom may have done for the Greek men, it was well fitted to develop in the Greek women a sound constitution by means of pleasant, moderate, and healthy exercise; while the desire to please would develop a keen and cultivated taste without risk to character.

When the Greek women married, they disappeared from public life; within the four walls of their home they devoted themselves to the care of their household and family. This is the mode of life prescribed for women alike by nature and reason. These women gave birth to the healthiest, strongest, and best proportioned men who ever lived, and except in certain islands of ill repute, no women in the whole world, not even the Roman matrons, were ever at once so wise and so charming, so beautiful and so virtuous, as the women of ancient Greece.

It is admitted that their flowing garments, which did not cramp the figure, preserved in men and women alike the fine proportions which are seen in their statues. These are still the models of art, although nature is so disfigured that they are no longer to be found among us. The Gothic trammels, the innumerable bands which confine our limbs as in a press, were quite unknown. The Greek women were wholly unacquainted with those frames of whalebone in which our women distort rather than display their figures. It seems to me that this abuse, which is carried to an incredible degree of folly in England, must sooner or later lead to the production of a degenerate race. Moreover, I maintain that the charm which these corsets are supposed to produce is in the worst possible taste; it is not a pleasant thing to see a woman cut in two like a wasp—it offends both the eye and the imagination. A slender waist has its limits, like everything else, in proportion and suitability, and beyond these limits it becomes a defect. This defect would be a glaring one in the nude; why should it be beautiful under the costume?

I will not venture upon the reasons which induce women to incase themselves in these coats of mail. A clumsy figure, a large waist, are no doubt very ugly at twenty, but at thirty they cease to offend the eye, and as we are bound to be what nature has made us at any given age, and as there is no deceiving the eye of man, such defects are less offensive at any age than the foolish affectations of a young thing of forty.

Everything which cramps and confines nature is in bad taste; this is as true of the adornments of the person as of the ornaments of the mind. Life, health, common-sense, and comfort must come first; there is no grace in discomfort, languor is not refinement, there is no charm in ill-health; suffering may excite pity, but pleasure and delight demand the freshness of health.

Boys and girls have many games in common, and this is as it should be; do they not play together when they are grown up? They have also special tastes of their own. Boys want movement and noise, drums, tops, toy-carts; girls prefer things which appeal to the eye, and can be used for dressing-up—mirrors, jewellery, finery, and specially dolls. The doll is the girl's special plaything;

his shows her instinctive bent towards her life's work. The art of
leasing finds its physical basis in personal adornment, and this
hysical side of the art is the only one which the child can cultivate.
Here is a little girl busy all day with her doll; she is always
hanging its clothes, dressing and undressing it, trying new combina-
ions of trimmings well or ill matched; her fingers are clumsy, her
aste is crude, but there is no mistaking her bent; in this endless
ccupation time flies unheeded, the hours slip away unnoticed, even
neals are forgotten. She is more eager for adornment than for
ood. "But she is dressing her doll, not herself," you will say.
ust so; she sees her doll, she cannot see herself; she cannot do
nything for herself, she has neither the training, nor the talent,
or the strength; as yet she herself is nothing, she is engrossed in
er doll and all her coquetry is devoted to it. This will not always
e so; in due time she will be her own doll.

We have here a very early and clearly-marked bent; you have
nly to follow it and train it. What the little girl most clearly
esires is to dress her doll, to make its bows, its tippets, its sashes,
nd its tuckers; she is dependent on other people's kindness in all
his, and it would be much pleasanter to be able to do it herself.
ere is a motive for her earliest lessons, they are not tasks prescribed,
ut favours bestowed. Little girls always dislike learning to read
nd write, but they are always ready to learn to sew. They think
ney are grown up, and in imagination they are using their know-
edge for their own adornment.

The way is open and it is easy to follow it; cutting out, em-
roidery, lace-making follow naturally. Tapestry is not popular;
rniture is too remote from the child's interests, it has nothing to
o with the person, it depends on conventional tastes. Tapestry is
woman's amusement; young girls never care for it.

This voluntary course is easily extended to include drawing, an
rt which is closely connected with taste in dress; but I would not
ave them taught landscape and still less figure painting. Leaves,
uit, flowers, draperies, anything that will make an elegant trim-
ing for the accessories of the toilet, and enable the girl to design
er own embroidery if she cannot find a pattern to her taste; that
ill be quite enough. Speaking generally, if it is desirable to
strict a man's studies to what is useful, this is even more necessary
r women, whose life, though less laborious, should be even more
dustrious and more uniformly employed in a variety of duties,
that one talent should not be encouraged at the expense of others.

Whatever may be said by the scornful, good sense belongs to
th sexes alike. Girls are usually more docile than boys, and they
ould be subjected to more authority, as I shall show later on, but
at is no reason why they should be required to do things in which
ey can see neither rhyme nor reason. The mother's art consists
showing the use of everything they are set to do, and this is all
e easier as the girl's intelligence is more precocious than the boy's.
is principle banishes, both for boys and girls, not only those

pursuits which never lead to any appreciable results, not even increasing the charms of those who have pursued them, but also those studies whose utility is beyond the scholar's present age and can only be appreciated in later years. If I object to little boys being made to learn to read, still more do I object to it for little girls until they are able to see the use of reading; we generally think more of our own ideas than theirs in our attempts to convince them of the utility of this art. After all, why should a little girl know how to read and write? Has she a house to manage? Most of them make a bad use of this fatal knowledge, and girls are so full of curiosity that few of them will fail to learn without compulsion. Possibly cyphering should come first; there is nothing so obviously useful, nothing which needs so much practice or gives so much opportunity for error as reckoning. If the little girl does not get the cherries for her lunch without an arithmetical exercise, she will soon learn to count.

I once knew a little girl who learnt to write before she could read, and she began to write with her needle. To begin with, she would write nothing but O's; she was always making O's, large and small, of all kinds and one within another, but always drawn backwards. Unluckily one day she caught a glimpse of herself in the glass while she was at this useful work, and thinking that the cramped attitude was not pretty, like another Minerva she flung away her pen and declined to make any more O's. Her brother was no fonder of writing, but what he disliked was the constraint, not the look of the thing. She was induced to go on with her writing in this way. The child was fastidious and vain; she could not bear her sisters to wear her clothes. Her things had been marked, they declined to mark them any more, she must learn to mark them herself; there is no need to continue the story.

Show the sense of the tasks you set your little girls, but keep them busy. Idleness and insubordination are two very dangerous faults, and very hard to cure when once established. Girls should be attentive and industrious, but this is not enough by itself; they should early be accustomed to restraint. This misfortune, if such it be, is inherent in their sex, and they will never escape from it, unless to endure more cruel sufferings. All their life long, they will have to submit to the strictest and most enduring restraints, those of propriety. They must be trained to bear the yoke from the first, so that they may not feel it, to master their own caprices and to submit themselves to the will of others. If they were always eager to be at work, they should sometimes be compelled to do nothing. Their childish faults, unchecked and unheeded, may easily lead to dissipation, frivolity, and inconstancy. To guard against this, teach them above all things self-control. Under our senseless conditions, the life of a good woman is a perpetual struggle against self; it is only fair that woman should bear her share of the ills she has brought upon man.

Beware lest your girls become weary of their tasks and infatuated ith their amusements; this often happens under our ordinary ethods of education, where, as Fénelon says, all the tedium is on ne side and all the pleasure on the other. If the rules already laid own are followed, the first of these dangers will be avoided, unless e child dislikes those about her. A little girl who is fond of her other or her friend will work by her side all day without getting ed; the chatter alone will make up for any loss of liberty. But her companion is distasteful to her, everything done under her rection will be distasteful too. Children who take no delight in eir mother's company are not likely to turn out well; but to dge of their real feelings you must watch them and not trust to eir words alone, for they are flatterers and deceitful and soon arn to conceal their thoughts. Neither should they be told that ey ought to love their mother. Affection is not the result of duty, nd in this respect constraint is out of place. Continual intercourse, nstant care, habit itself, all these will lead a child to love her other, if the mother does nothing to deserve the child's ill-will. he very control she exercises over the child, if well directed, will crease rather than diminish the affection, for women being made r dependence, girls feel themselves made to obey.

Just because they have, or ought to have, little freedom, they are t to indulge themselves too fully with regard to such freedom as ey have; they carry everything to extremes, and they devote emselves to their games with an enthusiasm even greater than at of boys. This is the second difficulty to which I referred. his enthusiasm must be kept in check, for it is the source of several ces commonly found among women, caprice and that extravagant miration which leads a woman to regard a thing with rapture -day and to be quite indifferent to it to-morrow. This fickleness taste is as dangerous as exaggeration; and both spring from the ame cause. Do not deprive them of mirth, laughter, noise, and mping games, but do not let them tire of one game and go off to other; do not leave them for a moment without restraint. Train em to break off their games and return to their other occupations thout a murmur. Habit is all that is needed, as you have nature your side.

This habitual restraint produces a docility which woman requires her life long, for she will always be in subjection to a man, or to an's judgment, and she will never be free to set her own opinion ove his. What is most wanted in a woman is gentleness; formed obey a creature so imperfect as man, a creature often vicious and vays faulty, she should early learn to submit to injustice and to ffer the wrongs inflicted on her by her husband without complaint; must be gentle for her own sake, not his. Bitterness and stinacy only multiply the sufferings of the wife and the misdeeds the husband; the man feels that these are not the weapons to be ed against him. Heaven did not make women attractive and rsuasive that they might degenerate into bitterness, or meek that y should desire the mastery; their soft voice was not meant for hard words, nor their delicate features for the frowns of anger. When they lose their temper they forget themselves; often enough they have just cause of complaint; but when they scold they always put themselves in the wrong. We should each adopt the tone which befits our sex; a soft-hearted husband may make an overbearing wife, but a man, unless he is a perfect monster, will sooner or later yield to his wife's gentleness, and the victory will be hers.

Daughters must always be obedient, but mothers need not always be harsh. To make a girl docile you need not make her miserable; to make her modest you need not terrify her; on the contrary, I should not be sorry to see her allowed occasionally to exercise a little ingenuity, not to escape punishment for her disobedience, but to evade the necessity for obedience. Her dependence need not be made unpleasant, it is enough that she should realise that she is dependent. Cunning is a natural gift of woman, and so convinced am I that all our natural inclinations are right, that I would cultivate this among others, only guarding against its abuse.

For the truth of this I appeal to every honest observer. I do not ask you to question women themselves, our cramping institutions may compel them to sharpen their wits; I would have you examine girls, little girls, newly-born so to speak; compare them with boys of the same age, and I am greatly mistaken if you do not find the little boys heavy, silly, and foolish, in comparison. Let me give one illustration in all its childish simplicity.

Children are commonly forbidden to ask for anything at table, for people think they can do nothing better in the way of education than to burden them with useless precepts; as if a little bit of this or that were not readily given or refused without leaving a poor child dying of greediness intensified by hope. Every one knows how cunningly a little boy brought up in this way asked for salt when he had been overlooked at table. I do not suppose any one will blame him for asking directly for salt and indirectly for meat; the neglect was so cruel that I hardly think he would have been punished had he broken the rule and said plainly that he was hungry. But this is what I saw done by a little girl of six; the circumstances were much more difficult, for not only was she strictly forbidden to ask for anything directly or indirectly, but disobedience would have been unpardonable, for she had eaten of every dish; one only had been overlooked, and on this she had set her heart. This is what she did to repair the omission without laying herself open to the charge of disobedience; she pointed to every dish in turn, saying, "I've had some of this; I've had some of this;" however she omitted the one dish so markedly that some one noticed it and said, "Have not you had some of this?" "Oh, no," replied the greedy little girl with soft voice and downcast eyes. These instances are typical of the cunning of the little boy and girl.

What is, is good, and no general law can be bad. This special skill with which the female sex is endowed is a fair equivalent for its lack of strength; without it woman would be man's slave, not is helpmeet. By her superiority in this respect she maintains er equality with man, and rules in obedience. She has everything gainst her, our faults and her own weakness and timidity; her eauty and her wiles are all that she has. Should she not cultivate oth? Yet beauty is not universal; it may be destroyed by all orts of accidents, it will disappear with years, and habit will destroy s influence. A woman's real resource is her wit; not that foolish it which is so greatly admired in society, a wit which does nothing o make life happier; but that wit which is adapted to her condition, ne art of taking advantage of our position and controlling us rough our own strength. Words cannot tell how beneficial this to man, what a charm it gives to the society of men and women, ow it checks the petulant child and restrains the brutal husband; ithout it the home would be a scene of strife; with it, it is the abode f happiness. I know that this power is abused by the sly and the piteful; but what is there that is not liable to abuse? Do not estroy the means of happiness because the wicked use them to ur hurt.

The toilet may attract notice, but it is the person that wins our earts. Our finery is not us; its very artificiality often offends, nd that which is least noticeable in itself often wins the most ttention. The education of our girls is, in this respect, absolutely psy-turvy. Ornaments are promised them as rewards, and they re taught to delight in elaborate finery. "How lovely she is!" eople say when she is most dressed up. On the contrary, they hould be taught that so much finery is only required to hide their efects, and that beauty's real triumph is to shine alone. The love f fashion is contrary to good taste, for faces do not change with ne fashion, and while the person remains unchanged, what suits at one time will suit it always.

If I saw a young girl decked out like a little peacock, I should ow myself anxious about her figure so disguised, and anxious hat people would think of her; I should say, "She is over-dressed ith all those ornaments; what a pity! Do you think she could o with something simpler? Is she pretty enough to do without his or that?" Possibly she herself would be the first to ask that er finery might be taken off and that we should see how she looked ithout it. In that case her beauty should receive such praise as deserves. I should never praise her unless simply dressed. If ne only regards fine clothes as an aid to personal beauty, and as a acit confession that she needs their aid, she will not be proud of er finery, she will be humbled by it; and if she hears some one say, How pretty she is," when she is smarter than usual, she will lush for shame.

Moreover, though there are figures that require adornment there re none that require expensive clothes. Extravagance in dress the folly of the class rather than the individual, it is merely onventional. Genuine coquetry is sometimes carefully thought ut, but never sumptuous, and Juno dressed herself more magnificently than Venus. "As you cannot make her beautiful you are making her fine," said Apelles to an unskilful artist who was painting Helen loaded with jewellery. I have also noticed that the smartest clothes proclaim the plainest women; no folly could be more misguided. If a young girl has good taste and a contempt for fashion, give her a few yards of ribbon, muslin, and gauze, and a handful of flowers, without any diamonds, fringes, or lace, and she will make herself a dress a hundredfold more becoming than all the smart clothes of La Duchapt.

Good is always good, and as you should always look your best, the women who know what they are about select a good style and keep to it, and as they are not always changing their style they think less about dress than those who can never settle to any one style. A genuine desire to dress becomingly does not require an elaborate toilet. Young girls rarely give much time to dress; needlework and lessons are the business of the day; yet, except for the rouge, they are generally as carefully dressed as older women and often in better taste. Contrary to the usual opinion, the real cause of the abuse of the toilet is not vanity but lack of occupation. The woman who devotes six hours to her toilet is well aware that she is no better dressed than the woman who took half an hour, but she has got rid of so many of the tedious hours and it is better to amuse oneself with one's clothes than to be sick of everything. Without the toilet how would she spend the time between dinner and supper. With a crowd of women about her, she can at least cause them annoyance, which is amusement of a kind; better still she avoids a *tête-à-tête* with the husband whom she never sees at any other time; then there are the tradespeople, the dealers in bric-à-brac, the fine gentlemen, the minor poets with their songs, their verses, and their pamphlets; how could you get them together but for the toilet. Its only real advantage is the chance of a little more display than is permitted by full dress, and perhaps this is less than it seems and a woman gains less than she thinks. Do not be afraid to educate your women as women; teach them a woman's business, that they be modest, that they may know how to manage their house and look after their family; the grand toilet will soon disappear, and they will be more tastefully dressed.

Growing girls perceive at once that all this outside adornment is not enough unless they have charms of their own. They cannot make themselves beautiful, they are too young for coquetry, but they are not too young to acquire graceful gestures, a pleasing voice, a self-possessed manner, a light step, a graceful bearing, to choose whatever advantages are within their reach. The voice extends its range, it grows stronger and more resonant, the arms become plumper, the bearing more assured, and they perceive that it is easy to attract attention however dressed. Needlework and industry suffice no longer, fresh gifts are developing and their usefulness is already recognised.

I know that stern teachers would have us refuse to teach little girls to sing or dance, or to acquire any of the pleasing arts. This trikes me as absurd. Who should learn these arts—our boys? Are these to be the favourite accomplishments of men or women? Of neither, say they; profane songs are simply so many crimes, dancing is an invention of the Evil One; her tasks and her prayers are all the amusement a young girl should have. What strange amusements for a child of ten! I fear that these little saints who have been forced to spend their childhood in prayers to God will pass their youth in another fashion; when they are married they will try to make up for lost time. I think we must consider age as well as sex; a young girl should not live like her grandmother; she should be lively, merry, and eager; she should sing and dance to her heart's content, and enjoy all the innocent pleasures of youth; the time will come, all too soon, when she must settle down and adopt a more serious tone.

But is this change in itself really necessary? Is it not merely another result of our own prejudices? By making good women the slaves of dismal duties, we have deprived marriage of its charm for men. Can we wonder that the gloomy silence they find at home drives them elsewhere, or inspires little desire to enter a state which offers so few attractions? Christianity, by exaggerating every duty, has made our duties impracticable and useless; by forbidding singing, dancing, and amusements of every kind, it renders women sulky, fault-finding, and intolerable at home. There is no religion which imposes such strict duties upon married life, and none in which such a sacred engagement is so often profaned. Such pains has been taken to prevent wives being amiable, that their husbands have become indifferent to them. This should not be, I grant you, but it will be, since husbands are but men. I would have an English maiden cultivate the talents which will delight her husband as zealously as the Circassian cultivates the accomplishments of an Eastern harem. Husbands, you say, care little for such accomplishments. So I should suppose, when they are employed, not for the husband, but to attract the young rakes who dishonour the home. But imagine a virtuous and charming wife, adorned with such accomplishments and devoting them to her husband's amusement; will she not add to his happiness? When he leaves his office worn out with the day's work, will she not prevent him seeking recreation elsewhere? Have we not all beheld happy families gathered together, each contributing to the general amusement? Are not the confidence and familiarity thus established, the innocence and the charm of the pleasures thus enjoyed, more than enough to make up for the more riotous pleasures of public entertainments?

Pleasant accomplishments have been made too formal an affair of rules and precepts, so that young people find them very tedious instead of a mere amusement or a merry game as they ought to be. Nothing can be more absurd than an elderly singing or dancing master frowning upon young people, whose one desire is to laugh, and adopting a more pedantic and magisterial manner in teaching his frivolous art than if he were teaching the catechism. Take the case of singing; does this art depend on reading music; cannot the voice be made true and flexible, can we not learn to sing with taste and even to play an accompaniment without knowing a note? Does the same kind of singing suit all voices alike? Is the same method adapted to every mind? You will never persuade me that the same attitudes, the same steps, the same movements, the same gestures, the same dances will suit a lively little brunette and a tall fair maiden with languishing eyes. So when I find a master giving the same lessons to all his pupils I say, "He has his own routine, but he knows nothing of his art!"

Should young girls have masters or mistresses? I cannot say; I wish they could dispense with both; I wish they could learn of their own accord what they are already so willing to learn. I wish there were fewer of these dressed-up old ballet masters promenading our streets. I fear our young people will get more harm from intercourse with such people than profit from their instruction, and that their jargon, their tone, their airs and graces, will instil a precocious taste for the frivolities which the teacher thinks so important, and to which the scholars are only too likely to devote themselves.

Where pleasure is the only end in view, any one may serve as teacher—father, mother, brother, sister, friend, governess, the girl's mirror, and above all her own taste. Do not offer to teach, let her ask; do not make a task of what should be a reward, and in these studies above all remember that the wish to succeed is the first step. If formal instruction is required I leave it to you to choose between a master and a mistress. How can I tell whether a dancing master should take a young pupil by her soft white hand, make her lift her skirt and raise her eyes, open her arms and advance her throbbing bosom? but this I know, nothing on earth would induce me to be that master.

Taste is formed partly by industry and partly by talent, and by its means the mind is unconsciously opened to the idea of beauty of every kind, till at length it attains to those moral ideas which are so closely related to beauty. Perhaps this is one reason why ideas of propriety and modesty are acquired earlier by girls than by boys, for to suppose that this early feeling is due to the teaching of the governesses would show little knowledge of their style of teaching and of the natural development of the human mind. The art of speaking stands first among the pleasing arts; it alone can add fresh charms to those which have been blunted by habit. It is the mind which not only gives life to the body, but renews, so to speak, its youth; the flow of feelings and ideas give life and variety to the countenance, and the conversation to which it gives rise arouses and sustains attention, and fixes it continuously on one object. I suppose this is why little girls so soon learn to prattle prettily, and why men enjoy listening to them even before the child can nderstand them; they are watching for the first gleam of intelli-ence and sentiment.

Women have ready tongues; they talk earlier, more easily, and ore pleasantly than men. They are also said to talk more; this ay be true, but I am prepared to reckon it to their credit; eyes nd mouth are equally busy and for the same cause. A man says hat he knows, a woman says what will please; the one needs nowledge, the other taste; utility should be the man's object; the oman speaks to give pleasure. There should be nothing in ommon but truth.

You should not check a girl's prattle like a boy's by the harsh uestion, "What is the use of that?" but by another question at east as difficult to answer, "What effect will that have?" At his early age when they know neither good nor evil, and are incapable f judging others, they should make this their rule and never say nything which is unpleasant to those about them; this rule is all he more difficult to apply because it must always be subordinated o our first rule, "Never tell a lie."

I can see many other difficulties, but they belong to a later stage. or the present it is enough for your little girls to speak the truth ithout grossness, and as they are naturally averse to what is gross, ducation easily teaches them to avoid it. In social intercourse observe that a man's politeness is usually more helpful and a oman's more caressing. This distinction is natural, not artificial. man seeks to serve, a woman seeks to please. Hence a woman's oliteness is less insincere than ours, whatever we may think of her haracter; for she is only acting upon a fundamental instinct; but hen a man professes to put my interests before his own, I detect he falsehood, however disguised. Hence it is easy for women to be olite, and easy to teach little girls politeness. The first lessons ome by nature; art only supplements them and determines the onventional form which politeness shall take. The courtesy of oman to woman is another matter; their manner is so constrained, heir attentions so chilly, they find each other so wearisome, that hey take little pains to conceal the fact, and seem sincere even in heir falsehood, since they take so little pains to conceal it. Still oung girls do sometimes become sincerely attached to one another. t their age good spirits take the place of a good disposition, and hey are so pleased with themselves that they are pleased with very one else. Moreover, it is certain that they kiss each other ore affectionately and caress each other more gracefully in the resence of men, for they are proud to be able to arouse their envy ithout danger to themselves by the sight of favours which they now will arouse that envy.

If young boys must not be allowed to ask unsuitable questions, uch more must they be forbidden to little girls; if their curiosity s satisfied or unskilfully evaded it is a much more serious matter, or they are so keen to guess the mysteries concealed from them nd so skilful to discover them. But while I would not permit them to ask questions, I would have them questioned frequently, and pains should be taken to make them talk; let them be teased to make them speak freely, to make them answer readily, to loosen mind and tongue while it can be done without danger. Such conversation always leading to merriment, yet skilfully controlled and directed, would form a delightful amusement at this age and might instil into these youthful hearts the first and perhaps the most helpful lessons in morals which they will ever receive, by teaching them in the guise of pleasure and fun what qualities are esteemed by men and what is the true glory and happiness of a good woman.

If boys are incapable of forming any true idea of religion, much more is it beyond the grasp of girls; and for this reason I would speak of it all the sooner to little girls, for if we wait till they are ready for a serious discussion of these deep subjects we should be in danger of never speaking of religion at all. A woman's reason is practical, and therefore she soon arrives at a given conclusion, but she fails to discover it for herself. The social relation of the sexes is a wonderful thing. This relation produces a moral person of which woman is the eye and man the hand, but the two are so dependent on one another that the man teaches the woman what to see, while she teaches him what to do. If women could discover principles and if men had as good heads for detail, they would be mutually independent, they would live in perpetual strife, and there would be an end to all society. But in their mutual harmony each contributes to a common purpose; each follows the other's lead, each commands and each obeys.

As a woman's conduct is controlled by public opinion, so is her religion ruled by authority. The daughter should follow her mother's religion, the wife her husband's. Were that religion false, the docility which leads mother and daughter to submit to nature's laws would blot out the sin of error in the sight of God. Unable to judge for themselves they should accept the judgment of father and husband as that of the church.

While women unaided cannot deduce the rules of their faith, neither can they assign limits to that faith by the evidence of reason; they allow themselves to be driven hither and thither by all sorts of external influences, they are ever above or below the truth. Extreme in everything, they are either altogether reckless or altogether pious; you never find them able to combine virtue and piety. Their natural exaggeration is not wholly to blame; the ill-regulated control exercised over them by men is partly responsible. Loose morals bring religion into contempt; the terrors of remorse make it a tyrant; this is why women have always too much or too little religion.

As a woman's religion is controlled by authority it is more important to show her plainly what to believe than to explain the reasons for belief; for faith attached to ideas half-understood is the main source of fanaticism, and faith demanded on behalf of wha is absurd leads to madness or unbelief. Whether our catechism nd to produce impiety rather than fanaticism I cannot say, but do know that they lead to one or other.

In the first place, when you teach religion to little girls never ake it gloomy or tiresome, never make it a task or a duty, and ierefore never give them anything to learn by heart, not even ieir prayers. Be content to say your own prayers regularly in ieir presence, but do not compel them to join you. Let their ayers be short, as Christ himself has taught us. Let them always said with becoming reverence and respect; remember that if e ask the Almighty to give heed to our words, we should at least ve heed to what we mean to say.

It does not much matter that a girl should learn her religion oung, but it does matter that she should learn it thoroughly, and ill more that she should learn to love it. If you make religion a urden to her, if you always speak of God's anger, if in the name of ligion you impose all sorts of disagreeable duties, duties which she ver sees you perform, what can she suppose but that to learn ie's catechism and to say one's prayers is only the duty of a little rl, and she will long to be grown-up to escape, like you, from these ities. Example! Example! Without it you will never succeed teaching children anything.

When you explain the Articles of Faith let it be by direct teaching, ot by question and answer. Children should only answer what they ink, not what has been drilled into them. All the answers in the techism are the wrong way about; it is the scholar who instructs e teacher; in the child's mouth they are a downright lie, since ey explain what he does not understand, and affirm what he nnot believe. Find me, if you can, an intelligent man who could onestly say his catechism. The first question I find in our techism is as follows: "Who created you and brought you into e world?" To which the girl, who thinks it was her mother, plies without hesitation, "It was God." All she knows is that e is asked a question which she only half understands and she ves an answer she does not understand at all.

I wish some one who really understands the development of ildren's minds would write a catechism for them. It might be e most useful book ever written, and, in my opinion, it would do author no little honour. This at least is certain—if it were a od book it would be very unlike our catechisms.

Such a catechism will not be satisfactory unless the child can swer the questions of its own accord without having to learn the swers; indeed the child will often ask the questions itself. An ample is required to make my meaning plain and I feel how ill uipped I am to furnish such an example. I will try to give some rt of outline of my meaning.

To get to the first question in our catechism I suppose we must gin somewhat after the following fashion.

*Nurse.* Do you remember when your mother was a little girl?

*Child.* No, nurse.

*Nurse.* Why not, when you have such a good memory?

*Child.* I was not alive.

*Nurse.* Then you were not always alive!

*Child.* No.

*Nurse.* Will you live for ever?

*Child.* Yes.

*Nurse.* Are you young or old?

*Child.* I am young.

*Nurse.* Is your grandmamma old or young?

*Child.* She is old.

*Nurse.* Was she ever young?

*Child.* Yes.

*Nurse.* Why is she not young now?

*Child.* She has grown old.

*Nurse.* Will you grow old too?

*Child.* I don't know.

*Nurse.* Where are your last year's frocks?

*Child.* They have been unpicked.

*Nurse.* Why?

*Child.* Because they were too small for me.

*Nurse.* Why were they too small?

*Child.* I have grown bigger.

*Nurse.* Will you grow any more?

*Child.* Oh, yes.

*Nurse.* And what becomes of big girls?

*Child.* They grow into women.

*Nurse.* And what becomes of women?

*Child.* They are mothers.

*Nurse.* And what becomes of mothers?

*Child.* They grow old.

*Nurse.* Will you grow old?

*Child.* When I am a mother.

*Nurse.* And what becomes of old people?

*Child.* I don't know.

*Nurse.* What became of your grandfather?

*Child.* He died.[1]

*Nurse.* Why did he die?

*Child.* Because he was so old.

*Nurse.* What becomes of old people?

*Child.* They die.

*Nurse.* And when you are old——?

*Child.* Oh, nurse! I don't want to die!

*Nurse.* My dear, no one wants to die, and everybody dies.

*Child.* Why, will mamma die too?

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[1] The child will say this because she has heard it said; but you mus make sure she knows what death is, for the idea is not so simple an within the child's grasp as people think. In that little poem "Abel you will find an example of the way to teach them. This charming wor breathes a delightful simplicity with which one should feed one's ow mind so as to talk with children.

*Nurse.* Yes, like everybody else. Women grow old as well as en, and old age ends in death.

*Child.* What must I do to grow old very, very slowly?

*Nurse.* Be good while you are little.

*Child.* I will always be good, nurse.

*Nurse.* So much the better. But do you suppose you will live r ever?

*Child.* When I am very, very old——

*Nurse.* Well?

*Child.* When we are so very old you say we must die?

*Nurse.* You must die some day.

*Child.* Oh dear! I suppose I must.

*Nurse.* Who lived before you?

*Child.* My father and mother.

*Nurse.* And before them?

*Child.* Their father and mother.

*Nurse.* Who will live after you?

*Child.* My children.

*Nurse.* Who will live after them?

*Child.* Their children.

In this way, by concrete examples, you will find a beginning and d for the human race like everything else—that is to say, a father d mother who never had a father and mother, and children who ill never have children of their own.

It is only after a long course of similar questions that we are ady for the first question in the catechism; then alone can we t the question and the child may be able to understand it. But at a gap there is between the first and the second question which concerned with the definitions of the divine nature. When will is chasm be bridged? "God is a spirit." "And what is a irit?" Shall I start the child upon this difficult question of etaphysics which grown men find so hard to understand? These e no questions for a little girl to answer; if she asks them, it is much or more than we can expect. In that case I should tell her ite simply, "You ask me what God is; it is not easy to say; can neither hear nor see nor handle God; we can only know Him His works. To learn what He is, you must wait till you know at He has done."

If our dogmas are all equally true, they are not equally important. makes little difference to the glory of God that we should perceive everywhere, but it does make a difference to human society, and every member of that society, that a man should know and do duties which are laid upon him by the law of God, his duty to neighbour and to himself. This is what we should always be aching one another, and it is this which fathers and mothers are ecially bound to teach their little ones. Whether a virgin became mother of her Creator, whether she gave birth to God, or merely a man into whom God has entered, whether the Father and the n are of the same substance or of like substance only, whether the

Spirit proceeded from one or both of these who are but one, or from both together, however important these questions may seem, I cannot see that it is any more necessary for the human race to come to a decision with regard to them than to know what day to keep Easter, or whether we should tell our beads, fast, and refuse to eat meat, speak Latin or French in church, adorn the walls with statues, hear or say mass, and have no wife of our own. Let each think as he pleases; I cannot see that it matters to any one but himself; for my own part it is no concern of mine. But what does concern my fellow-creatures and myself alike is to know that there is indeed a judge of human fate, that we are all His children, that He bids us all be just, He bids us love one another, He bids us be kindly and merciful, He bids us keep our word with all men, even with our own enemies and His; we must know that the apparent happiness of this world is naught; that there is another life to come, in which this Supreme Being will be the rewarder of the just and the judge of the unjust. Children need to be taught these doctrines and others like them and all citizens require to be persuaded of their truth. Whoever sets his face against these doctrines is indeed guilty; he is the disturber of the peace, the enemy of society. Whoever goes beyond these doctrines and seeks to make us the slaves of his private opinions, reaches the same goal by another way; to establish his own kind of order he disturbs the peace; in his rash pride he makes himself the interpreter of the Divine, and in His name demands the homage and the reverence of mankind; so far as may be, he sets himself in God's place; he should receive the punishment of sacrilege if he is not punished for his intolerance.

Give no heed, therefore, to all those mysterious doctrines which are words without ideas for us, all those strange teachings, the study of which is too often offered as a substitute for virtue, a study which more often makes men mad rather than good. Keep your children ever within the little circle of dogmas which are related to morality Convince them that the only useful learning is that which teaches us to act rightly. Do not make your daughters theologians and casuists; only teach them such things of heaven as conduce to human goodness; train them to feel that they are always in the presence of God, who sees their thoughts and deeds, their virtue and their pleasures; teach them to do good without ostentation and because they love it, to suffer evil without a murmur, because God will reward them; in a word to be all their life long what they will be glad to have been when they appear in His presence. Thi is true religion; this alone is incapable of abuse, impiety, or fanaticism. Let those who will, teach a religion more sublime, but thi is the only religion I know.

Moreover, it is as well to observe that, until the age when th reason becomes enlightened, when growing emotion gives a voic to conscience, what is wrong for young people is what those abou have decided to be wrong. What they are told to do is good; wha ey are forbidden to do is bad; that is all they ought to know: is shows how important it is for girls, even more than for boys, at the right people should be chosen to be with them and to have thority over them. At last there comes a time when they begin judge things for themselves, and that is the time to change your ethod of education.

Perhaps I have said too much already. To what shall we reduce e education of our women if we give them no law but that of con- ntional prejudice? Let us not degrade so far the sex which rules er us, and which does us honour when we have not made it vile. r all mankind there is a law anterior to that of public opinion. l other laws should bend before the inflexible control of this law; is the judge of public opinion, and only in so far as the esteem of en is in accordance with this law has it any claim on our obedience.

This law is our individual conscience. I will not repeat what s been said already; it is enough to point out that if these two ws clash, the education of women will always be imperfect. Right ling without respect for public opinion will not give them that licacy of soul which lends to right conduct the charm of social proval; while respect for public opinion without right feeling ll only make false and wicked women who put appearances in the ace of virtue.

It is, therefore, important to cultivate a faculty which serves as dge between the two guides, which does not permit conscience to astray and corrects the errors of prejudice. That faculty is ason. But what a crowd of questions arise at this word. Are men capable of solid reason; should they cultivate it, can ey cultivate it successfully? Is this culture useful in relation to functions laid upon them? Is it compatible with becoming nplicity?

The different ways of envisaging and answering these questions d to two extremes; some would have us keep women indoors ving and spinning with their maids; thus they make them nothing re than the chief servant of their master. Others, not content secure their rights, lead them to usurp ours; for to make woman superior in all the qualities proper to her sex, and to make her equal in all the rest, what is this but to transfer to the woman superiority which nature has given to her husband?

The reason which teaches a man his duties is not very complex; reason which teaches a woman hers is even simpler. The dience and fidelity which she owes to her husband, the tenderness d care due to her children, are such natural and self-evident sequences of her position that she cannot honestly refuse her sent to the inner voice which is her guide, nor fail to discern her y in her natural inclination.

would not altogether blame those who would restrict a woman he labours of her sex and would leave her in profound ignorance everything else; but that would require a standard of morality once very simple and very healthy, or a life withdrawn from the world. In great towns, among immoral men, such a woman woul be too easily led astray; her virtue would too often be at the merc of circumstances; in this age of philosophy, virtue must be abl to resist temptation; she must know beforehand what she may hea and what she should think of it.

Moreover, in submission to man's judgment she should deserv his esteem; above all she should obtain the esteem of her husband she should not only make him love her person, she should make hi approve her conduct; she should justify his choice before the world and do honour to her husband through the honour given to the wife But how can she set about this task if she is ignorant of our institutions, our customs, our notions of propriety, if she knows nothin of the source of man's judgment, nor the passions by which it i swayed? Since she depends both on her own conscience and o public opinion, she must learn to know and reconcile these two laws and to put her own conscience first only when the two are oppose to each other. She becomes the judge of her own judges, she decide when she should obey and when she should refuse her obedienc She weighs their prejudices before she accepts or rejects them she learns to trace them to their source, to foresee what they will b and to turn them in her own favour; she is careful never to giv cause for blame if duty allows her to avoid it. This cannot b properly done without cultivating her mind and reason.

I always come back to my first principle and it supplies th solution of all my difficulties. I study what is, I seek its caus and I discover in the end that what is, is good. I go to hous where the master and mistress do the honours together. They a equally well educated, equally polite, equally well equipped wit wit and good taste, both of them are inspired with the same desi to give their guests a good reception and to send every one aw satisfied. The husband omits no pains to be attentive to every on he comes and goes and sees to every one and takes all sorts of troubl he is attention itself. The wife remains in her place; a little circ gathers round her and apparently conceals the rest of the compa from her; yet she sees everything that goes on, no one goes witho a word with her; she has omitted nothing which might intere anybody, she has said nothing unpleasant to any one, and witho any fuss the least is no more overlooked than the greatest. Dinn is announced, they take their places; the man knowing the assembl guests will place them according to his knowledge; the wife, wit out previous acquaintance, never makes a mistake; their looks a bearing have already shown her what is wanted and every one v find himself where he wishes to be. I do not assert that the serva forget no one. The master of the house may have omitted no o but the mistress perceives what you like and sees that you get while she is talking to her neighbour she has one eye on the ot end of the table; she sees who is not eating because he is not hun and who is afraid to help himself because he is clumsy and tim When the guests leave the table every one thinks she has had ought but for him, everybody thinks she has had no time to eat ything, but she has really eaten more than anybody.

When the guests are gone, husband and wife talk over the events the evening. He relates what was said to him, what was said d done by those with whom he conversed. If the lady is not vays quite exact in this respect, yet on the other hand she perceived at was whispered at the other end of the room; she knows what -and-so thought, and what was the meaning of this speech or that sture; there is scarcely a change of expression for which she has t an explanation in readiness, and she is almost always right.

The same turn of mind which makes a woman of the world such excellent hostess, enables a flirt to excel in the art of amusing a mber of suitors. Coquetry, cleverly carried out, demands an en finer discernment than courtesy; provided a polite lady is il to everybody, she has done fairly well in any case; but the flirt uld soon lose her hold by such clumsy uniformity; if she tries to be asant to all her lovers alike, she will disgust them all. In ordinary ial intercourse the manners adopted towards everybody are good ough for all; no question is asked as to private likes or dislikes ovided all are alike well received. But in love, a favour shared h others is an insult. A man of feeling would rather be singled t for ill-treatment than be caressed with the crowd, and the worst at can befall him is to be treated like every one else. So a woman o wants to keep several lovers at her feet must persuade every e of them that she prefers him, and she must contrive to do this the sight of all the rest, each of whom is equally convinced that is her favourite.

If you want to see a man in a quandary, place him between two men with each of whom he has a secret understanding, and see at a fool he looks. But put a woman in similar circumstances ween two men, and the results will be even more remarkable; u will be astonished at the skill with which she cheats them both, l makes them laugh at each other. Now if that woman were to w the same confidence in both, if she were to be equally familiar h both, how could they be deceived for a moment? If she treated m alike, would she not show that they both had the same claims on her? Oh, she is far too clever for that; so far from treating m just alike, she makes a marked difference between them, and does it so skilfully that the man she flatters thinks it is affection, l the man she ill uses think it is spite. So that each of them be- es she is thinking of him, when she is thinking of no one but herself.

A general desire to please suggests similar measures; people uld be disgusted with a woman's whims if they were not skilfully naged, and when they are artistically distributed her servants more than ever enslaved.

> "Usa ogn'arte la donna, onde sia colto
> Nella sua rete alcun novello amante;
> Nè con tutti, nè sempre un stesso volto
> Serba; ma cangia a tempo atto e sembiante."
>
> TASSO, *Jerus. Del.*, c. iv., v. 87.

What is the secret of this art? Is it not the result of a delicat
and continuous observation which shows her what is taking plac
in a man's heart, so that she is able to encourage or to check ever
hidden impulse? Can this art be acquired? No; it is born wit
women; it is common to them all, and men never show it to th
same degree. It is one of the distinctive characters of the sex
Self-possession, penetration, delicate observation, this is a woman'
science; the skill to make use of it is her chief accomplishment

This is what is, and we have seen why it is so. It is said tha
women are false. They become false. They are really endowe
with skill not duplicity; in the genuine inclinations of their se
they are not false even when they tell a lie. Why do you consul
their words when it is not their mouths that speak? Consult thei
eyes, their colour, their breathing, their timid manner, their sligh
resistance, that is the language nature gave them for your answer
The lips always say "No," and rightly so; but the tone is not alway
the same, and that cannot lie. Has not a woman the same need
as a man, but without the same right to make them known? He
fate would be too cruel if she had no language in which to expres
her legitimate desires except the words which she dare not utter
Must her modesty condemn her to misery? Does she not require
means of indicating her inclinations without open expression? Wha
skill is needed to hide from her lover what she would fain reveal
Is it not of vital importance that she should learn to touch his hear
without showing that she cares for him? It is a pretty story that tal
of Galatea with her apple and her clumsy flight. What more i
needed? Will she tell the shepherd who pursues her among th
willows that she only flees that he may follow? If she did, it woul
be a lie; for she would no longer attract him. The more modest
woman is, the more art she needs, even with her husband. Yes,
maintain that coquetry, kept within bounds, becomes modest an
true, and out of it springs a law of right conduct.

One of my opponents has very truly asserted that virtue is one
you cannot disintegrate it and choose this and reject the other
If you love virtue, you love it in its entirety, and you close your hear
when you can, and you always close your lips to the feelings whic
you ought not to allow. Moral truth is not only what is, but wha
is good; what is bad ought not to be, and ought not to be confesse
especially when that confession produces results which might hav
been avoided. If I were tempted to steal, and in confessing it
tempted another to become my accomplice, the very confession
my temptation would amount to a yielding to that temptatio
Why do you say that modesty makes women false? Are those wh
lose their modesty more sincere than the rest? Not so, they are
thousandfold more deceitful. This degree of depravity is due
many vices, none of which is rejected, vices which owe their pow
to intrigue and falsehood.[1]

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[1] I know that women who have openly decided on a certain course
conduct profess that their lack of concealment is a virtue in itself, an

On the other hand, those who are not utterly shameless, who take o pride in their faults, who are able to conceal their desires even om those who inspire them, those who confess their passion most luctantly, these are the truest and most sincere, these are they n whose fidelity you may generally rely.

The only example I know which might be quoted as a recognised xception to these remarks is Mlle. de L'Enclos; and she was considered a prodigy. In her scorn for the virtues of women, she actised, so they say, the virtues of a man. She is praised for her ankness and uprightness; she was a trustworthy acquaintance nd a faithful friend. To complete the picture of her glory it is id that she became a man. That may be, but in spite of her high putation I should no more desire that man as my friend than as y mistress.

This is not so irrelevant as it seems. I am aware of the tendencies our modern philosophy which make a jest of female modesty d its so-called insincerity; I also perceive that the most certain sult of this philosophy will be to deprive the women of this century such shreds of honour as they still possess.

On these grounds I think we may decide in general terms what rt of education is suited to the female mind, and the objects to hich we should turn its attention in early youth.

As I have already said, the duties of their sex are more easily cognised than performed. They must learn in the first place to ve those duties by considering the advantages to be derived from em—that is the only way to make duty easy. Every age and ndition has its own duties. We are quick to see our duty if we ve it. Honour your position as a woman, and in whatever station life to which it shall please heaven to call you, you will be well off. he essential thing is to be what nature has made you; women e only too ready to be what men would have them.

The search for abstract and speculative truths, for principles and ioms in science, for all that tends to wide generalisation, is beyond woman's grasp; their studies should be thoroughly practical. is their business to apply the principles discovered by men, it is eir place to make the observations which lead men to discover ose principles. A woman's thoughts, beyond the range of her mediate duties, should be directed to the study of men, or the quirement of that agreeable learning whose sole end is the formation taste; for the works of genius are beyond her reach, and she neither the accuracy nor the attention for success in the exact ences; as for the physical sciences, to decide the relations between

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ear that, with one exception, they are possessed of all the virtues; but m sure they never persuaded any but fools to believe them. When the ural curb is removed from their sex, what is there left to restrain them? hat honour will they prize when they have rejected the honour of their ? Having once given the rein to passion they have no longer any son for self-control. "Nec femina, amissa pudicitia, alia abnuerit." author ever understood more thoroughly the heart of both sexes than citus when he wrote those words.

living creatures and the laws of nature is the task of that sex which is more active and enterprising, which sees more things, that sex which is possessed of greater strength and is more accustomed to the exercise of that strength. Woman, weak as she is and limited in her range of observation, perceives and judges the forces at her disposal to supplement her weakness, and those forces are the passions of man. Her own mechanism is more powerful than ours; she has many levers which may set the human heart in motion. She must find a way to make us desire what she cannot achieve unaided and what she considers necessary or pleasing; therefore she must have a thorough knowledge of man's mind; not an abstract knowledge of the mind of man in general, but the mind of those men who are about her, the mind of those men who have authority over her, either by law or custom. She must learn to divine their feelings from speech and action, look and gesture. By her own speech and action, look and gesture, she must be able to inspire them with the feelings she desires, without seeming to have any such purpose. The men will have a better philosophy of the human heart, but she will read more accurately in the heart of men. Woman should discover, so to speak, an experimental morality, man should reduce it to a system. Woman has more wit, man more genius; woman observes, man reasons; together they provide the clearest light and the profoundest knowledge which is possible to the unaided human mind; in a word, the surest knowledge of self and of others of which the human race is capable. In this way art may constantly tend to the perfection of the instrument which nature ha given us.

The world is woman's book; if she reads it ill, it is either her ow fault or she is blinded by passion. Yet the genuine mother of family is no woman of the world, she is almost as much of a reclus as the nun in her convent. Those who have marriageable daughter should do what is or ought to be done for those who are entering th cloisters: they should show them the pleasures they forsake befor they are allowed to renounce them, lest the deceitful picture o unknown pleasures should creep in to disturb the happiness of thei retreat. In France it is the girls who live in convents and the wive who flaunt in society. Among the ancients it was quite otherwise girls enjoyed, as I have said already, many games and publi festivals; the married women lived in retirement. This was a mor reasonable custom and more conducive to morality. A girl ma be allowed a certain amount of coquetry, and she may be mainl occupied at amusement. A wife has other responsibilities at hom and she is no longer on the look-out for a husband; but wome would not appreciate the change, and unluckily it is they who se the fashion. Mothers, let your daughters be your companion Give them good sense and an honest heart, and then conceal fro them nothing that a pure eye may behold. Balls, assemblie sports, the theatre itself; everything which viewed amiss delight imprudent youth may be safely displayed to a healthy mind. Th more they know of these noisy pleasures, the sooner they will cease to desire them.

I can fancy the outcry with which this will be received. What girl will resist such an example? Their heads are turned by the first glimpse of the world; not one of them is ready to give it up. That may be; but before you showed them this deceitful prospect, did you prepare them to behold it without emotion? Did you tell them plainly what it was they would see? Did you show it in its true light? Did you arm them against the illusions of vanity? Did you inspire their young hearts with a taste for the true pleasures which are not to be met with in this tumult? What precautions, what steps, did you take to preserve them from the false taste which eads them astray? Not only have you done nothing to preserve their minds from the tyranny of prejudice, you have fostered that prejudice; you have taught them to desire every foolish amusement they can get. Your own example is their teacher. Young people on their entrance into society have no guide but their mother, who s often just as silly as they are themselves, and quite unable to how them things except as she sees them herself. Her example s stronger than reason; it justifies them in their own eyes, and the mother's authority is an unanswerable excuse for the daughter. f I ask a mother to bring her daughter into society, I assume that he will show it in its true light.

The evil begins still earlier; the convents are regular schools of oquetry; not that honest coquetry which I have described, but a oquetry the source of every kind of misconduct, a coquetry which urns out girls who are the most ridiculous little madams. When hey leave the convent to take their place in smart society, young women find themselves quite at home. They have been educated or such a life; is it strange that they like it? I am afraid what am going to say may be based on prejudice rather than observation, ut so far as I can see, one finds more family affection, more good wives and loving mothers in Protestant than in Catholic countries; that is so, we cannot fail to suspect that the difference is partly ue to the convent schools.

The charms of a peaceful family life must be known to be enjoyed; heir delights should be tasted in childhood. It is only in our ather's home that we learn to love our own, and a woman whose mother did not educate her herself will not be willing to educate er own children. Unfortunately, there is no such thing as home ducation in our large towns. Society is so general and so mixed here is no place left for retirement, and even in the home we live public. We live in company till we have no family, and we carcely know our own relations, we see them as strangers; and the mplicity of home life disappears together with the sweet familiarity hich was its charm. In this wise do we draw with our mother's ilk a taste for the pleasures of the age and the maxims by which is controlled.

Girls are compelled to assume an air of propriety so that men may be deceived into marrying them by their appearance. But watch these young people for a moment; under a pretence of coyness they barely conceal the passion which devours them, and already you may read in their eager eyes their desire to imitate their mothers. It is not a husband they want, but the licence of a married woman. What need of a husband when there are so many other resources; but a husband there must be to act as a screen.[1] There is modesty on the brow, but vice in the heart; this sham modesty is one of its outward signs; they affect it that they may be rid of it once for all. Women of Paris and London, forgive me! There may be miracles everywhere, but I am not aware of them; and if there is even one among you who is really pure in heart, I know nothing of our institutions.

All these different methods of education lead alike to a taste for the pleasures of the great world, and to the passions which this taste so soon kindles. In our great towns depravity begins at birth; in the smaller towns it begins with reason. Young women brought up in the country are soon taught to despise the happy simplicity of their lives, and hasten to Paris to share the corruption of ours. Vices, cloaked under the fair name of accomplishments, are the sole object of their journey; ashamed to find themselves so much behind the noble licence of the Parisian ladies, they hasten to become worthy of the name of Parisian. Which is responsible for the evil—the place where it begins, or the place where it is accomplished?

I would not have a sensible mother bring her girl to Paris to show her these sights so harmful to others; but I assert that if she did so, either the girl has been badly brought up, or such sights have little danger for her. With good taste, good sense, and a love of what is right, these things are less attractive than to those who abandon themselves to their charm. In Paris you may see giddy young things hastening to adopt the tone and fashions of the town for some six months, so that they may spend the rest of their life in disgrace; but who gives any heed to those who, disgusted with the rout, return to their distant home and are contented with their lot when they have compared it with that which others desire. How many young wives have I seen whose good-natured husbands have taken them to Paris where they might live if they pleased; but they have shrunk from it and returned home more willingly than they went, saying tenderly, "Ah, let us go back to our cottage, life is happier there than in these palaces." We do not know how many there are who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who scorn his senseless worship. Fools make a stir; good women pass unnoticed.

If so many women preserve a judgment which is proof against temptation, in spite of universal prejudice, in spite of the bad lucation of girls, what would their judgment have been, had it been rengthened by suitable instruction, or rather left unaffected by ril teaching, for to preserve or restore the natural feelings is our ain business? You can do this without preaching endless sermons your daughters, without crediting them with your harsh morality. he only effect of such teaching is to inspire a dislike for the teacher id the lessons. In talking to a young girl you need not make her raid of her duties, nor need you increase the burden laid upon r by nature. When you explain her duties speak plainly and easantly; do not let her suppose that the performance of these ities is a dismal thing—away with every affectation of disgust or ide. Every thought which we desire to arouse should find its pression in our pupils, their catechism of conduct should be as ief and plain as their catechism of religion, but it need not be so rious. Show them that these same duties are the source of their easures and the basis of their rights. Is it so hard to win love love, happiness by an amiable disposition, obedience by worth, d honour by self-respect? How fair are these woman's rights, how rthy of reverence, how dear to the heart of man when a woman is le to show their worth! These rights are no privilege of years; woman's empire begins with her virtues; her charms are only in e bud, yet she reigns already by the gentleness of her character d the dignity of her modesty. Is there any man so hard-hearted d uncivilised that he does not abate his pride and take heed to his inners with a sweet and virtuous girl of sixteen, who listens but ys little; her bearing is modest, her conversation honest, her auty does not lead her to forget her sex and her youth, her very nidity arouses interest, while she wins for herself the respect iich she shows to others?

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[1] The way of a man in his youth was one of the four things that the sage could not understand; the fifth was the shamelessness of an adulteress. "Quæ comedit, et tergens os suum dicit; non sum operata malum." Prov. xxx. 20.

These external signs are not devoid of meaning; they do not rest tirely upon the charms of sense; they arise from that conviction it we all feel that women are the natural judges of a man's worth. io would be scorned by women? not even he who has ceased to sire their love. And do you suppose that I, who tell them such sh truths, am indifferent to their verdict? Reader, I care more their approval than for yours; you are often more effeminate in they. While I scorn their morals, I will revere their justice; are not though they hate me, if I can compel their esteem.

Vhat great things might be accomplished by their influence if y we could bring it to bear! Alas for the age whose women lose ir ascendancy, and fail to make men respect their judgment! s is the last stage of degradation. Every virtuous nation has wn respect to women. Consider Sparta, Germany, and Rome; me the throne of glory and virtue, if ever they were enthroned earth. The Roman women awarded honour to the deeds of great erals, they mourned in public for the fathers of the country, ir awards and their tears were alike held sacred as the most mn utterance of the Republic. Every great revolution began with the women. Through a woman Rome gained her liberty, through a woman the plebeians won the consulate, through a woman the tyranny of the decemvirs was overthrown; it was the women who saved Rome when besieged by Coriolanus. What would you have said at the sight of this procession, you Frenchmen who pride yourselves on your gallantry, would you not have followed it with shouts of laughter? You and I see things with such different eyes, and perhaps we are both right. Such a procession formed of the fairest beauties of France would be an indecent spectacle; but let it consist of Roman ladies, you will all gaze with the eyes of the Volscians and feel with the heart of Coriolanus.

I will go further and maintain that virtue is no less favourable to love than to other rights of nature, and that it adds as much to the power of the beloved as to that of the wife or mother. There is no real love without enthusiasm, and no enthusiasm without an object of perfection real or supposed, but always present in the imagination. What is there to kindle the hearts of lovers for whom this perfection is nothing, for whom the loved one is merely the means to sensual pleasure? Nay, not thus is the heart kindled, not thus does it abandon itself to those sublime transports which form the rapture of lovers and the charm of love. Love is an illusion, I grant you, but its reality consists in the feelings it awakes, in the love of true beauty which it inspires. That beauty is not to be found in the object of our affections, it is the creation of our illusions. What matter! do we not still sacrifice all those baser feelings to the imaginary model? and we still feed our hearts on the virtues we attribute to the beloved, we still withdraw ourselves from the baseness of human nature. What lover is there who would not give his life for his mistress? What gross and sensual passion is there in a man who is willing to die? We scoff at the knights of old; they knew the meaning of love; we know nothing but debauchery When the teachings of romance began to seem ridiculous, it wa not so much the work of reason as of immorality.

Natural relations remain the same throughout the centuries, thei good or evil effects are unchanged; prejudices, masquerading a reason, can but change their outward seeming; self-mastery, eve at the behest of fantastic opinions, will not cease to be great an good. And the true motives of honour will not fail to appeal t the heart of every woman who is able to seek happiness in life i her woman's duties. To a high-souled woman chastity above a must be a delightful virtue. She sees all the kingdoms of the worl before her and she triumphs over herself and them; she sits enthroned in her own soul and all men do her homage; a few passin struggles are crowned with perpetual glory; she secures the affectio or it may be the envy, she secures in any case the esteem of bot sexes and the universal respect of her own. The loss is fleeting, th gain is permanent. What a joy for a noble heart—the pride virtue combined with beauty. Let her be a heroine of romance; sh will taste delights more exquisite than those of Lais and Cleopatr nd when her beauty is fled, her glory and her joys remain; she lone can enjoy the past.

The harder and more important the duties, the stronger and earer must be the reasons on which they are based. There is a rt of pious talk about the most serious subjects which is dinned vain into the ears of young people. This talk, quite unsuited to eir ideas and the small importance they attach to it in secret, clines them to yield readily to their inclinations, for lack of any asons for resistance drawn from the facts themselves. No doubt girl brought up to goodness and piety has strong weapons against mptation; but one whose heart, or rather her ears, are merely led with the jargon of piety, will certainly fall a prey to the first ilful seducer who attacks her. A young and beautiful girl will ver despise her body, she will never really deplore sins which her auty leads men to commit, she will never lament earnestly in the ht of God that she is an object of desire, she will never be nvinced that the tenderest feeling is an invention of the Evil One. ive her other and more pertinent reasons for her own sake, for ese will have no effect. It will be worse to instil, as is often done, eas which contradict each other, and after having humbled and graded her person and her charms as the stain of sin, to bid her verence that same vile body as the temple of Jesus Christ. Ideas o sublime and too humble are equally ineffective and they cannot th be true. A reason adapted to her age and sex is what is needed. nsiderations of duty are of no effect unless they are combined with me motive for the performance of our duty.

> "Quæ quia non liceat non facit, illa facit."
> OVID, *Amor.* I. iii. eleg. iv.

One would not suspect Ovid of such a harsh judgment.

If you would inspire young people with a love of good conduct oid saying, "Be good;" make it their interest to be good; make em feel the value of goodness and they will love it. It is not ough to show this effect in the distant future, show it now, in the ations of the present, in the character of their lovers. Describe ood man, a man of worth, teach them to recognise him when they him, to love him for their own sake; convince them that such a n alone can make them happy as friend, wife, or mistress. Let son lead the way to virtue; make them feel that the empire of ir sex and all the advantages derived from it depend not merely the right conduct, the morality, of women, but also on that of n; that they have little hold over the vile and base, and that lover is incapable of serving his mistress unless he can do mage to virtue. You may then be sure that when you describe manners of our age you will inspire them with a genuine disgust; en you show them men of fashion they will despise them; you will e them a distaste for their maxims, an aversion to their sentiments, d a scorn for their empty gallantry; you will arouse a nobler bition, to reign over great and strong souls, the ambition of the

Spartan women to rule over men. A bold, shameless, intriguing woman, who can only attract her lovers by coquetry and retain them by her favours, wins a servile obedience in common things; in weighty and important matters she has no influence over them. But the woman who is both virtuous, wise, and charming, she who, in a word, combines love and esteem, can send them at her bidding to the end of the world, to war, to glory, and to death at her behest. This is a fine kingdom and worth the winning.

This is the spirit in which Sophy has been educated, she has been trained carefully rather than strictly, and her taste has been followed rather than thwarted. Let us say just a word about her person, according to the description I have given to Emile and the picture he himself has formed of the wife in whom he hopes to find happiness.

I cannot repeat too often that I am not dealing with prodigies. Emile is no prodigy, neither is Sophy. He is a man and she is a woman; this is all they have to boast of. In the present confusion between the sexes it is almost a miracle to belong to one's own sex.

Sophy is well born and she has a good disposition; she is very warm-hearted, and this warmth of heart sometimes makes her imagination run away with her. Her mind is keen rather than accurate, her temper is pleasant but variable, her person pleasing though nothing out of the common, her countenance bespeaks a soul and it speaks true; you may meet her with indifference, but you will not leave her without emotion. Others possess good qualities which she lacks; others possess her good qualities in a higher degree, but in no one are these qualities better blended to form a happy disposition. She knows how to make the best of her very faults, and if she were more perfect she would be less pleasing.

Sophy is not beautiful; but in her presence men forget the fairer women, and the latter are dissatisfied with themselves. At first sight she is hardly pretty; but the more we see her the prettier she is; she wins where so many lose, and what she wins she keeps Her eyes might be finer, her mouth more beautiful, her stature more imposing; but no one could have a more graceful figure, a finer complexion, a whiter hand, a daintier foot, a sweeter look, and a more expressive countenance. She does not dazzle; she arouses interest she delights us, we know not why.

Sophy is fond of dress, and she knows how to dress; her mothe has no other maid; she has taste enough to dress herself well; bu she hates rich clothes; her own are always simple but elegant. Sh does not like showy but becoming things. She does not know wha colours are fashionable, but she makes no mistake about those tha suit her. No girl seems more simply dressed, but no one could tak more pains over her toilet; no article is selected at random, and ye there is no trace of artificiality. Her dress is very modest in appearance and very coquettish in reality; she does not display her charms she conceals them, but in such a way as to enhance them. When you see her you say, "That is a good modest girl," but while yo are with her, you cannot take your eyes or your thoughts off her and one might say that this very simple adornment is only put on to be removed bit by bit by the imagination.

Sophy has natural gifts; she is aware of them, and they have not been neglected; but never having had a chance of much training she is content to use her pretty voice to sing tastefully and truly; her little feet step lightly, easily, and gracefully, she can always make an easy graceful courtesy. She has had no singing master but her father, no dancing mistress but her mother; a neighbouring organist has given her a few lessons in playing accompaniments on the spinet, and she has improved herself by practice. At first she only wished to show off her hand on the dark keys; then she discovered that the thin clear tone of the spinet made her voice sound sweeter; little by little she recognised the charms of harmony; as she grew older she at last began to enjoy the charms of expression, to love music for its own sake. But she has taste rather than talent; she cannot read a simple air from notes.

Needlework is what Sophy likes best; and the feminine arts have been taught her most carefully, even those you would not expect, such as cutting out and dressmaking. There is nothing she cannot do with her needle, and nothing that she does not take a delight in doing; but lace-making is her favourite occupation, because there is nothing which requires such a pleasing attitude, nothing which calls for such grace and dexterity of finger. She has also studied all the details of housekeeping; she understands cooking and cleaning; she knows the prices of food, and also how to choose it; she can keep accounts accurately, she is her mother's housekeeper. Some day she will be the mother of a family; by managing her father's house she is preparing to manage her own; she can take the place of any of the servants and she is always ready to do so. You cannot give orders unless you can do the work yourself; that is why her mother sets her to do it. Sophy does not think of that; her first duty is to be a good daughter, and that is all she thinks about for the present. Her one idea is to help her mother and relieve her of some of her anxieties. However, she does not like them all equally well. For instance, she likes dainty food, but she does not like cooking; the details of cookery offend her, and things are never clean enough for her. She is extremely sensitive in this respect and carries her sensitiveness to a fault; she would let the whole dinner boil over into the fire rather than soil her cuffs. She has always disliked inspecting the kitchen-garden for the same reason. The soil is dirty, and as soon as she sees the manure heap she fancies there is a disagreeable smell.

This defect is the result of her mother's teaching. According to her, cleanliness is one of the most necessary of a woman's duties, a special duty, of the highest importance and a duty imposed by nature. Nothing could be more revolting than a dirty woman, and a husband who tires of her is not to blame. She insisted so strongly on this duty when Sophy was little, she required such absolute cleanliness in her person, clothing, room, work, and toilet, that use has become habit, till it absorbs one half of her time and controls the other; so that she thinks less of how to do a thing than of how to do it without getting dirty.

Yet this has not degenerated into mere affectation and softness; there is none of the over refinement of luxury. Nothing but clean water enters her room; she knows no perfumes but the scent of flowers, and her husband will never find anything sweeter than her breath. In conclusion, the attention she pays to the outside does not blind her to the fact that time and strength are meant for greater tasks; either she does not know or she despises that exaggerated cleanliness of body which degrades the soul. Sophy is more than clean, she is pure.

I said that Sophy was fond of good things. She was so by nature; but she became temperate by habit and now she is temperate by virtue. Little girls are not to be controlled, as little boys are, to some extent, through their greediness. This tendency may have ill effects on women and it is too dangerous to be left unchecked. When Sophy was little, she did not always return empty handed if she was sent to her mother's cupboard, and she was not quite to be trusted with sweets and sugar-almonds. Her mother caught her, took them from her, punished her, and made her go without her dinner. At last she managed to persuade her that sweets were bad for the teeth, and that over-eating spoiled the figure. Thus Sophy overcame her faults; and when she grew older other tastes distracted her from this low kind of self-indulgence. With awakening feeling greediness ceases to be the ruling passion, both with men and women. Sophy has preserved her feminine tastes; she likes milk and sweets; she likes pastry and made-dishes, but not much meat. She has never tasted wine or spirits; moreover, she eats sparingly; women, who do not work so hard as men, have less waste to repair. In all things she likes what is good, and knows how to appreciate it; but she can also put up with what is not so good, or can go without it.

Sophy's mind is pleasing but not brilliant, and thorough but not deep; it is the sort of mind which calls for no remark, as she never seems cleverer or stupider than oneself. When people talk to her they always find what she says attractive, though it may not be highly ornamental according to modern ideas of an educated woman; her mind has been formed not only by reading, but by conversation with her father and mother, by her own reflections and by her own observations in the little world in which she ha lived. Sophy is naturally merry; as a child she was even giddy but her mother cured her of her silly ways, little by little, les too sudden a change should make her self-conscious. Thus sh became modest and retiring while still a child, and now that she i a child no longer, she finds it easier to continue this conduct than i would have been to acquire it without knowing why. It is amusin to see her occasionally return to her old ways and indulge in childis mirth and then suddenly check herself, with silent lips, downcas yes, and rosy blushes; neither child nor woman, she may well artake of both.

Sophy is too sensitive to be always good humoured, but too entle to let this be really disagreeable to other people; it is only erself who suffers. If you say anything that hurts her she does not ulk, but her heart swells; she tries to run away and cry. In the midst of her tears, at a word from her father or mother she eturns at once laughing and playing, secretly wiping her eyes and rying to stifle her sobs.

Yet she has her whims; if her temper is too much indulged it degenerates into rebellion, and then she forgets herself. But give er time to come round and her way of making you forget her wrongdoing is almost a virtue. If you punish her she is gentle and submissive, and you see that she is more ashamed of the fault than the unishment. If you say nothing, she never fails to make amends, nd she does it so frankly and so readily that you cannot be angry with her. She would kiss the ground before the lowest servant nd would make no fuss about it; and as soon as she is forgiven, ou can see by her delight and her caresses that a load is taken off er heart. In a word, she endures patiently the wrong-doing of thers, and she is eager to atone for her own. This amiability is natural to her sex when unspoiled. Woman is made to submit to man and to endure even injustice at his hands. You will never ring young lads to this; their feelings rise in revolt against injustice; nature has not fitted them to put up with it.

> "Gravem
> Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii."
>
> Horace, lib. i. ode vi.

Sophy's religion is reasonable and simple, with few doctrines and ewer observances; or rather as she knows no course of conduct out the right her whole life is devoted to the service of God and to doing good. In all her parents' teaching of religion she has been rained to a reverent submission; they have often said, "My ittle girl, this is too hard for you; your husband will teach you when you are grown up." Instead of long sermons about piety, hey have been content to preach by their example, and this example s engraved on her heart.

Sophy loves virtue; this love has come to be her ruling passion; he loves virtue because there is nothing fairer in itself, she loves t because it is a woman's glory and because a virtuous woman is ittle lower than the angels; she loves virtue as the only road to eal happiness, because she sees nothing but poverty, neglect, nhappiness, shame, and disgrace in the life of a bad woman; she oves virtue because it is dear to her revered father and to her tender nd worthy mother; they are not content to be happy in their wn virtue, they desire hers; and she finds her chief happiness in he hope of making them happy. All these feelings inspire an nthusiasm which stirs her heart and keeps all its budding passions in subjection to this noble enthusiasm. Sophy will be chaste an good till her dying day; she has vowed it in her secret heart, an not before she knew how hard it would be to keep her vow; sh made this vow at a time when she would have revoked it had sh been the slave of her senses.

Sophy is not so fortunate as to be a charming French woman cold-hearted and vain, who would rather attract attention than giv pleasure, who seeks amusement rather than delight. She suffer from a consuming desire for love; it even disturbs and troubles he heart in the midst of festivities; she has lost her former liveliness and her taste for merry games; far from being afraid of the tedium of solitude she desires it. Her thoughts go out to him who wil make solitude sweet to her. She finds strangers tedious, she want a lover, not a circle of admirers. She would rather give pleasure t one good man than be a general favourite, or win that applause o society which lasts but a day and to-morrow is turned to scorn.

A woman's judgment develops sooner than a man's; being on the defensive from her childhood up, and intrusted with a treasure s hard to keep, she is earlier acquainted with good and evil. Soph is precocious by temperament in everything, and her judgment i more formed than that of most girls of her age. There is nothin strange in that, maturity is not always reached at the same age.

Sophy has been taught the duties and rights of her own sex an of ours. She knows men's faults and women's vices; she als knows their corresponding good qualities and virtues, and has them by heart. No one can have a higher ideal of a virtuous woman but she would rather think of a virtuous man, a man of true worth she knows that she is made for such a man, that she is worthy o him, that she can make him as happy as he will make her; she i sure she will know him when she sees him; the difficulty is t find him.

Women are by nature judges of a man's worth, as he is of theirs this right is reciprocal, and it is recognised as such both by men an women. Sophy recognises this right and exercises it, but with th modesty becoming her youth, her inexperience, and her position she confines her judgment to what she knows, and she only forms a opinion when it may help to illustrate some useful precept. Sh is extremely careful what she says about those who are absent particularly if they are women. She thinks that talking about eac other makes women spiteful and satirical; so long as they only tal about men they are merely just. So Sophy stops there. As t women she never says anything at all about them, except to te the good she knows; she thinks this is only fair to her sex; and i she knows no good of any woman, she says nothing, and that i enough.

Sophy has little knowledge of society, but she is observant an obliging, and all that she does is full of grace. A happy dispositio does more for her than much art. She has a certain courtesy her own, which is not dependent on fashion, and does not chang with its changes; it is not a matter of custom, but it arises from a feminine desire to please. She is unacquainted with the language of empty compliment, nor does she invent more elaborate compliments of her own; she does not say that she is greatly obliged, that you do her too much honour, that you should not take so much trouble, etc. Still less does she try to make phrases of her own. She responds to an attention or a customary piece of politeness by a courtesy or a mere "Thank you;" but this phrase in her mouth is quite enough. If you do her a real service, she lets her heart speak, and its words are no empty compliment. She has never allowed French manners to make her a slave to appearances; when she goes from one room to another she does not take the arm of an old gentleman, whom she would much rather help. When a scented op offers her this empty attention, she leaves him on the staircase and rushes into the room saying that she is not lame. Indeed, she will never wear high heels though she is not tall; her feet are small enough to dispense with them.

Not only does she adopt a silent and respectful attitude towards women, but also towards married men, or those who are much older han herself; she will never take her place above them, unless ompelled to do so; and she will return to her own lower place as oon as she can; for she knows that the rights of age take precedence of those of sex, as age is presumably wiser than youth, and wisdom should be held in the greatest honour.

With young folks of her own age it is another matter; she requires a different manner to gain their respect, and she knows how to adopt it without dropping the modest ways which become her. If they themselves are shy and modest, she will gladly preserve the friendly familiarity of youth; their innocent conversation will be merry but suitable; if they become serious they must say something useful; if they become silly, she soon puts a stop to it, for she has an utter contempt for the jargon of gallantry, which she considers an insult to her sex. She feels sure that the man she seeks does not speak that jargon, and she will never permit in another what would be displeasing to her in him whose character is engraved on her heart. Her high opinion of the rights of women, her pride in the purity of her feelings, that active virtue which is the basis of her self-respect, make her indignant at the sentimental speeches intended for her amusement. She does not receive them with open anger, but with a disconcerting irony or an unexpected iness. If a fair Apollo displays his charms, and makes use of his wit in the praise of her wit, her beauty, and her grace; at the risk of offending him she is quite capable of saying politely, "Sir, I am afraid I know that better than you; if we have nothing more interesting to talk about, I think we may put an end to this conversation." To say this with a deep courtesy, and then to withdraw to a considerable distance, is the work of a moment. Ask your lady-killers if it is easy to continue to babble to such an unsympathetic ear.

It is not that she is not fond of praise if it is really sincere, and if she thinks you believe what you say. You must show that you appreciate her merit if you would have her believe you. Her proud spirit may take pleasure in homage which is based upon esteem, but empty compliments are always rejected; Sophy was not meant to practise the small arts of the dancing-girl.

With a judgment so mature, and a mind like that of a woman of twenty, Sophy, at fifteen, is no longer treated as a child by her parents. No sooner do they perceive the first signs of youthful disquiet than they hasten to anticipate its development, their conversations with her are wise and tender. These wise and tender conversations are in keeping with her age and disposition. If her disposition is what I fancy why should not her father speak to her somewhat after this fashion?

"You are a big girl now, Sophy, you will soon be a woman. We want you to be happy, for our own sakes as well as yours, for our happiness depends on yours. A good girl finds her own happines in the happiness of a good man, so we must consider your marriage; we must think of it in good time, for marriage makes or mars our whole life, and we cannot have too much time to consider it.

"There is nothing so hard to choose as a good husband, unles it is a good wife. You will be that rare creature, Sophy, you wil be the crown of our life and the blessing of our declining years: but however worthy you are, there are worthier people upon earth. There is no one who would not do himself honour by marriage with you; there are many who would do you even greater honour than themselves. Among these we must try to find one who suits you, we must get to know him and introduce you to him.

"The greatest possible happiness in marriage depends on so many points of agreement that it is folly to expect to secure them all. We must first consider the more important matters; if others are to be found along with them, so much the better; if not we mus do without them. Perfect happiness is not to be found in thi world, but we can, at least, avoid the worst form of unhappiness, that for which ourselves are to blame.

"There is a natural suitability, there is a suitability of establishe usage, and a suitability which is merely conventional. Parent should decide as to the two latters, and the children themselve should decide as to the former. Marriages arranged by parent only depend on a suitability of custom and convention; it is no two people who are united, but two positions and two properties but these things may change, the people remain, they are alway there; and in spite of fortune it is the personal relation that make a happy or an unhappy marriage.

"Your mother had rank, I had wealth; this was all that ou parents considered in arranging our marriage. I lost my money, sh lost her position; forgotten by her family, what good did it do her t be a lady born? In the midst of our misfortunes, the union of ou hearts has outweighed them all; the similarity of our tastes led us t hoose this retreat; we live happily in our poverty, we are all in ll to each other. Sophy is a treasure we hold in common, and we hank Heaven which has bestowed this treasure and deprived us f all others. You see, my child, whither we have been led by Providence; the conventional motives which brought about our narriage no longer exist, our happiness consists in that natural uitability which was held of no account.

"Husband and wife should choose each other. A mutual liking hould be the first bond between them. They should follow the uidance of their own eyes and hearts; when they are married heir first duty will be to love one another, and as love and hatred lo not depend on ourselves, this duty brings another with it, and hey must begin to love each other before marriage. That is the law f nature, and no power can abrogate it; those who have fettered t by so many legal restrictions have given heed rather to the outvard show of order than to the happiness of marriage or the morals f the citizen. You see, my dear Sophy, we do not preach a harsh norality. It tends to make you your own mistress and to make is leave the choice of your husband to yourself.

"When we have told you our reasons for giving you full liberty, t is only fair to speak of your reasons for making a wise use of that iberty. My child, you are good and sensible, upright and pious, ou have the accomplishments of a good woman and you are not ltogether without charms; but you are poor; you have the gifts nost worthy of esteem, but not those which are most esteemed. Do not seek what is beyond your reach, and let your ambition be ontrolled, not by your ideas or ours, but by the opinion of others. f it were merely a question of equal merits, I know not what limits o impose on your hopes; but do not let your ambitions outrun our fortune, and remember it is very small. Although a man vorthy of you would not consider this inequality an obstacle, you nust do what he would not do; Sophy must follow her mother's xample and only enter a family which counts it an honour to receive er. You never saw our wealth, you were born in our poverty; you nake it sweet for us, and you share it without hardship. Believe ne, Sophy, do not seek those good things we indeed thank heaven or having taken from us; we did not know what happiness was ill we lost our money.

"You are so amiable that you will win affection, and you are ot so poor as to be a burden. You will be sought in marriage, it nay be by those who are unworthy of you. If they showed themelves in their true colours, you would rate them at their real value; ll their outward show would not long deceive you; but though our judgment is good and you know what merit is when you see , you are inexperienced and you do not know how people can onceal their real selves. A skilful knave might study your tastes n order to seduce you, and make a pretence of those virtues which e does not possess. You would be ruined, Sophy, before you new what you were doing, and you would only perceive your error when you had cause to lament it. The most dangerous snare, the only snare which reason cannot avoid, is that of the senses; if ever you have the misfortune to fall into its toils, you will perceive nothing but fancies and illusions; your eyes will be fascinated, your judgment troubled, your will corrupted, your very error will be dear to you, and even if you were able to perceive it you would not be willing to escape from it. My child, I trust you to Sophy's own reason; I do not trust you to the fancies of your own heart. Judge for yourself so long as your heart is untouched, but when you love betake yourself to your mother's care.

I propose a treaty between us which shows our esteem for you, and restores the order of nature between us. Parents choose a husband for their daughter and she is only consulted as a matter of form; that is the custom. We shall do just the opposite; you will choose, and we shall be consulted. Use your right, Sophy, use it freely and wisely. The husband suitable for you should be chosen by you not us. But it is for us to judge whether he is really suitable, or whether, without knowing it, you are only following your own wishes. Birth, wealth, position, conventional opinions will count for nothing with us. Choose a good man whose person and character suit you; whatever he may be in other respects, we will accept him as our son-in-law. He will be rich enough if he has bodily strength, a good character, and family affection. His position will be good enough if it is ennobled by virtue. If everybody blames us, we do not care. We do not seek the approbation of men, but your happiness."

I cannot tell my readers what effect such words would have upon girls brought up in their fashion. As for Sophy, she will have no words to reply; shame and emotion will not permit her to express herself easily; but I am sure that what was said will remain engraved upon her heart as long as she lives, and that if any human resolution may be trusted, we may rely on her determination to deserve her parent's esteem.

At worst let us suppose her endowed with an ardent disposition which will make her impatient of long delays; I maintain that her judgment, her knowledge, her taste, her refinement, and, above all, the sentiments in which she has been brought up from childhood, will outweigh the impetuosity of the senses, and enable her to offer a prolonged resistance, if not to overcome them altogether. She would rather die a virgin martyr than distress her parents by marrying a worthless man and exposing herself to the unhappiness of an ill-assorted marriage. Ardent as an Italian and sentimental as an Englishwoman, she has a curb upon heart and sense in the pride of a Spaniard, who even when she seeks a lover does not easily discover one worthy of her.

Not every one can realise the motive power to be found in a love of what is right, nor the inner strength which results from a genuine love of virtue. There are men who think that all greatness is a figment of the brain, men who with their vile and degraded reason ill never recognise the power over human passions which is wielded the very madness of virtue. You can only teach such men by amples; if they persist in denying their existence, so much the orse for them. If I told them that Sophy is no imaginary person, at her name alone is my invention, that her education, her nduct, her character, her very features, really existed, and that her ss is still mourned by a very worthy family, they would, no doubt, fuse to believe me; but indeed why should I not venture to relate ord for word the story of a girl so like Sophy that this story might hers without surprising any one. Believe it or no, it is all the me to me; call my history fiction if you will; in any case I have plained my method and furthered my purpose.

This young girl with the temperament which I have attributed Sophy was so like her in other respects that she was worthy of e name, and so we will continue to use it. After the conversation lated above, her father and mother thought that suitable husbands ould not be likely to offer themselves in the hamlet where they ed; so they decided to send her to spend the winter in town, der the care of an aunt who was privately acquainted with the ject of the journey; for Sophy's heart throbbed with noble pride the thought of her self-control; and however much she might nt to marry, she would rather have died a maid than have brought rself to go in search of a husband.

In response to her parents' wishes her aunt introduced her to her ends, took her into company, both private and public, showed r society, or rather showed her in society, for Sophy paid little ed to its bustle. Yet it was plain that she did not shrink from ung men of pleasing appearance and modest seemly behaviour. er very shyness had a charm of its own, which was very much like quetry; but after talking to them once or twice she repulsed them. e soon exchanged that air of authority which seems to accept n's homage for a humbler bearing and a still more chilling liteness. Always watchful over her conduct, she gave them chance of doing her the least service; it was perfectly plain that was determined not to accept any one of them.

Never did sensitive heart take pleasure in noisy amusements, empty and barren delights of those who have no feelings, those o think that a merry life is a happy life. Sophy did not find at she sought, and she felt sure she never would, so she got tired the town. She loved her parents dearly and nothing made up for ir absence, nothing could make her forget them; she went home g before the time fixed for the end of her visit.

Scarcely had she resumed her home duties when they perceived t her temper had changed though her conduct was unaltered, was forgetful, impatient, sad, and dreamy; she wept in secret. first they thought she was in love and was ashamed to own it; y spoke to her, but she repudiated the idea. She protested she l seen no one who could touch her heart, and Sophy always ke the truth.

Yet her languor steadily increased, and her health began to give way. Her mother was anxious about her, and determined to know the reason for this change. She took her aside, and with the winning speech and the irresistible caresses which only a mother can employ, she said, "My child, whom I have borne beneath my heart, whom I bear ever in my affection, confide your secret to your mother's bosom. What secrets are these which a mother may not know? Who pities your sufferings, who shares them who would gladly relieve them, if not your father and myself Ah, my child! would you have me die of grief for your sorrow without letting me share it?"

Far from hiding her griefs from her mother, the young girl asked nothing better than to have her as friend and comforter; but she could not speak for shame, her modesty could find no words to describe a condition so unworthy of her, as the emotion which disturbed her senses in spite of all her efforts. At length her very shame gave her mother a clue to her difficulty, and she drew from her the humiliating confession. Far from distressing her with reproaches or unjust blame, she consoled her, pitied her, wept over her; she was too wise to make a crime of an evil which virtue alone made so cruel. But why put up with such an evil when there was no necessity to do so, when the remedy was so easy and so legitimate Why did she not use the freedom they had granted her? Why did she not take a husband? Why did she not make her choice? Di she not know that she was perfectly independent in this matter that whatever her choice, it would be approved, for it was sure t be good? They had sent her to town, but she would not stay many suitors had offered themselves, but she would have none o them. What did she expect? What did she want? What a inexplicable contradiction?

The reply was simple. If it were only a question of the partne of her youth, her choice would soon be made; but a master for lif is not so easily chosen; and since the two cannot be separated people must often wait and sacrifice their youth before they fin the man with whom they could spend their life. Such was Sophy' case; she wanted a lover, but this lover must be her husband and to discover a heart such as she required, a lover and husban were equally difficult to find. All these dashing young men wer only her equals in age, in everything else they were found lacking their empty wit, their vanity, their affectations of speech, their il regulated conduct, their frivolous imitations alike disgusted he She sought a man and she found monkeys; she sought a soul an there was none to be found.

"How unhappy I am!" said she to her mother; "I am compelle to love and yet I am dissatisfied with every one. My heart rejec every one who appeals to my senses. Every one of them stirs m passions and all alike revolt them; a liking unaccompanied b respect cannot last. That is not the sort of man for your Sophy the delightful image of her ideal is too deeply graven in her hear he can love no other; she can make no one happy but him, and ie cannot be happy without him. She would rather consume erself in ceaseless conflicts, she would rather die free and wretched, ian driven desperate by the company of a man she did not love, man she would make as unhappy as herself; she would rather die ian live to suffer.”

Amazed at these strange ideas, her mother found them so peculiar iat she could not fail to suspect some mystery. Sophy was neither ffected nor absurd. How could such exaggerated delicacy exist one who had been so carefully taught from her childhood to lapt herself to those with whom she must live, and to make a rtue of necessity? This ideal of the delightful man with which ie was so enchanted, who appeared so often in her conversation, ade her mother suspect that there was some foundation for her iprices which was still unknown to her, and that Sophy had not ld her all. The unhappy girl, overwhelmed with her secret grief, as only too eager to confide it to another. Her mother urged her speak; she hesitated, she yielded, and leaving the room without word, she presently returned with a book in her hand. “Have ty on your unhappy daughter, there is no remedy for her grief, r tears cannot be dried. You would know the cause: well, here is,” said she, flinging the book on the table. Her mother took the ook and opened it; it was *The Adventures of Telemachus.* At first ie could make nothing of this riddle; by dint of questions and igue replies, she discovered to her great surprise that her daughter as the rival of Eucharis.

Sophy was in love with Telemachus, and loved him with a passion hich nothing could cure. When her father and mother became ware of her infatuation, they laughed at it and tried to cure her y reasoning with her. They were mistaken, reason was not together on their side; Sophy had her own reason and knew how use it. Many a time did she reduce them to silence by turning eir own arguments against them, by showing them that it was all eir own fault for not having trained her to suit the men of that ntury; that she would be compelled to adopt her husband's ay of thinking or he must adopt hers, that they had made the rmer course impossible by the way she had been brought up, and at the latter was just what she wanted. “Give me,” said she, a man who holds the same opinions as I do, or one who will be lling to learn them from me, and I will marry him; but until en, why do you scold me? Pity me; I am miserable, but not ad. Is the heart controlled by the will? Did my father not ask at very question? Is it my fault if I love what has no existence? am no visionary; I desire no prince, I seek no Telemachus, I iow he is only an imaginary person; I seek some one like him. nd why should there be no such person, since there is such a person I, I who feel that my heart is like his? No, let us not wrong imanity so greatly, let us not think that an amiable and virtuous an is a figment of the imagination. He exists, he lives, perhaps he is seeking me; he is seeking a soul which is capable of love for him. But who is he, where is he? I know not; he is not among those I have seen; and no doubt I shall never see him. Oh! mother, why did you make virtue too attractive? If I can love nothing less, you are more to blame than I."

Must I continue this sad story to its close? Must I describe the long struggles which preceded it? Must I show an impatient mother exchanging her former caresses for severity? Must I paint an angry father forgetting his former promises, and treating the most virtuous of daughters as a mad woman? Must I portray the unhappy girl, more than ever devoted to her imaginary hero, because of the persecution brought upon her by that devotion, drawing nearer step by step to her death, and descending into the grave when they were about to force her to the altar? No; I will not dwell upon these gloomy scenes; I have no need to go so far to show, by what I consider a sufficiently striking example, that in spite of the prejudices arising from the manners of our age, the enthusiasm for the good and the beautiful is no more foreign to women than to men, and that there is nothing which, under nature's guidance, cannot be obtained from them as well as from us.

You stop me here to inquire whether it is nature which teaches us to take such pains to repress our immoderate desires. No, I reply, but neither is it nature who gives us these immoderate desires Now, all that is not from nature is contrary to nature, as I have proved again and again.

Let us give Emile his Sophy; let us restore this sweet girl to life and provide her with a less vivid imagination and a happier fate. I desired to paint an ordinary woman, but by endowing her with a great soul, I have disturbed her reason. I have gone astray. Let us retrace our steps. Sophy has only a good disposition and an ordinary heart; her education is responsible for everything in which she excels other women.

In this book I intended to describe all that might be done and to leave every one free to choose what he could out of all the good things I described. I meant to train a helpmeet for Emile, from the very first, and to educate them for each other and with each other. But on consideration I thought all these premature arrangements undesirable, for it was absurd to plan the marriage of two children before I could tell whether this union was in accordance with nature and whether they were really suited to each other; We must not confuse what is suitable in a state of savagery with what is suitable in civilised life. In the former, any woman will suit any man, for both are still in their primitive and undifferentiated condition; in the latter, all their characteristics have been developed by social institutions, and each mind, having taken its own settled form, not from education alone, but by the co-operation, more or less well-regulated, of natural disposition and education, we can only make a match by introducing them to each other to see if they suit each other in every respect, or at least we can let them make that choice which gives the most promise of mutual suitability.

The difficulty is this: while social life develops character it differentiates classes, and these two classifications do not correspond, so that the greater the social distinctions, the greater the difficulty of finding the corresponding character. Hence we have ill-assorted marriages and all their accompanying evils; and we ind that it follows logically that the further we get from equality, the greater the change in our natural feelings; the wider the distance between great and small, the looser the marriage tie; the deeper the gulf between rich and poor the fewer husbands and athers. Neither master nor slave belongs to a family, but only to a class.

If you would guard against these abuses, and secure happy marriages, you must stifle your prejudices, forget human institutions, and consult nature. Do not join together those who are only alike n one given condition, those who will not suit one another if that condition is changed; but those who are adapted to one another n every situation, in every country, and in every rank in which they may be placed. I do not say that conventional considerations are of no importance in marriage, but I do say that the influence of natural relations is so much more important, that our fate in life s decided by them alone, and that there is such an agreement of aste, temper, feeling, and disposition as should induce a wise father, hough he were a prince, to marry his son, without a moment's hesitation, to the woman so adapted to him, were she born in a ad home, were she even the hangman's daughter. I maintain ndeed that every possible misfortune may overtake husband and wife if they are thus united, yet they will enjoy more real happiness while they mingle their tears, than if they possessed all the riches of the world, poisoned by divided hearts.

Instead of providing a wife for Emile in childhood, I have waited ll I knew what would suit him. It is not for me to decide, but or nature; my task is to discover the choice she has made. My usiness, mine I repeat, not his father's; for when he entrusted his on to my care, he gave up his place to me. He gave me his rights; is I who am really Emile's father; it is I who have made a man of im. I would have refused to educate him if I were not free to marry him according to his own choice, which is mine. Nothing ut the pleasure of bestowing happiness on a man can repay me or the cost of making him capable of happiness.

Do not suppose, however, that I have delayed to find a wife for Emile till I sent him in search of her. This search is only a pretext or acquainting him with women, so that he may perceive the value a suitable wife. Sophy was discovered long since; Emile may ven have seen her already, but he will not recognise her till the time come.

Although equality of rank is not essential in marriage, yet this quality along with other kinds of suitability increases their value;

it is not to be weighed against any one of them, but, other things being equal, it turns the scale.

A man, unless he is a king, cannot seek a wife in any and every class; if he himself is free from prejudices, he will find them in others; and this girl or that might perhaps suit him and yet she would be beyond his reach. A wise father will therefore restrict his inquiries within the bounds of prudence. He should not wish to marry his pupil into a family above his own, for that is not within his power. If he could do so he ought not desire it; for what difference does rank make to a young man, at least to my pupil? Yet, if he rises he is exposed to all sorts of real evils which he will feel all his life long. I even say that he should not try to adjust the balance between different gifts, such as rank and money; for each of these adds less to the value of the other than the amount deducted from its own value in the process of adjustment; moreover, we can never agree as to a common denominator; and finally the preference, which each feels for his own surroundings, paves the way for discord between the two families and often to difficulties between husband and wife.

It makes a considerable difference as to the suitability of a marriage whether a man marries above or beneath him. The former case is quite contrary to reason, the latter is more in conformity with reason. As the family is only connected with society through its head, it is the rank of that head which decides that of the family as a whole. When he marries into a lower rank, a man does not lower himself, he raises his wife; if, on the other hand, he marries above his position, he lowers his wife and does not raise himself. Thus there is in the first case good unmixed with evil, in the other evil unmixed with good. Moreover, the law of nature bids the woman obey the man. If he takes a wife from a lower class, natural and civil law are in accordance and all goes well. When he marries a woman of higher rank it is just the opposite case; the man must choose between diminished rights or imperfect gratitude; he must be ungrateful or despised. Then the wife, laying claim to authority, makes herself a tyrant over her lawful head; and the master, who has become a slave, is the most ridiculous and miserable of creatures. Such are the unhappy favourites whom the sovereigns of Asia honour and torment with their alliance; people tell us that if they desire to sleep with their wife they must enter by the foot of the bed.

I expect that many of my readers will remember that I think women have a natural gift for managing men, and will accuse me of contradicting myself; yet they are mistaken. There is a vast difference between claiming the right to command, and managing him who commands. Woman's reign is a reign of gentleness, tact, and kindness; her commands are caresses, her threats are tears. She should reign in the home as a minister reigns in the state, by contriving to be ordered to do what she wants. In this sense, I grant you, that the best managed homes are those where the wife has most power. But when she despises the voice of her head, when she desires to usurp his rights and take the command upon herself, this inversion of the proper order of things leads only to misery, scandal, and dishonour.

There remains the choice between our equals and our inferiors; and I think we ought also to make certain restrictions with regard to the latter; for it is hard to find in the lowest stratum of society a woman who is able to make a good man happy; not that the lower classes are more vicious than the higher, but because they have so little idea of what is good and beautiful, and because the injustice of other classes makes its very vices seem right in the eyes of this class.

By nature man thinks but seldom. He learns to think as he acquires the other arts, but with even greater difficulty. In both sexes alike I am only aware of two really distinct classes, those who think and those who do not; and this difference is almost entirely one of education. A man who thinks should not ally himself with a woman who does not think, for he loses the chief delight of social life if he has a wife who cannot share his thoughts. People who spend their whole life in working for a living have no ideas beyond their work and their own interests, and their mind seems to reside in their arms. This ignorance is not necessarily unfavourable either to their honesty or their morals; it is often favourable; we often content ourselves with thinking about our duties, and in the end we substitute words for things. Conscience is the most enlightened philosopher; to be an honest man we need not read Cicero's *De Officiis*, and the most virtuous woman in the world is probably she who knows least about virtue. But it is none the less true that a cultivated mind alone makes intercourse pleasant, and it is a sad thing for a father of a family, who delights in his home, to be forced to shut himself up in himself and to be unable to make himself understood.

Moreover, if a woman is quite unaccustomed to think, how can she bring up her children? How will she know what is good for them? How can she incline them to virtues of which she is ignorant, to merit of which she has no conception? She can only flatter or threaten, she can only make them insolent or timid; she will make them performing monkeys or noisy little rascals; she will never make them intelligent or pleasing children.

Therefore it is not fitting that a man of education should choose a wife who has none, or take her from a class where she cannot be expected to have any education. But I would a thousand times rather have a homely girl, simply brought up, than a learned lady and a wit who would make a literary circle of my house and instal herself as its president. A female wit is a scourge to her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, to everybody. From the lofty height of her genius she scorns every womanly duty, and she is always trying to make a man of herself after the fashion of Mlle. de L'Enclos. Outside her home she always makes herself ridiculous and she is very rightly a butt for criticism, as we always are when we try to escape from our own position into one for which we are unfitted. These highly talented women only get a hold over fools. We can always tell what artist or friend holds the pen or pencil when they are at work; we know what discreet man of letters dictates their oracles in private. This trickery is unworthy of a decent woman. If she really had talents, her pretentiousness would degrade them. Her honour is to be unknown; her glory is the respect of her husband; her joys the happiness of her family. I appeal to my readers to give me an honest answer; when you enter a woman's room what makes you think more highly of her, what makes you address her with more respect—to see her busy with feminine ocupations, with her household duties, with her children's clothes about her, or to find her writing verses at her toilet table surrounded with pamphlets of every kind and with notes on tinted paper? If there were none but wise men upon earth such a woman would die an old maid.

> "Quæris cur nolim te ducere, galla? diserta es."
>
> MARTIAL xi. 20.

Looks must next be considered; they are the first thing that strikes us and they ought to be the last, still they should not count for nothing. I think that great beauty is rather to be shunned than sought after in marriage. Possession soon exhausts our appreciation of beauty; in six weeks' time we think no more about it, but its dangers endure as long as life itself. Unless a beautiful woman is an angel, her husband is the most miserable of men; and even if she were an angel he would still be the centre of a hostile crowd and she could not prevent it. If extreme ugliness were not repulsive I should prefer it to extreme beauty; for before very long the husband would cease to notice either, but beauty would still have its disadvantages and ugliness its advantages. But ugliness which is actually repulsive is the worst misfortune; repulsion increases rather than diminishes, and it turns to hatred. Such a union is a hell upon earth; better death than such a marriage.

Desire mediocrity in all things, even in beauty. A pleasant attractive countenance, which inspires kindly feelings rather than love, is what we should prefer; the husband runs no risk, and the advantages are common to husband and wife; charm is less perishable than beauty; it is a living thing, which constantly renews itself, and after thirty years of married life, the charms of a good woman delight her husband even as they did on the wedding-day.

Such are the considerations which decided my choice of Sophy. Brought up, like Emile, by Nature, she is better suited to him than any other; she will be his true mate. She is his equal in birth and character, his inferior in fortune. She makes no great impression at first sight, but day by day reveals fresh charms. Her chief influence only takes effect gradually, it is only discovered in friendly tercourse; and her husband will feel it more than any one. Her ucation is neither showy nor neglected; she has taste without ep study, talent without art, judgment without learning. Her ind knows little, but it is trained to learn; it is well-tilled soil ady for the sower. She has read no book but *Barème* , and *lemachus* which happened to fall into her hands; but no girl io can feel so passionately towards Telemachus can have a heart thout feeling or a mind without discernment. What charming norance! Happy is he who is destined to be her tutor. She will t be her husband's teacher but his scholar; far from seeking to ntrol his tastes, she will share them. She will suit him far better an a blue-stocking and he will have the pleasure of teaching her erything. It is time they made acquaintance; let us try to plan meeting.

When we left Paris we were sorrowful and wrapped in thought. is Babel is not our home. Emile casts a scornful glance towards great city, saying angrily, " What a time we have wasted; the de of my heart is not there. My friend, you knew it, but you nk nothing of my time, and you pay no heed to my sufferings." ith steady look and firm voice I reply, " Emile, do you mean what u say?" At once he flings his arms round my neck and clasps to his breast without speaking. That is his answer when he ows he is in the wrong.

And now we are wandering through the country like true knights-ant; yet we are not seeking adventures when we leave Paris; are escaping from them; now fast now slow, we wander ough the country like knights-errants. By following my usual actice the taste for it has become established; and I do not pose any of my readers are such slaves of custom as to picture us zing in a post-chaise with closed windows, travelling, yet seeing thing, observing nothing, making the time between our start and arrival a mere blank, and losing in the speed of our journey, time we meant to save.

Men say life is short, and I see them doing their best to shorten it. they do not know how to spend their time they lament the swift-s of its flight, and I perceive that for them it goes only too slowly. ent merely on the object of their pursuit, they behold unwillingly space between them and it; one desires to-morrow, another ks a month ahead, another ten years beyond that. No one wants live to-day, no one contents himself with the present hour, all nplain that it passes slowly. When they complain that time s, they lie; they would gladly purchase the power to hasten it; y would gladly spend their fortune to get rid of their whole life; l there is probably not a single one who would not have reduced life to a few hours if he had been free to get rid of those hours found tedious, and those which separated him from the desired ment. A man spends his whole life rushing from Paris to sailles, from Versailles to Paris, from town to country, from ntry to town, from one district of the town to another; but he would not know what to do with his time if he had not discovered this way of wasting it, by leaving his business on purpose to find something to do in coming back to it; he thinks he is saving the time he spends, which would otherwise be unoccupied; or maybe he rushes for the sake of rushing, and travels post in order to return in the same fashion. When will mankind cease to slander nature Why do you complain that life is short when it is never short enough for you? If there were but one of you, able to moderate his desires so that he did not desire the flight of time, he would never find life too short; for him life and the joy of life would be one and the same; should he die young, he would still die full of days.

If this were the only advantage of my way of travelling it would be enough. I have brought Emile up neither to desire nor to wait but to enjoy; and when his desires are bent upon the future, thei ardour is not so great as to make time seem tedious. He will no only enjoy the delights of longing, but the delights of approaching the object of his desires; and his passions are under such restrain that he lives to a great extent in the present.

So we do not travel like couriers but like explorers. We do no merely consider the beginning and the end, but the space between The journey itself is a delight. We do not travel sitting, dismally imprisoned, so to speak, in a tightly closed cage. We do not trave with the ease and comfort of ladies. We do not deprive ourselve of the fresh air, nor the sight of the things about us, nor the opportunity of examining them at our pleasure. Emile will never ente a post-chaise, nor will he ride post unless in a great hurry. Bu what cause has Emile for haste? None but the joy of life. Sha I add to this the desire to do good when he can? No, for that i itself one of the joys of life.

I can only think of one way of travelling pleasanter than travellin on horseback, and that is to travel on foot. You start at your ow time, you stop when you will, you do as much or as little as yo choose. You see the country, you turn off to the right or left; yo examine anything which interests you, you stop to admire every view. Do I see a stream, I wander by its banks; a leafy wood, seek its shade; a cave, I enter it; a quarry, I study its geology If I like a place, I stop there. As soon as I am weary of it, I go on I am independent of horses and postillions; I need not stick t regular routes or good roads; I go anywhere where a man can go I see all that a man can see; and as I am quite independent o everybody, I enjoy all the freedom man can enjoy. If I am stoppe by bad weather and I find myself getting bored, then I take horse If I am tired—but Emile is hardly ever tired; he is strong; wh should he get tired? There is no hurry? If he stops, why shoul he be bored? He always finds some amusement. He works at trade; he uses his arms to rest his feet.

To travel on foot is to travel in the fashion of Thales, Plato, an Pythagoras. I find it hard to understand how a philosopher ca bring himself to travel in any other way; how he can tear himse om the study of the wealth which lies before his eyes and beneath s feet. Is there any one with an interest in agriculture, who does ɔt want to know the special products of the district through which is passing, and their method of cultivation? Is there any one ith a taste for natural history, who can pass a piece of ground ithout examining it, a rock without breaking off a piece of it, lls without looking for plants, and stones without seeking for ssils?

Your town-bred scientists study natural history in cabinets; ey have small specimens; they know their names but nothing of eir nature. Emile's museum is richer than that of kings; it is e whole world. Everything is in its right place; the Naturalist ho is its curator has taken care to arrange it in the fairest order; auberton could do no better.

What varied pleasures we enjoy in this delightful way of travelling, ɔt to speak of increasing health and a cheerful spirit. I notice at those who ride in nice, well-padded carriages are always rapped in thought, gloomy, fault-finding, or sick; while those who on foot are always merry, light-hearted, and delighted with everying. How cheerful we are when we get near our lodging for the ght! How savoury is the coarse food! How we linger at table joying our rest! How soundly we sleep on a hard bed! If you ly want to get to a place you may ride in a post-chaise; if you ant to travel you must go on foot.

If Sophy is not forgotten before we have gone fifty leagues in e way I propose, either I am a bungler or Emile lacks curiosity; r with an elementary knowledge of so many things, it is hardly be supposed that he will not be tempted to extend his knowledge. is knowledge that makes us curious; and Emile knows just ough to want to know more.

One thing leads on to another, and we make our way forward. I chose a distant object for the end of our first journey, it is not ficult to find an excuse for it; when we leave Paris we must seek vife at a distance.

A few days later we had wandered further than usual among hills d valleys where no road was to be seen and we lost our way mpletely. No matter, all roads are alike if they bring you to ur journey's end, but if you are hungry they must lead somewhere. ckily we came across a peasant who took us to his cottage; we joyed his poor dinner with a hearty appetite. When he saw how ngry and tired we were he said, "If the Lord had led you to the ıer side of the hill you would have had a better welcome, you uld have found a good resting place, such good, kindly people! ey could not wish to do more for you than I, but they are richer, ɔugh folks say they used to be much better off. Still they are reduced to poverty, and the whole country-side is the better for at they have."

When Emile heard of these good people his heart warmed to m. "My friend," said he, looking at me, "let us visit this house, whose owners are a blessing to the district; I shall be very glad to see them; perhaps they will be pleased to see us too; I am sure we shall be welcome; we shall just suit each other."

Our host told us how to find our way to the house and we set off, but lost our way in the woods. We were caught in a heavy rainstorm, which delayed us further. At last we found the right path and in the evening we reached the house, which had been described to us. It was the only house among the cottages of the little hamlet, and though plain it had an air of dignity. We went up to the door and asked for hospitality. We were taken to the owner of the house, who questioned us courteously; without telling him the object of our journey, we told him why we had left our path. His former wealth enabled him to judge a man's position by his manners those who have lived in society are rarely mistaken; with this passport we were admitted.

The room we were shown into was very small, but clean and comfortable; a fire was lighted, and we found linen, clothes, and everything we needed. "Why," said Emile, in astonishment, "one would think they were expecting us. The peasant was quite right how kind and attentive, how considerate, and for strangers too I shall think I am living in the times of Homer." "I am glad you feel this," said I, "but you need not be surprised; where strangers are scarce, they are welcome; nothing makes people more hospitable than the fact that calls upon their hospitality are rare; when guests are frequent there is an end to hospitality. In Homer's time, people rarely travelled, and travellers were everywhere welcome. Very likely we are the only people who have passed this way this year." "Never mind," said he, "to know how to do without guests and yet to give them a kind welcome, is its own praise."

Having dried ourselves and changed our clothes, we rejoined the master of the house, who introduced us to his wife; she received us not merely with courtesy but with kindness. Her glance rested on Emile. A mother, in her position, rarely receives a young man into her house without some anxiety or some curiosity at least.

Supper was hurried forward on our account. When we went into the dining-room there were five places laid; we took our seats and the fifth chair remained empty. Presently a young girl entered made a deep courtesy, and modestly took her place without a word Emile was busy with his supper or considering how to reply to what was said to him; he bowed to her and continued talking and eating The main object of his journey was as far from his thoughts as he believed himself to be from the end of his journey. The conversation turned upon our losing our way. "Sir," said the master of the house to Emile, "you seem to be a pleasant well-behaved young gentleman, and that reminds me that your tutor and you arrived wet and weary like Telemachus and Mentor in the island of Calypso." "Indeed," said Emile, "we have found the hospitality of Calypso." His Mentor added, "And the charms of Eucharis."

ut Emile knew the *Odyssey* and he had not read *Telemachus*, so e knew nothing of Eucharis. As for the young girl, I saw she lushed up to her eyebrows, fixed her eyes on her plate, and hardly ared to breathe. Her mother, noticing her confusion, made a gn to her father to turn the conversation. When he talked of his nely life, he unconsciously began to relate the circumstances which rought him into it; his misfortunes, his wife's fidelity, the con-lations they found in their marriage, their quiet, peaceful life in ieir retirement, and all this without a word of the young girl; it a pleasing and a touching story, which cannot fail to interest. mile, interested and sympathetic, leaves off eating and listens. hen finally this best of men discourses with delight of the affection the best of women, the young traveller, carried away by his elings, stretches one hand to the husband, and taking the wife's and with the other, he kisses it rapturously and bathes it with his ars. Everybody is charmed with the simple enthusiasm of the ung man; but the daughter, more deeply touched than the rest this evidence of his kindly heart, is reminded of Telemachus eeping for the woes of Philoctetus. She looks at him shyly, the tter to study his countenance; there is nothing in it to give the to her comparison.

His easy bearing shows freedom without pride; his manners are ely but not boisterous; sympathy makes his glance softer and his pression more pleasing; the young girl, seeing him weep, is ready mingle her tears with his. With so good an excuse for tears, she restrained by a secret shame; she blames herself already for the ars which tremble on her eyelids, as though it were wrong to weep r one's family.

Her mother, who has been watching her ever since she sat down supper, sees her distress, and to relieve it she sends her on some rand. The daughter returns directly, but so little recovered at her distress is apparent to all. Her mother says gently, Sophy, control yourself; will you never cease to weep for the isfortunes of your parents? Why should you, who are their chief mfort, be more sensitive than they are themselves?"

At the name of Sophy you would have seen Emile give a start. is attention is arrested by this dear name, and he awakes all at ce and looks eagerly at one who dares to bear it. Sophy! e you the Sophy whom my heart is seeking? Is it you that I e? He looks at her; he watches her with a sort of fear and f-distrust. The face is not quite what he pictured; he cannot tell ether he likes it more or less. He studies every feature, he tches every movement, every gesture; he has a hundred fleeting erpretations for them all; he would give half his life if she would t speak. He looks at me anxiously and uneasily; his eyes are l of questions and reproaches. His every glance seems to say, uide me while there is yet time; if my heart yields itself and is ceived, I shall never get over it."

There is no one in the world less able to conceal his feelings than

Emile. How should he conceal them, in the midst of the greatest disturbance he has ever experienced, and under the eyes of four spectators who are all watching him, while she who seems to heed him least is really most occupied with him. His uneasiness does not escape the keen eyes of Sophy; his own eyes tell her that she is its cause; she sees that this uneasiness is not yet love; what matter? He is thinking of her, and that is enough; she will be very unlucky if he thinks of her with impunity.

Mothers, like daughters, have eyes; and they have experience too. Sophy's mother smiles at the success of our schemes. She reads the hearts of the young people; she sees that the time has come to secure the heart of this new Telemachus; she makes her daughter speak. Her daughter, with her native sweetness, replies in a timid tone which makes all the more impression. At the first sound of her voice, Emile surrenders; it is Sophy herself; there can be no doubt about it. If it were not so, it would be too late to deny it.

The charms of this maiden enchantress rush like torrents through his heart, and he begins to drain the draughts of poison with which he is intoxicated. He says nothing; questions pass unheeded; he sees only Sophy, he hears only Sophy; if she says a word, he opens his mouth; if her eyes are cast down, so are his; if he sees her sigh, he sighs too; it is Sophy's heart which seems to speak in his. What a change have these few moments wrought in her heart! It is no longer her turn to tremble, it is Emile's. Farewell liberty, simplicity, frankness. Confused, embarrassed, fearful, he dare not look about him for fear he should see that we are watching him. Ashamed that we should read his secret, he would fain become invisible to every one, that he might feed in secret on the sight of Sophy. Sophy, on the other hand, regains her confidence at the sight of Emile's fear; she sees her triumph and rejoices in it.

> "No'l mostra già, ben che in suo cor ne rida."
>
> TASSO, *Jerus. Del.*, c. iv. v. 33.

Her expression remains unchanged; but in spite of her modest look and downcast eyes, her tender heart is throbbing with joy, and it tells her that she has found Telemachus.

If I relate the plain and simple tale of their innocent affections you will accuse me of frivolity, but you will be mistaken. Sufficient attention is not given to the effect which the first connection between man and woman is bound to produce on the future life of both. People do not see that a first impression so vivid as that of love, or the liking which takes the place of love, produces lasting effects whose influence continues till death. Works on education are crammed with wordy and unnecessary accounts of the imaginary duties of children; but there is not a word about the most important and most difficult part of their education, the crisis which forms the bridge between the child and the man. If any part of this work is really useful, it will be because I have dwelt at great length on this matter, so essential in itself and so neglected by other uthors, and because I have not allowed myself to be discouraged ther by false delicacy or by the difficulties of expression. The ory of human nature is a fair romance. Am I to blame if it is ot found elsewhere? I am trying to write the history of mankind. my book is a romance, the fault lies with those who deprave ankind.

This is supported by another reason; we are not dealing with a outh given over from childhood to fear, greed, envy, pride, and all ose passions which are the common tools of the schoolmaster; e have to do with a youth who is not only in love for the first time, ut with one who is also experiencing his first passion of any kind; ery likely it will be the only strong passion he will ever know, and pon it depends the final formation of his character. His mode of ought, his feelings, his tastes, determined by a lasting passion, e about to become so fixed that they will be incapable of further ange.

You will easily understand that Emile and I do not spend the hole of the night which follows after such an evening in sleep. hy! Do you mean to tell me that a wise man should be so uch affected by a mere coincidence of name! Is there only one phy in the world? Are they all alike in heart and in name? every Sophy he meets his Sophy? Is he mad to fall in love ith a person of whom he knows so little, with whom he has scarcely changed a couple of words? Wait, young man; examine, observe. ou do not even know who our hosts may be, and to hear you talk e would think the house was your own.

This is no time for teaching, and what I say will receive scant tention. It only serves to stimulate Emile to further interest in phy, through his desire to find reasons for his fancy. The un- pected coincidence in the name, the meeting which, so far as he ows, was quite accidental, my very caution itself, only serve as el to the fire. He is so convinced already of Sophy's excellence, at he feels sure he can make me fond of her.

Next morning I have no doubt Emile will make himself as smart his old travelling suit permits. I am not mistaken; but I am nused to see how eager he is to wear the clean linen put out for us. now his thoughts, and I am delighted to see that he is trying to ablish a means of intercourse, through the return and exchange the linen; so that he may have a right to return it and so pay other visit to the house.

I expected to find Sophy rather more carefully dressed too; but was mistaken. Such common coquetry is all very well for those o merely desire to please. The coquetry of true love is a more licate matter; it has quite another end in view. Sophy is dressed, possible, more simply than last night, though as usual her frock exquisitely clean. The only sign of coquetry is her self-conscious- ss. She knows that an elaborate toilet is a sign of love, but she es not know that a careless toilet is another of its signs; it shows desire to be liked not merely for one's clothes but for oneself.

What does a lover care for her clothes if he knows she is thinking of him? Sophy is already sure of her power over Emile, and she is not content to delight his eyes if his heart is not hers also; he must not only perceive her charms, he must divine them; has he not seen enough to guess the rest?

We may take it for granted that while Emile and I were talking last night, Sophy and her mother were not silent; a confession was made and instructions given. The morning's meeting is not unprepared. Twelve hours ago our young people had never met; they have never said a word to each other; but it is clear that there is already an understanding between them. Their greeting is formal, confused, timid; they say nothing, their downcast eyes seem to avoid each other, but that is in itself a sign that they understand, they avoid each other with one consent; they already feel the need of concealment, though not a word has been uttered. When we depart we ask leave to come again to return the borrowed clothes in person, Emile's words are addressed to the father and mother, but his eyes seek Sophy's, and his looks are more eloquent than his words. Sophy says nothing by word or gesture; she seems deaf and blind, but she blushes, and that blush is an answer even plainer than that of her parents.

We receive permission to come again, though we are not invited to stay. This is only fitting; you offer shelter to benighted travellers, but a lover does not sleep in the house of his mistress.

We have hardly left the beloved abode before Emile is thinking of taking rooms in the neighbourhood; the nearest cottage seems too far; he would like to sleep in the next ditch. "You young fool!" I said in a tone of pity, "are you already blinded by passion? Have you no regard for manners or for reason? Wretched youth, you call yourself a lover and you would bring disgrace upon her you love! What would people say of her if they knew that a young man who has been staying at her house was sleeping close by? You say you love her! Would you ruin her reputation? Is that the price you offer for her parents' hospitality? Would you bring disgrace on her who will one day make you the happiest of men?" "Why should we trouble ourselves about the empty words and unjust suspicions of other people?" said he eagerly. "Have you not taught me yourself to make light of them? Who knows better than I how greatly I honour Sophy, what respect I desire to show her? My attachment will not cause her shame, it will be her glory it shall be worthy of her. If my heart and my actions continually give her the homage she deserves, what harm can I do her?" "Dear Emile," I said, as I clasped him to my heart, "you are thinking of yourself alone; learn to think for her too. Do not compare the honour of one sex with that of the other, they rest on different foundations. These foundations are equally firm and right, because they are both laid by nature, and that same virtue which makes you scorn what men say about yourself, binds you to respect what they say of her you love. Your honour is in your own keeping r honour depends on others. To neglect it is to wound your own nour, and you fail in what is due to yourself if you do not give r the respect she deserves.

Then while I explain the reasons for this difference, I make him alise how wrong it would be to pay no attention to it. Who can y if he will really be Sophy's husband? He does not know how she els towards him; her own heart or her parents' will may already ve formed other engagements; he knows nothing of her, perhaps ere are none of those grounds of suitability which make a happy arriage. Is he not aware that the least breath of scandal with gard to a young girl is an indelible stain, which not even marriage th him who has caused the scandal can efface? What man of eling would ruin the woman he loves? What man of honour uld desire that a miserable woman should for ever lament the isfortune of having found favour in his eyes?

Always prone to extremes, the youth takes alarm at the con- quences which I have compelled him to consider, and now he inks that he cannot be too far from Sophy's home; he hastens steps to get further from it; he glances round to make sure that one is listening; he would sacrifice his own happiness a thousand nes to the honour of her whom he loves; he would rather never her again than cause her the least unpleasantness. This is first result of the pains I have taken ever since he was a child make him capable of affection.

We must therefore seek a lodging at a distance, but not too far. look about us, we make inquiries; we find that there is a town least two leagues away. We try and find lodgings in this town, her than in the nearer villages, where our presence might give to suspicion. It is there that the new lover takes up his abode, l of love, hope, joy, above all full of right feeling. In this way, uide his rising passion towards all that is honourable and good, that his inclinations unconsciously follow the same bent.

My course is drawing to a close; the end is in view. All the ef difficulties are vanquished, the chief obstacles overcome; the dest thing left to do is to refrain from spoiling my work by lue haste to complete it. Amid the uncertainty of human life, us shun that false prudence which seeks to sacrifice the present the future; what is, is too often sacrificed to what will never be. us make man happy at every age lest in spite of our care he uld die without knowing the meaning of happiness. Now if there time to enjoy life, it is undoubtedly the close of adolescence, en the powers of mind and body have reached their greatest ength, and when man in the midst of his course is furthest from se two extremes which tell him "Life is short." If the im- dence of youth deceives itself it is not in its desire for enjoyment, because it seeks enjoyment where it is not to be found, and lays misery for the future, while unable to enjoy the present.

onsider my Emile over twenty years of age, well formed, well eloped in mind and body, strong, healthy, active, skilful, robust, full of sense, reason, kindness, humanity, possessed of good morals and good taste, loving what is beautiful, doing what is good, free from the sway of fierce passions, released from the tyranny of popular prejudices, but subject to the law of wisdom, and easily guided by the voice of a friend; gifted with so many useful and pleasant accomplishments, caring little for wealth, able to earn a living with his own hands, and not afraid of want, whatever may come. Behold him in the intoxication of a growing passion; his heart opens to the first beams of love; its pleasant fancies reveal to him a whole world of new delights and enjoyments; he loves a sweet woman, whose character is even more delightful than her person; he hopes, he expects the reward which he deserves.

Their first attachment took its rise in mutual affection, in community of honourable feelings; therefore this affection is lasting. It abandons itself, with confidence, with reason, to the most delightful madness, without fear, regret, remorse, or any other disturbing thought, but that which is inseparable from all happiness. What lacks there yet? Behold, inquire, imagine what still is lacking, that can be combined with present joys. Every happiness which can exist in combination is already present; nothing could be added without taking away from what there is; he is as happy as man can be. Shall I choose this time to cut short so sweet a period? Shall I disturb such pure enjoyment? The happiness he enjoys is my life's reward. What could I give that could outweigh what I should take away? Even if I set the crown to his happiness I should destroy its greatest charm. That supreme joy is a hundredfold greater in anticipation than in possession; its savour is greater while we wait for it than when it is ours. O worthy Emile! love and be loved! prolong your enjoyment before it is yours; rejoice in your love and in your innocence, find your paradise upon earth, while you await your heaven. I shall not cut short this happy period of life. I will draw out its enchantments, I will prolong them as far as possible. Alas! it must come to an end and that soon; but it shall at least linger in your memory, and you will never repent of its joys.

Emile has not forgotten that we have something to return. As soon as the things are ready, we take horse and set off at a great pace, for on this occasion he is anxious to get there. When the heart opens the door to passion, it becomes conscious of the slow flight of time. If my time has not been wasted he will not spend his life like this.

Unluckily the road is intricate and the country difficult. We lose our way; he is the first to notice it, and without losing his temper and without grumbling, he devotes his whole attention to discovering the path; he wanders for a long time before he knows where he is and always with the same self-control. You think nothing of that; but I think it a matter of great importance, for I know how eager he is; I see the results of the care I have taken from his infancy to harden him to endure the blows of necessity.

We are there at last! Our reception is much simpler and more iendly than on the previous occasion; we are already old acquaint- ices. Emile and Sophy bow shyly and say nothing; what can ey say in our presence? What they wish to say requires no ectators. We walk in the garden; a well-kept kitchen-garden kes the place of flower-beds, the park is an orchard full of fine ll fruit trees of every kind, divided by pretty streams and borders ll of flowers. "What a lovely place!" exclaims Emile, still think- g of his Homer, and still full of enthusiasm, "I could fancy myself the garden of Alcinous." The daughter wishes she knew who cinous was; her mother asks. "Alcinous," I tell them, "was a ng of Corcyra. Homer describes his garden and the critics think it o simple and unadorned.[1] This Alcinous had a charming daughter o dreamed the night before her father received a stranger at his ard that she would soon have a husband." Sophy, taken un- vares, blushed, hung her head, and bit her lips; no one could be ore confused. Her father, who was enjoying her confusion, added at the young princess bent herself to wash the linen in the river. Do you think," said he, "she would have scorned to touch the ty clothes, saying, that they smelt of grease?" Sophy, touched to e quick, forgot her natural timidity and defended herself eagerly. er papa knew very well all the smaller things would have had no her laundress if she had been allowed to wash them, and she would dly have done more had she been set to do it.[2] Meanwhile she tched me secretly with such anxiety that I could not suppress a ile, while I read the terrors of her simple heart which urged her speak. Her father was cruel enough to continue this foolish sport, asking her, in jest, why she spoke on her own behalf and what d she in common with the daughter of Alcinous. Trembling and amed she dared hardly breathe or look at us. Charming girl! is is no time for feigning, you have shown your true feelings in te of yourself.

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" 'When you leave the palace you enter a vast garden, four acres in ent, walled in on every side, planted with tall trees in blossom, and lding pears, pomegranates, and other goodly fruits, fig-trees with their cious burden and green olives. All the year round these fair trees are vy with fruit; summer and winter the soft breath of the west wind ays the trees and ripens the fruit. Pears and apples wither on the nches, the fig on the fig-tree, and the clusters of grapes on the vine. The xhaustible stock bears fresh grapes, some are baked, some are spread out the threshing floor to dry, others are made into wine, while flowers, r grapes, and those which are beginning to wither are left upon the tree. either end is a square garden filled with flowers which bloom through- the year; these gardens are adorned by two fountains, one of these eams waters the garden, the other passes through the palace and is n taken to a lofty tower in the town to provide drinking water for its zens.' Such is the description of the royal garden of Alcinous in the book of the *Odyssey;* a garden in which, to the lasting disgrace of t old dreamer Homer and the princes of his day, there were neither lises, statues, cascades, nor bowling-greens."

I own I feel grateful to Sophy's mother for not letting her spoil such tty hands with soap, hands which Emile will kiss so often.

To all appearance this little scene is soon forgotten; luckily fo Sophy, Emile, at least, is unaware of it. We continue our walk the young people at first keeping close beside us; but they find i hard to adapt themselves to our slower pace, and presently they ar a little in front of us, they are walking side by side, they begin t talk, and before long they are a good way ahead. Sophy seems t be listening quietly, Emile is talking and gesticulating vigorously they seem to find their conversation interesting. When we tur homewards a full hour later, we call them to us and they retur slowly enough now, and we can see they are making good use of thei time. Their conversation ceases suddenly before they come withi earshot, and they hurry up to us. Emile meets us with a fran affectionate expression; his eyes are sparkling with joy; yet he look anxiously at Sophy's mother to see how she takes it. Sophy i not nearly so much at her ease; as she approaches us she seem covered with confusion at finding herself *tête-à-tête* with a young man, though she has met so many other young men frankly enough and without being found fault with for it. She runs up to her mother somewhat out of breath, and makes some trivial remark, as if t pretend she had been with her for some time.

From the happy expression of these dear children we see that thi conversation has taken a load off their hearts. They are no les reticent in their intercourse, but their reticence is less embarrassing it is only due to Emile's reverence and Sophy's modesty, to the goodness of both. Emile ventures to say a few words to her, she ventures to reply, but she always looks at her mother before she dares to answer. The most remarkable change is in her attitud towards me. She shows me the greatest respect, she watches m with interest, she takes pains to please me; I see that I am honoured with her esteem, and that she is not indifferent to mine. I understand that Emile has been talking to her about me; you might sa they have been scheming to win me over to their side; yet it is no so, and Sophy herself is not so easily won. Perhaps Emile will hav more need of my influence with her than of hers with me. What charming pair! When I consider that the tender love of my youn friend has brought my name so prominently into his first conversation with his lady-love, I enjoy the reward of all my trouble his affection is a sufficient recompense.

Our visit is repeated. There are frequent conversations betwee the young people. Emile is madly in love and thinks that hi happiness is within his grasp. Yet he does not succeed in winnin any formal avowal from Sophy; she listens to what he says an answers nothing. Emile knows how modest she is, and is no surprised at her reticence; he feels sure that she likes him; he know that parents decide whom their daughters shall marry; he suppose that Sophy is awaiting her parents' commands; he asks her permission to speak to them, and she makes no objection. He talk to me and I speak on his behalf and in his presence. He is immensel surprised to hear that Sophy is her own mistress, that his happines pends on her alone. He begins to be puzzled by her conduct. is less self-confident, he takes alarm, he sees that he has not ade so much progress as he expected, and then it is that his love peals to her in the tenderest and most moving language.

Emile is not the sort of man to guess what is the matter; if no e told him he would never discover it as long as he lived, and phy is too proud to tell him. What she considers obstacles, hers would call advantages. She has not forgotten her parents' aching. She is poor; Emile is rich; so much she knows. He ust win her esteem; his deserts must be great indeed to remove is inequality. But how should he perceive these obstacles? Emile aware that he is rich? Has he ever condescended to quire? Thank heaven, he has no need of riches, he can do good thout their aid. The good he does comes from his heart, not his rse. He gives the wretched his time, his care, his affection, nself; and when he reckons up what he has done, he hardly dares mention the money spent on the poor.

As he does not know what to make of his disgrace, he thinks it his own fault; for who would venture to accuse the adored one caprice. The shame of humiliation adds to the pangs of dis- pointed love. He no longer approaches Sophy with that pleasant nfidence of his own worth; he is shy and timid in her presence. no longer hopes to win her affections, but to gain her pity. metimes he loses patience and is almost angry with her. Sophy ms to guess his angry feelings and she looks at him. Her glance enough to disarm and terrify him; he is more submissive than used to be.

isturbed by this stubborn resistance, this invincible silence, pours out his heart to his friend. He shares with him the pangs a heart devoured by sorrow; he implores his help and counsel. ow mysterious it is, how hard to understand! She takes an erest in me, that I am sure; far from avoiding me she is pleased see me; when I come she shows signs of pleasure, when I go she ws regret; she receives my attentions kindly, my services seem give her pleasure, she condescends to give me her advice and n her commands. Yet she rejects my requests and my prayers. en I venture to speak of marriage, she bids me be silent; if I say ord, she leaves me at once. Why on earth should she wish me be hers but refuse to be mine? She respects and loves you, and will not dare to refuse to listen to you. Speak to her, make her wer. Come to your friend's help, and put the coping stone to you have done for him; do not let him fall a victim to your care! ou fail to secure his happiness, your own teaching will have been cause of his misery."

speak to Sophy, and have no difficulty in getting her to confide secret to me, a secret which was known to me already. It is so easy to get permission to tell Emile; but at last she gives me e and I tell him what is the matter. He cannot get over his prise at this explanation. He cannot understand this delicacy;

he cannot see how a few pounds more or less can affect his character or his deserts. When I get him to see their effect on people's prejudices he begins to laugh; he is so wild with delight that he wants to be off at once to tear up his title deeds and renounce his money, so as to have the honour of being as poor as Sophy, and to return worthy to be her husband.

"Why," said I, trying to check him, and laughing in my turn at his impetuosity, "will this young head never grow any older? Having dabbled all your life in philosophy, will you never learn to reason? Do not you see that your wild scheme would only make things worse, and Sophy more obstinate? It is a small superiority to be rather richer than she, but to give up all for her would be a very great superiority; if her pride cannot bear to be under the small obligation, how will she make up her mind to the greater? If she cannot bear to think that her husband might taunt her with the fact that he has enriched her, would she permit him to blame her for having brought him to poverty? Wretched boy, beware lest she suspects you of such a plan! On the contrary, be careful and economical for her sake, lest she should accuse you of trying to gain her by cunning, by sacrificing of your own free will what you are really wasting through carelessness.

"Do you really think that she is afraid of wealth, and that she is opposed to great possessions in themselves? No, dear Emile; there are more serious and substantial grounds for her opinion, in the effect produced by wealth on its possessor. She knows that those who are possessed of fortune's gifts are apt to place them first. The rich always put wealth before merit. When services are reckoned against silver, the latter always outweighs the former, and those who have spent their life in their master's service are considered his debtors for the very bread they eat. What must you do, Emile, to calm her fears? Let her get to know you better; that is not done in a day. Show her the treasures of your heart, to counterbalance the wealth which is unfortunately yours. Time and constancy will overcome her resistance; let your great and noble feelings make her forget your wealth. Love her, serve her, serve her worthy parents. Convince her that these attentions are not the result of a foolish fleeting passion, but of settled principles engraved upon your heart. Show them the honour deserved by worth when exposed to the buffets of Fortune; that is the only way to reconcile it with that worth which basks in her smiles."

The transports of joy experienced by the young man at these words may easily be imagined; they restore confidence and hope, his good heart rejoices to do something to please Sophy, which he would have done if there had been no such person, or if he had not been in love with her. However little his character has been understood, anybody can see how he would behave under such circumstances.

Here am I, the confidant of these two young people and the mediator of their affection. What a fine task for a tutor! So fine at never in all my life have I stood so high in my own eyes, nor lt so pleased with myself. Moreover, this duty is not without its arms. I am not unwelcome in the home; it is my business to e that the lovers behave themselves; Emile, ever afraid of offend-g me, was never so docile. The little lady herself overwhelms me ith a kindness which does not deceive me, and of which I only take y proper share. This is her way of making up for her severity wards Emile. For his sake she bestows on me a hundred tender resses, though she would die rather than bestow them on him; d he, knowing that I would never stand in his way, is delighted at I should get on so well with her. If she refuses his arm when e are out walking, he consoles himself with the thought that she s taken mine. He makes way for me without a murmur, he asps my hand, and voice and look alike whisper, "My friend, ead for me!" and his eyes follow us with interest; he tries to read r feelings in our faces, and to interpret our conversation by our stures; he knows that everything we are saying concerns him. ear Sophy, how frank and easy you are when you can talk to entor without being overheard by Telemachus. How freely and lightfully you permit him to read what is passing in your tender tle heart! How delighted you are to show him how you esteem s pupil! How cunningly and appealingly you allow him to vine still tenderer sentiments. With what a pretence of anger u dismiss Emile when his impatience leads him to interrupt you? ith what pretty vexation you reproach his indiscretion when he mes and prevents you saying something to his credit, or listening what I say about him, or finding in my words some new excuse love him!

Having got so far as to be tolerated as an acknowledged lover, nile takes full advantage of his position; he speaks, he urges, he plores, he demands. Hard words or ill treatment make no ference, provided he gets a hearing. At length Sophy is per-ded, though with some difficulty, to assume the authority of a rothed, to decide what he shall do, to command instead of to ask, accept instead of to thank, to control the frequency and the urs of his visits, to forbid him to come till such a day or to stay ond such an hour. This is not done in play, but in earnest, and t was hard to induce her to accept these rights, she uses them sternly that Emile is often ready to regret that he gave them to . But whatever her commands, they are obeyed without stion, and often when at her bidding he is about to leave her, glances at me his eyes full of delight, as if to say, "You see she taken possession of me." Yet unknown to him, Sophy, with her pride, is observing him closely, and she is smiling to herself he pride of her slave.

h that I had the brush of an Alban or a Raphael to paint their s, or the pen of the divine Milton to describe the pleasures of and innocence! Not so; let such hollow arts shrink back re the sacred truth of nature. In tenderness and pureness of heart let your imagination freely trace the raptures of these youn lovers, who under the eyes of parents and tutor, abandon themselve to their blissful illusions; in the intoxication of passion they ar advancing step by step to its consummation; with flowers an garlands they are weaving the bonds which are to bind them till death do part. I am carried away by this succession of pictures I am so happy that I cannot group them in any sort of order o scheme; any one with a heart in his breast can paint the charmin picture for himself and realise the different experiences of father mother, daughter, tutor, and pupil, and the part played by each an all in the union of the most delightful couple whom love and virtu have ever led to happiness.

Now that he is really eager to please, Emile begins to feel the valu of the accomplishments he has acquired. Sophy is fond of singing he sings with her; he does more, he teaches her music. She is livel and light of foot, she loves skipping; he dances with her, he perfect and develops her untrained movements into the steps of the dance These lessons, enlivened by the gayest mirth, are quite delightfu they melt the timid respect of love; a lover may enjoy teachin his betrothed—he has a right to be her teacher.

There is an old spinet quite out of order. Emile mends and tune it; he is a maker and mender of musical instruments as well as carpenter; it has always been his rule to learn to do everythin he can for himself. The house is picturesquely situated and h makes several sketches of it, in some of which Sophy does her share and she hangs them in her father's study. The frames are no gilded, nor do they require gilding. When she sees Emile drawing she draws too, and improves her own drawing; she cultivates a her talents, and her grace gives a charm to all she does. Her fathe and mother recall the days of their wealth, when they find themselve surrounded by the works of art which alone gave value to wealth the whole house is adorned by love; love alone has enthrone among them, without cost or effort, the very same pleasures whic were gathered together in former days by dint of toil and money.

As the idolater gives what he loves best to the shrine of the objec of his worship, so the lover is not content to see perfection in hi mistress; he must be ever trying to add to her adornment. Sh does not need it for his pleasure, it is he who needs the pleasure giving, it is a fresh homage to be rendered to her, a fresh pleasur in the joy of beholding her. Everything of beauty seems to fin its place only as an accessory to the supreme beauty. It is bot touching and amusing to see Emile eager to teach Sophy ever thing he knows, without asking whether she wants to learn it whether it is suitable for her. He talks about all sorts of thing and explains them to her with boyish eagerness; he thinks he ha only to speak and she will understand; he looks forward to arguin and discussing philosophy with her; everything he cannot displa before her is so much useless learning; he is quite ashamed knowing more than she.

So he gives her lessons in philosophy, physics, mathematics, story, and everything else. Sophy is delighted to share his thusiasm and to try and profit by it. How pleased Emile is when can get leave to give these lessons on his knees before her! He inks the heavens are open. Yet this position, more trying to ıpil than to teacher, is hardly favourable to study. It is not easy know where to look, to avoid meeting the eyes which follow our vn, and if they meet so much the worse for the lesson.

Women are no strangers to the art of thinking, but they should ly skim the surface of logic and metaphysics. Sophy under- ands readily, but she soon forgets. She makes most progress in e moral sciences and æsthetics; as to physical science she retains me vague idea of the general laws and order of this world. Some- nes in the course of their walks, the spectacle of the wonders of ture bids them not fear to raise their pure and innocent hearts nature's God; they are not afraid of His presence, and they ur out their hearts before him.

What! Two young lovers spending their time together talking of igion! Have they nothing better to do than to say their techism! What profit is there in the attempt to degrade what noble? Yes, no doubt they are saying their catechism in their lightful land of romance; they are perfect in each other's eyes; ey love one another, they talk eagerly of all that makes virtue rth having. Their sacrifices to virtue make her all the dearer to em. Their struggles after self-control draw from them tears rer than the dew of heaven, and these sweet tears are the joy of ; no human heart has ever experienced a sweeter intoxication. eir very renunciation adds to their happiness, and their sacrifices rease their self-respect. Sensual men, bodies without souls, ne day they will know your pleasures, and all their life long they l recall with regret the happy days when they refused the cup of asure.

n spite of this good understanding, differences and even quarrels ur from time to time; the lady has her whims, the lover has a hot per; but these passing showers are soon over and only serve strengthen their union. Emile learns by experience not to ach too much importance to them, he always gains more by reconciliation than he lost by the quarrel. The results of the t difference made him expect a like result from all; he was taken, but even if he does not make any appreciable step forward, has always the satisfaction of finding Sophy's genuine concern his affection more firmly established. "What advantage is this im?" you would ask. I will gladly tell you; all the more gladly ause it will give me an opportunity to establish clearly a very ortant principle, and to combat a very deadly one.

mile is in love, but he is not presuming; and you will easily erstand that the dignified Sophy is not the sort of girl to allow kind of familiarity. Yet virtue has its bounds like everything , and she is rather to be blamed for her severity than for indulgence; even her father himself is sometimes afraid lest her lofty pride should degenerate into a haughty spirit. When most alone, Emile dare not ask for the slightest favour, he must not even seem to desire it; and if she is gracious enough to take his arm when they are out walking, a favour which she will never permit him to claim as a right, it is only occasionally that he dare venture with a sigh to press her hand to his heart. However, after a long period of self-restraint, he ventured secretly to kiss the hem of her dress, and several times he was lucky enough to find her willing at least to pretend she was not aware of it. One day he attempts to take the same privilege rather more openly, and Sophy takes it into her head to be greatly offended. He persists, she gets angry and speaks sharply to him; Emile will not put up with this without reply; the rest of the day is given over to sulks, and they part in a very ill temper.

Sophy is ill at ease; her mother is her confidant in all things, how can she keep this from her? It is their first misunderstanding, and the misunderstanding of an hour is such a serious business. She is sorry for what she has done, she has her mother's permission and her father's commands to make reparation.

The next day Emile returns somewhat earlier than usual and in a state of some anxiety. Sophy is in her mother's dressing-room and her father is also present. Emile enters respectfully but gloomily. Scarcely have her parents greeted him than Sophy turns round and holding out her hand asks him in an affectionate tone how he is. That pretty hand is clearly held out to be kissed; he takes it but does not kiss it. Sophy, rather ashamed of herself, withdraws her hand as best she may. Emile, who is not used to a woman's whims, and does not know how far caprice may be carried, does not forget so easily or make friends again all at once. Sophy's father, seeing her confusion, completes her discomfiture by his jokes. The poor girl, confused and ashamed, does not know what to do with herself and would gladly have a good cry. The more she tries to control herself the worse she feels; at last a tear escapes in spite of all she can do to prevent it. Emile, seeing this tear, rushes towards her, falls on his knees, takes her hand and kisses it again and again with the greatest devotion. "My word, you are too kind to her," says her father, laughing; "if I were you, I should deal more severely with these follies, I should punish the mouth that wronged me." Emboldened by these words, Emile turns a suppliant eye towards her mother, and thinking she is not unwilling, he tremblingly approaches Sophy's face; she turns away her head, and to save her mouth she exposes a blushing cheek. The daring young man is not content with this; there is no great resistance. What a kiss, if it were not taken under her mother's eyes. Have a care, Sophy, in your severity; he will be ready enough to try to kiss your dress if only you will sometimes say "No."

After this exemplary punishment, Sophy's father goes about his business, and her mother makes some excuse for sending her out of the room; then she speaks to Emile very seriously. "Sir," she ys, " I think a young man so well born and well bred as yourself, man of feeling and character, would never reward with dishonour ie confidence reposed in him by the friendship of this family. I n neither prudish nor over strict; I know how to make excuses r youthful folly, and what I have permitted in my own presence sufficient proof of this. Consult your friend as to your own duty, e will tell you there is all the difference in the world between the layful kisses sanctioned by the presence of father and mother, nd the same freedom taken in their absence and in betrayal of their onfidence, a freedom which makes a snare of the very favours hich in the parents' presence were wholly innocent. He will tell ou, sir, that my daughter is only to blame for not having perceived om the first what she ought never to have permitted; he will tell ou that every favour, taken as such, is a favour, and that it is nworthy of a man of honour to take advantage of a young girl's nocence, to usurp in private the same freedom which she may ermit in the presence of others. For good manners teach us what permitted in public; but we do not know what a man will permit himself in private, if he makes himself the sole judge of his onduct."

After this well-deserved rebuke, addressed rather to me than to y pupil, the good mother leaves us, and I am amazed by her rare rudence, in thinking it a little thing that Emile should kiss her aughter's lips in her presence, while fearing lest he should venture kiss her dress when they are alone. When I consider the folly of orldly maxims, whereby real purity is continually sacrificed to show of propriety, I understand why speech becomes more refined hile the heart becomes more corrupt, and why etiquette is stricter hile those who conform to it are most immoral.

While I am trying to convince Emile's heart with regard to these uties which I ought to have instilled into him sooner, a new idea ccurs to me, an idea which perhaps does Sophy all the more credit, ough I shall take care not to tell her lover; this so-called pride, r which she has been censured, is clearly only a very wise pre- ution to protect her from herself. Being aware that, unfor- nately, her own temperament is inflammable, she dreads the least park, and keeps out of reach so far as she can. Her sternness is ie not to pride but to humility. She assumes a control over Emile ecause she doubts her control of herself; she turns the one against e other. If she had more confidence in herself she would be much ss haughty. With this exception is there anywhere on earth a ntler, sweeter girl? Is there any who endures an affront with eater patience, any who is more afraid of annoying others? Is ere any with less pretension, except in the matter of virtue? oreover, she is not proud of her virtue, she is only proud in order preserve her virtue, and if she can follow the guidance of her heart ithout danger, she caresses her lover himself. But her wise other does not confide all this even to her father; men should not ear everything.

Far from seeming proud of her conquest, Sophy has grown more friendly and less exacting towards everybody, except perhaps the one person who has wrought this change. Her noble heart no longer swells with the feeling of independence. She triumphs modestly over a victory gained at the price of her freedom. Her bearing is more restrained, her speech more timid, since she has begun to blush at the word " lover "; but contentment may be seen beneath her outward confusion and this very shame is not painful. This change is most noticeable in her behaviour towards the young men she meets. Now that she has ceased to be afraid of them, much of her extreme reserve has disappeared. Now that her choice is made, she does not hesitate to be gracious to those to whom she is quite indifferent; taking no more interest in them, she is less difficult to please, and she always finds them pleasant enough for people who are of no importance to her.

If true love were capable of coquetry, I should fancy I saw traces of it in the way Sophy behaves towards other young men in her lover's presence. One would say that not content with the ardent passion she inspires by a mixture of shyness and caresses, she is not sorry to rouse this passion by a little anxiety; one would say that when she is purposely amusing her young guests she means to torment Emile by the charms of a freedom she will not allow herself with him; but Sophy is too considerate, too kindly, too wise to really torment him. Love and honour take the place of prudence and control the use of this dangerous weapon. She can alarm and reassure him just as he needs it; and if she sometimes makes him uneasy she never really gives him pain. The anxiety she causes to her beloved may be forgiven because of her fear that he is not sufficiently her own.

But what effect will this little performance have upon Emile? Will he be jealous or not? That is what we must discover; for such digressions form part of the purpose of my book, and they do not lead me far from my main subject.

I have already shown how this passion of jealousy in matters of convention finds its way into the heart of man. In love it is another matter; then jealousy is so near akin to nature, that it is hard to believe that it is not her work; and the example of the very beasts, many of whom are madly jealous, seems to prove this point beyond reply. Is it man's influence that has taught cocks to tear each other to pieces or bulls to fight to the death?

No one can deny that the aversion to everything which may disturb or interfere with our pleasures is a natural impulse. Up to a certain point the desire for the exclusive possession of that which ministers to our pleasure is in the same case. But when this desire has become a passion, when it is transformed into madness, or into a bitter and suspicious fancy known as jealousy, that is quite another matter; such a passion may be natural or it may not; we must distinguish between these different cases.

I have already analysed the example of the animal world in my *iscourse on Inequality*, and on further consideration I think may refer my readers to that analysis as sufficiently thorough. will only add this further point to those already made in that ork, that the jealousy which springs from nature depends greatly n sexual power, and that when sexual power is or appears to be oundless, that jealousy is at its height; for then the male, measurng his rights by his needs, can never see another male except as an nwelcome rival. In such species the females always submit to the rst comer, they only belong to the male by right of conquest, and hey are the cause of unending strife.

Among the monogamous species, where intercourse seems to give ise to some sort of moral bond, a kind of marriage, the female who elongs by choice to the male on whom she has bestowed herself sually denies herself to all others; and the male, having this reference of affection as a pledge of her fidelity, is less uneasy at he sight of other males and lives more peaceably with them. mong these species the male shares the care of the little ones; nd by one of those touching laws of nature it seems as if the female ewards the father for his love for his children.

Now consider the human species in its primitive simplicity; it easy to see, from the limited powers of the male, and the moderaion of his desires, that nature meant him to be content with one emale; this is confirmed by the numerical equality of the two exes, at any rate in our part of the world; an equality which does ot exist in anything like the same degree among those species in hich several females are collected around one male. Though a an does not brood like a pigeon, and though he has no milk to uckle the young, and must in this respect be classed with the quadupeds, his children are feeble and helpless for so long a time, that other and children could ill dispense with the father's affection, nd the care which results from it.

All these observations combine to prove that the jealous fury of e males of certain animals proves nothing with regard to man; nd the exceptional case of those southern regions were polygamy the established custom, only confirms the rule, since it is the lurality of wives that gives rise to the tyrannical precautions of e husband, and the consciousness of his own weakness makes the an resort to constraint to evade the laws of nature.

Among ourselves, where these same laws are less frequently vaded in this respect, but are more frequently evaded in another nd even more detestable manner, jealousy finds its motives in the assions of society rather than in those of primitive instinct. In ost irregular connections the hatred of the lover for his rivals far xceeds his love for his mistress; if he fears a rival in her affections is the effect of that self-love whose origin I have already traced ut, and he is moved by vanity rather than affection. Moreover, ur clumsy systems of education have made women so deceitful,[1] and have so over-stimulated their appetites, that you cannot rely even on the most clearly proved affection; they can no longer display a preference which secures you against the fear of a rival.

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[1] The kind of deceit referred to here is just the opposite of that deceit ecoming in a woman, and taught her by nature; the latter consists in

True love is another matter. I have shown, in the work already referred to, that this sentiment is not so natural as men think, and that there is a great difference between the gentle habit which binds a man with cords of love to his helpmeet, and the unbridled passion which is intoxicated by the fancied charms of an object which he no longer sees in its true light. This passion which is full of exclusions and preferences, only differs from vanity in this respect, that vanity demands all and gives nothing, so that it is always harmful, while love, bestowing as much as it demands, is in itself a sentiment full of equity. Moreover, the more exacting it is, the more credulous; that very illusion which gave rise to it, makes it easy to persuade. If love is suspicious, esteem is trustful; and love will never exist in an honest heart without esteem, for every one loves in another the qualities which he himself holds in honour.

When once this is clearly understood, we can predict with confidence the kind of jealousy which Emile will be capable of experiencing; as there is only the smallest germ of this passion in the human heart, the form it takes must depend solely upon education: Emile, full of love and jealousy, will not be angry, sullen, suspicious, but delicate, sensitive, and timid; he will be more alarmed than vexed; he will think more of securing his lady-love than of threatening his rival; he will treat him as an obstacle to be removed if possible from his path, rather than as a rival to be hated; if he hates him, it is not because he presumes to compete with him for Sophy's affection, but because Emile feels that there is a real danger of losing that affection; he will not be so unjust and foolish as to take offence at the rivalry itself; he understands that the law of preference rests upon merit only, and that honour depends upon success; he will redouble his efforts to make himself acceptable, and he will probably succeed. His generous Sophy, though she has given alarm to his love, is well able to allay that fear, to atone for it; and the rivals who were only suffered to put him to the proof are speedily dismissed.

But whither am I going? O Emile! what art thou now? Is this my pupil? How art thou fallen! Where is that young man so sternly fashioned, who braved all weathers, who devoted his body to the hardest tasks and his soul to the laws of wisdom; untouched by prejudice or passion, a lover of truth, swayed by reason only, unheeding all that was not hers? Living in softness and idleness he now lets himself be ruled by women; their amusements are the business of his life, their wishes are his laws; a young girl is the arbiter of his fate, he cringes and grovels before her; the earnest Emile is the plaything of a child.

concealing her real feelings, the former in feigning what she does not feel. Every society lady spends her life in boasting of her supposed sensibility, when in reality she cares for no one but herself.

So shift the scenes of life; each age is swayed by its own motives, it the man is the same. At ten his mind was set upon cakes, at enty it is set upon his mistress; at thirty it will be set upon easure; at forty on ambition, at fifty on avarice; when will he ek after wisdom only? Happy is he who is compelled to follow r against his will! What matter who is the guide, if the end attained. Heroes and sages have themselves paid tribute to is human weakness; and those who handled the distaff with umsy fingers were none the less great men.

If you would prolong the influence of a good education through e itself, the good habits acquired in childhood must be carried rward into adolescence, and when your pupil is what he ought to you must manage to keep him what he ought to be. This is the ping-stone of your work. This is why it is of the first importance at the tutor should remain with young men; otherwise there is tle doubt they will learn to make love without him. The great stake of tutors and still more of fathers is to think that one way living makes another impossible, and that as soon as the child is own up, you must abandon everything you used to do when he s little. If that were so, why should we take such pains in ildhood, since the good or bad use we make of it will vanish with ildhood itself; if another way of life were necessarily accompanied other ways of thinking?

The stream of memory is only interrupted by great illnesses, and e stream of conduct, by great passions. Our tastes and inclina- ns may change, but this change, though it may be sudden enough, rendered less abrupt by our habits. The skilful artist, in a good lour scheme, contrives so to mingle and blend his tints that the nsitions are imperceptible; and certain colour washes are spread er the whole picture so that there may be no sudden breaks. So ould it be with our likings. Unbalanced characters are always anging their affections, their tastes, their sentiments; the only nstant factor is the habit of change; but the man of settled aracter always returns to his former habits and preserves to old e the tastes and the pleasures of his childhood.

If you contrive that young people passing from one stage of life another do not despise what has gone before, that when they m new habits, they do not forsake the old, and that they always e to do what is right, in things new and old; then only are the its of your toil secure, and you are sure of your scholars as long they live; for the revolution most to be dreaded is that of the over which you are now watching. As men always look back this period with regret so the tastes carried forward into it from ldhood are not easily destroyed; but if once interrupted they are er resumed.

Most of the habits you think you have instilled into children d young people are not really habits at all; they have only n acquired under compulsion, and being followed reluctantly y will be cast off at the first opportunity. However long you remain in prison you never get a taste for prison life; so aversion is increased rather than diminished by habit. Not so with Emile; as a child he only did what he could do willingly and with pleasure, and as a man he will do the same, and the force of habit will only lend its help to the joys of freedom. An active life, bodily labour, exercise, movement, have become so essential to him that he could not relinquish them without suffering. Reduce him all at once to a soft and sedentary life and you condemn him to chains and imprisonment, you keep him in a condition of thraldom and constraint; he would suffer, no doubt, both in health and temper. He can scarcely breathe in a stuffy room, he requires open air, movement, fatigue. Even at Sophy's feet he cannot help casting a glance at the country and longing to explore it in her company. Yet he remains if he must; but he is anxious and ill at ease; he seems to be struggling with himself; he remains because he is a captive. "Yes," you will say, "these are necessities to which you have subjected him, a yoke which you have laid upon him." You speak truly, I have subjected him to the yoke of manhood.

Emile loves Sophy; but what were the charms by which he was first attracted? Sensibility, virtue, and love for things pure and honest. When he loves this love in Sophy, will he cease to feel it himself? And what price did she put upon herself? She required all her lover's natural feelings—esteem of what is really good, frugality, simplicity, generous unselfishness, a scorn of pomp and riches. These virtues were Emile's before love claimed them of him. Is he really changed? He has all the more reason to be himself; that is the only difference. The careful reader will not suppose that all the circumstances in which he is placed are the work of chance. There were many charming girls in the town; is it chance that his choice is discovered in a distant retreat? Is their meeting the work of chance? Is it chance that makes them so suited to each other? Is it chance that they cannot live in the same place, that he is compelled to find a lodging so far from her? Is it chance that he can see her so seldom and must purchase the pleasure of seeing her at the price of such fatigue? You say he is becoming effeminate. Not so, he is growing stronger; he must be fairly robust to stand the fatigue he endures on Sophy's account.

He lives more than two leagues away. That distance serves to temper the shafts of love. If they lived next door to each other, or if he could drive to see her in a comfortable carriage, he would love at his ease in the Paris fashion. Would Leander have braved death for the sake of Hero if the sea had not lain between them? Need I say more; if my reader is able to take my meaning, he will be able to follow out my principles in detail.

The first time we went to see Sophy, we went on horseback, so as to get there more quickly. We continue this convenient plan until our fifth visit. We were expected; and more than half a league from the house we see people on the road. Emile watches them, his pulse quickens as he gets nearer, he recognises Sophy and smounts quickly; he hastens to join the charming family. Emile fond of good horses; his horse is fresh, he feels he is free, and llops off across the fields; I follow and with some difficulty I cceed in catching him and bringing him back. Unluckily Sophy afraid of horses, and I dare not approach her. Emile has not en what happened, but Sophy whispers to him that he is giving his iend a great deal of trouble. He hurries up quite ashamed of himlf, takes the horses, and follows after the party. It is only fair at each should take his turn and he rides on to get rid of our ounts. He has to leave Sophy behind him, and he no longer inks riding a convenient mode of travelling. He returns out of eath and meets us half-way.

The next time, Emile will not hear of horses. "Why," say I, we need only take a servant to look after them." "Shall we t our worthy friends to such expense?" he replies. "You see ey would insist on feeding man and horse." "That is true," I ply; "theirs is the generous hospitality of the poor. The rich an in his niggardly pride only welcomes his friends, but the poor d room for their friends' horses." "Let us go on foot," says he; won't you venture on the walk, when you are always so ready to are the toilsome pleasures of your child?" "I will gladly go with u," I reply at once, "and it seems to me that love does not desire much show."

As we draw near, we meet the mother and daughter even further m home than on the last occasion. We have come at a great ce. Emile is very warm; his beloved condescends to pass her ndkerchief over his cheeks. It would take a good many horses make us ride there after this.

But it is rather hard never to be able to spend an evening gether. Midsummer is long past and the days are growing shorter. hatever we say, we are not allowed to return home in the dark, d unless we make a very early start, we have to go back almost soon as we get there. The mother is sorry for us and uneasy on r account, and it occurs to her that, though it would not be proper us to stay in the house, beds might be found for us in the village, we liked to stay there occasionally. Emile claps his hands at this a and trembles with joy; Sophy, unwittingly, kisses her mother her oftener than usual on the day this idea occurs to her.

Little by little the charm of friendship and the familiarity of ocence take root and grow among us. I generally accompany young friend on the days appointed by Sophy or her mother, t sometimes I let him go alone. The heart thrives in the sunshine confidence, and a man must not be treated as a child; and what ve I accomplished so far, if my pupil is unworthy of my esteem? w and then I go without him; he is sorry, but he does not comin; what use would it be? And then he knows I shall not erfere with his interests. However, whether we go together or arately you will understand that we are not stopped by the ather; we are only too proud to arrive in a condition which calls for pity. Unluckily Sophy deprives us of this honour and forbids us to come in bad weather. This is the only occasion on which she rebels against the rules which I laid down for her in private.

One day Emile had gone alone and I did not expect him back till the following day, but he returned the same evening. "My dear Emile," said I, "have you come back to your old friend already?" But instead of responding to my caresses he replied with some show of temper, "You need not suppose I came back so soon of my own accord; she insisted on it it; is for her sake not yours that I am here." Touched by his frankness I renewed my caresses, saying, "Truthful heart and faithful friend, do not conceal from me anything I ought to know. If you came back for her sake, you told me so for my own; your return is her doing, your frankness is mine. Continue to preserve the noble candour of great souls; strangers may think what they will, but it is a crime to let our friends think us better than we are."

I take care not to let him underrate the cost of his confession by assuming that there is more love than generosity in it, and by telling him that he would rather deprive himself of the honour of this return, than give it to Sophy. But this is how he revealed to me, all unconsciously, what were his real feelings; if he had returned slowly and comfortably, dreaming of his sweetheart, I should know he was merely her lover; when he hurried back, even if he was a little out of temper, he was the friend of his Mentor.

You see that the young man is very far from spending his days with Sophy, and seeing as much of her as he wants. One or two visits a week are all that is permitted, and these visits are often only for the afternoon and are rarely extended to the next day. He spends much more of his time in longing to see her, or in rejoicing that he has seen her, than he actually spends in her presence. Even when he goes to see her, more time is spent in going and returning than by her side. His pleasures, genuine, pure, delicious, but more imaginary than real, serve to kindle his love but not to make him effeminate.

On the days when he does not see Sophy he is not sitting idle at home. He is Emile himself and quite unchanged. He usually scours the country round in pursuit of its natural history; he observes and studies the soil, its products, and their mode of cultivation; he compares the methods he sees with those with which he is already familiar; he tries to find the reasons for any differences; if he thinks other methods better than those of the locality, he introduces them to the farmers' notice; if he suggests a better kind of plough, he has one made from his own drawings; if he finds a lime pit he teaches them how to use the lime on the land, a process new to them; he often lends a hand himself; they are surprised to find him handling all manner of tools more easily than they can themselves; his furrows are deeper and straighter than theirs, he is a more skilful sower, and his beds for early produce are more cleverly planned. They do not scoff at him as a fine talker, they see he knows what he talking about. In a word, his zeal and attention are bestowed on erything that is really useful to everybody; nor does he stop there. e visits the peasants in their homes; inquires into their circum- ances, their families, the number of their children, the extent of eir holdings, the nature of their produce, their markets, their hts, their burdens, their debts, etc. He gives away very little oney, for he knows it is usually ill spent; but he himself directs e use of his money, and makes it helpful to them without distribut- g it among them. He supplies them with labourers, and often ys them for work done by themselves, on tasks for their own nefit. For one he has the falling thatch repaired or renewed; another he clears a piece of land which had gone out of cultiva- n for lack of means; to another he gives a cow, a horse, or stock any kind to replace a loss; two neighbours are ready to go to law, wins them over, and makes them friends again; a peasant falls he has him cared for, he looks after him himself;[1] another is rassed by a rich and powerful neighbour, he protects him and aks on his behalf; young people are fond of one another, he lps forward their marriage; a good woman has lost her beloved ild, he goes to see her, he speaks words of comfort and sits a while th her; he does not despise the poor, he is in no hurry to avoid unfortunate; he often takes his dinner with some peasant he helping, and he will even accept a meal from those who have no ed of his help; though he is the benefactor of some and the friend all, he is none the less their equal. In conclusion, he always does much good by his personal efforts as by his money.

Sometimes his steps are turned in the direction of the happy ode; he may hope to see Sophy without her knowing, to see her t walking without being seen. But Emile is always quite open in erything he does; he neither can nor would deceive. His delicacy of that pleasing type in which pride rests on the foundation a good conscience. He keeps strictly within bounds, and never nes near enough to gain from chance what he only desires to win m Sophy herself. On the other hand, he delights to roam about neighbourhood, looking for the trace of Sophy's steps, feeling at pains she has taken and what a distance she has walked to ase him.

The day before his visit, he will go to some neighbouring farm l order a little feast for the morrow. We shall take our walk in t direction without any special object, we shall turn in apparently chance; fruit, cakes, and cream are waiting for us. Sophy likes eets, so is not insensible to these attentions, and she is quite ready do honour to what we have provided; for I always have my share of the credit even if I have had no part in the trouble; it is a girl's way of returning thanks more easily. Her father and I have cakes and wine; Emile keeps the ladies company and is always on the look-out to secure a dish of cream in which Sophy has dipped her spoon.

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[1] To look after a sick peasant is not merely to give him a pill, or medi- e, or to send a surgeon to him. That is not what these poor folk require sickness; what they want is more and better food. When you have er, you will do well to fast, but when your peasants have it, give them at and wine; illness, in their case, is nearly always due to poverty and austion; your cellar will supply the best draught, your butchers will the best apothecary.

The cakes lead me to talk of the races Emile used to run. Every one wants to hear about them; I explain amid much laughter; they ask him if he can run as well as ever. "Better," says he; "I should be sorry to forget how to run." One member of the company is dying to see him run, but she dare not say so; some one else undertakes to suggest it; he agrees and we send for two or three young men of the neighbourhood; a prize is offered, and in imitation of our earlier games a cake is placed on the goal. Every one is ready, Sophy's father gives the signal by clapping his hands. The nimble Emile flies like lightning and reaches the goal almost before the others have started. He receives his prize at Sophy's hands, and no less generous than Æneas, he gives gifts to all the vanquished.

In the midst of his triumph, Sophy dares to challenge the victor, and to assert that she can run as fast as he. He does not refuse to enter the lists with her, and while she is getting ready to start, while she is tucking up her skirt at each side, more eager to show Emile a pretty ankle than to vanquish him in the race, while she is seeing if her petticoats are short enough, he whispers a word to her mother who smiles and nods approval. Then he takes his place by his competitor; no sooner is the signal given than she is off like a bird.

Women were not meant to run; they flee that they may be overtaken. Running is not the only thing they do ill, but it is the only thing they do awkwardly; their elbows glued to their sides and pointed backwards look ridiculous, and the high heels on which they are perched make them look like so many grasshoppers trying to run instead of to jump.

Emile, supposing that Sophy runs no better than other women, does not deign to stir from his place and watches her start with a smile of mockery. But Sophy is light of foot and she wears low heels; she needs no pretence to make her foot look smaller; she runs so quickly that he has only just time to overtake this new Atalanta when he sees her so far ahead. Then he starts like an eagle dashing upon its prey; he pursues her, clutches her, grasps her at last quite out of breath, and gently placing his left arm about her, he lifts her like a feather, and pressing his sweet burden to his heart, he finishes the race, makes her touch the goal first, and then exclaiming, "Sophy wins!" he sinks on one knee before her and owns himself beaten.

Along with such occupations there is also the trade we learnt. One day a week at least, and every day when the weather is too bad for country pursuits, Emile and I go to work under a master-joiner. We do not work for show, like people above our trade; we work in earnest like regular workmen. Once when Sophy's father came to see us, he found us at work, and did not fail to report his wonder his wife and daughter. “Go and see that young man in the rkshop,” said he, “and you will soon see if he despises the ndition of the poor.” You may fancy how pleased Sophy was at is! They talk it over, and they decide to surprise him at his rk. They question me, apparently without any special object, d having made sure of the time, mother and daughter take a tle carriage and come to town on that very day.

On her arrival, Sophy sees, at the other end of the shop, a young an in his shirt sleeves, with his hair all untidy, so hard at work at he does not see her; she makes a sign to her mother. Emile, chisel in one hand and a hammer in the other, is just finishing a rtise; then he saws a piece of wood and places it in the vice in der to polish it. The sight of this does not set Sophy laughing; affects her greatly; it wins her respect. Woman, honour your aster; he it is who works for you, he it is who gives you bread to t; this is he!

While they are busy watching him, I perceive them and pull Emile the sleeve; he turns round, drops his tools, and hastens to them th an exclamation of delight. After he has given way to his first ptures, he makes them take a seat and he goes back to his work. t Sophy cannot keep quiet; she gets up hastily, runs about the rkshop, looks at the tools, feels the polish of the boards, picks up avings, looks at our hands, and says she likes this trade, it is so an. The merry girl tries to copy Emile. With her delicate white nd she passes a plane over a bit of wood; the plane slips and kes no impression. It seems to me that Love himself is hovering er us and beating his wings; I think I can hear his joyous cries, Hercules is avenged.”

Yet Sophy's mother questions the master. “Sir, how much do u pay these two men a day?” “I give them each tenpence a day d their food; but if that young fellow wanted he could earn much re, for he is the best workman in the country.” “Tenpence a y and their food,” said she looking at us tenderly. “That is so, dam,” replied the master. At these words she hurries up to ile, kisses him, and clasps him to her breast with tears; unable say more she repeats again and again, “My son, my son!”

When they had spent some time chatting with us, but without errupting our work, “We must be going now,” said the mother to daughter, “it is getting late and we must not keep your father iting.” Then approaching Emile she tapped him playfully on cheek, saying, “Well, my good workman, won't you come with ?” He replied sadly, “I am at work, ask the master.” The ster is asked if he can spare us. He replies that he cannot. have work on hand,” said he, “which is wanted the day after morrow, so there is not much time. Counting on these gentle-n I refused other workmen who came; if they fail me I don't know w to replace them and I shall not be able to send the work home the time promised.” The mother said nothing, she was waiting hear what Emile would say. Emile hung his head in silence.

"Sir," she said, somewhat surprised at this, "have you nothing to say to that?" Emile looked tenderly at her daughter and merely said, "You see I am bound to stay." Then the ladies left us. Emile went with them to the door, gazed after them as long as they were in sight, and returned to his work without a word.

On the way home, the mother, somewhat vexed at his conduct, spoke to her daughter of the strange way in which he had behaved. "Why," said she, "was it so difficult to arrange matters with the master without being obliged to stay. The young man is generous enough and ready to spend money when there is no need for it, could not he spend a little on such a fitting occasion?" "Oh, mamma," replied Sophy, "I trust Emile will never rely so much on money as to use it to break an engagement, to fail to keep his own word, and to make another break his! I know he could easily give the master a trifle to make up for the slight inconvenience caused by his absence; but his soul would become the slave of riches, he would become accustomed to place wealth before duty, and he would think that any duty might be neglected provided he was ready to pay. That is not Emile's way of thinking, and I hope he will never change on my account. Do you think it cost him nothing to stay? You are quite wrong, mamma; it was for my sake that he stayed; I saw it in his eyes."

It is not that Sophy is indifferent to genuine proofs of love; on the contrary she is imperious and exacting; she would rather not be loved at all than be loved half-heartedly. Hers is the noble pride of worth, conscious of its own value, self-respecting and claiming a like honour from others. She would scorn a heart that did not recognise the full worth of her own; that did not love her for her virtues as much and more than for her charms; a heart which did not put duty first, and prefer it to everything. She did not desire a lover who knew no will but hers. She wished to reign over a man whom she had not spoilt. Thus Circe, having changed into swine the comrades of Ulysses, bestowed herself on him over whom she had no power.

Except for this sacred and inviolable right, Sophy is very jealous of her own rights; she observes how carefully Emile respects them, how zealously he does her will; how cleverly he guesses her wishes, how exactly he arrives at the appointed time; she will have him neither late nor early; he must arrive to the moment. To come early is to think more of himself than of her; to come late is to neglect her. To neglect Sophy, that could not happen twice. An unfounded suspicion on her part nearly ruined everything, but Sophy is really just and knows how to atone for her faults.

They were expecting us one evening; Emile had received his orders. They came to meet us, but we were not there. What has become of us? What accident have we met with? No message from us! The evening is spent in expectation of our arrival. Sophy thinks we are dead; she is miserable and in an agony of distress; she cries all the night through. In the course the evening a messenger was despatched to inquire after us and ng back news in the morning. The messenger returns together h another messenger sent by us, who makes our excuses verbally l says we are quite well. Then the scene is changed; Sophy dries tears, or if she still weeps it is for anger. It is small consolation her proud spirit to know that we are alive; Emile lives and he kept her waiting.

Vhen we arrive she tries to escape to her own room; her parents ire her to remain, so she is obliged to do so; but deciding at e what course she will take she assumes a calm and contented ression which would deceive most people. Her father comes ward to receive us saying, "You have made your friends very asy; there are people here who will not forgive you very readily." Vho are they, papa," said Sophy with the most gracious smile could assume. "What business is that of yours," said her ier, "if it is not you?" Sophy bent over her work without ly. Her mother received us coldly and formally. Emile was onfused he dared not speak to Sophy. She spoke first, inquired v he was, asked him to take a chair, and pretended so cleverly t the poor young fellow, who as yet knew nothing of the language ngry passions, was quite deceived by her apparent indifference, l ready to take offence on his own account.

'o undeceive him I was going to take Sophy's hand and raise o my lips as I sometimes did; she drew it back so hastily, with word, "Sir," uttered in such a strange manner that Emile's s were opened at once by this involuntary movement.

ophy herself, seeing that she had betrayed herself, exercised less trol over herself. Her apparent indifference was succeeded by nful irony. She replied to everything he said in monosyllables red slowly and hesitatingly as if she were afraid her anger uld show itself too plainly. Emile half dead with terror stared ier full of sorrow, and tried to get her to look at him so that his s might read in hers her real feelings. Sophy, still more angry at boldness, gave him one look which removed all wish for another. kily for himself, Emile, trembling and dumbfounded, dared her look at her nor speak to her again; for had he not been ty, had he been able to endure her wrath, she would never have iven him.

eeing that it was my turn now, and that the time was ripe for anation, I returned to Sophy. I took her hand and this time did not snatch it away; she was ready to faint. I said gently, ear Sophy, we are the victims of misfortune; but you are just reasonable; you will not judge us unheard; listen to what we to say." She said nothing and I proceeded—

We set out yesterday at four o'clock; we were told to be here at n, and we always allow ourselves rather more time than we need, s to rest a little before we get here. We were more than half here when we heard lamentable groans, which came from a little y in the hillside, some distance off. We hurried towards the place and found an unlucky peasant who had taken rather more wine than was good for him; on his way home he had fallen heavily from his horse and broken his leg. We shouted and called for help there was no answer; we tried to lift the injured man on his horse, but without success; the least movement caused intense agony. We decided to tie up the horse in a quiet part of the wood; then we made a chair of our crossed arms and carried the man as gently as possible, following his directions till we got him home. The way was long, and we were constantly obliged to stop and rest. At last we got there, but thoroughly exhausted. We were surprised and sorry to find that it was a house we knew already and that the wretched creature we had carried with such difficulty was the very man who received us so kindly when first we came. We had all been so upset that until that moment we had not recognised each other.

"There were only two little children. His wife was about to present him with another, and she was so overwhelmed at the sight of him brought home in such a condition, that she was taken ill and a few hours later gave birth to another little one. What was to be done under such circumstances in a lonely cottage far from any help? Emile decided to fetch the horse we had left in the wood, to ride as fast as he could into the town and fetch a surgeon. He let the surgeon have the horse, and not succeeding in finding a nurse all at once, he returned on foot with a servant, after having sent a messenger to you; meanwhile I hardly knew what to do between a man with a broken leg and a woman in travail, but I got ready as well as I could such things in the house as I thought would be needed for the relief of both.

"I will pass over the rest of the details; they are not to the point. It was two o'clock in the morning before we got a moment's rest. At last we returned before daybreak to our lodging close at hand, where we waited till you were up to let you know what had happened to us."

That was all I said. But before any one could speak Emile, approaching Sophy, raised his voice and said with greater firmness than I expected, "Sophy, my fate is in your hands, as you very well know. You may condemn me to die of grief; but do not hope to make me forget the rights of humanity; they are even more sacred in my eyes than your own rights; I will never renounce them for you."

For all answer, Sophy rose, put her arm round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek; then offering him her hand with inimitable grace she said to him, "Emile, take this hand; it is yours. When you will, you shall be my husband and my master; I will try to b worthy of that honour."

Scarcely had she kissed him, when her delighted father clapped his hands calling, "Encore, encore," and Sophy without furthe ado, kissed him twice on the other cheek; but afraid of what sh had done she took refuge at once in her mother's arms and hid he blushing face on the maternal bosom.

I will not describe our happiness; everybody will feel with us. ter dinner Sophy asked if it were too far to go and see the poor valids. It was her wish and it was a work of mercy. When we t there we found them both in bed—Emile had sent for a second dstead; there were people there to look after them—Emile had n to it. But in spite of this everything was so untidy that they fered almost as much from discomfort as from their condition. phy asked for one of the good wife's aprons and set to work to ke her more comfortable in her bed; then she did as much for the n; her soft and gentle hand seemed to find out what was hurting m and how to settle them into less painful positions. Her very sence seemed to make them more comfortable; she seemed to ess what was the matter. This fastidious girl was not disgusted the dirt or smells, and she managed to get rid of both without turbing the sick people. She who had always appeared so modest l sometimes so disdainful, she who would not for all the world o touched a man's bed with her little finger, lifted the sick man l changed his linen without any fuss, and placed him to rest in a re comfortable position. The zeal of charity is of more value n modesty. What she did was done so skilfully and with such a t touch that he felt better almost without knowing she had ched him. Husband and wife mingled their blessings upon the dly girl who tended, pitied, and consoled them. She was an gel from heaven come to visit them; she was an angel in face and nner, in gentleness and goodness. Emile was greatly touched all this and he watched her without speaking. O man, love thy pmeet. God gave her to relieve thy sufferings, to comfort thee hy troubles. This is she!

he new-born baby was baptised. The two lovers were its god- ents, and as they held it at the font they were longing, at the tom of their hearts, for the time when they should have a child heir own to be baptised. They longed for their wedding day; y thought it was close at hand; all Sophy's scruples had vanished, mine remained. They had not got so far as they expected; ry one must have his turn.

ne morning when they had not seen each other for two whole s, I entered Emile's room with a letter in my hands, and looking dly at him I said to him, "What would you do if some one told Sophy were dead?" He uttered a loud cry, got up and struck hands together, and without saying a single word, he looked at me eyes of desperation. "Answer me," I continued with the same nness. Vexed at my composure, he then approached me with blazing with anger; and checking himself in an almost threaten- attitude, "What would I do? I know not; but this I do know, ould never set eyes again upon the person who brought me such s." "Comfort yourself," said I, smiling, "she lives, she is , and they are expecting us this evening. But let us go for a t walk and we can talk things over."

he passion which engrosses him will no longer permit him to devote himself as in former days to discussions of pure reason; this very passion must be called to our aid if his attention is to be given to my teaching. That is why I made use of this terrible preface I am quite sure he will listen to me now.

"We must be happy, dear Emile; it is the end of every feeling creature; it is the first desire taught us by nature, and the only one which never leaves us. But where is happiness? Who knows? Every one seeks it, and no one finds it. We spend our lives in the search and we die before the end is attained. My young friend when I took you, a new-born infant, in my arms, and called God himself to witness to the vow I dared to make that I would devote my life to the happiness of your life, did I know myself what I was undertaking? No; I only knew that in making you happy, I was sure of my own happiness. By making this useful inquiry on your account, I made it for us both.

"So long as we do not know what to do, wisdom consists in doing nothing. Of all rules there is none so greatly needed by man, and none which he is less able to obey. In seeking happiness when we know not where it is, we are perhaps getting further and further from it, we are running as many risks as there are roads to choose from But it is not every one that can keep still. Our passion for our own well-being makes us so uneasy, that we would rather deceive ourselves in the search for happiness than sit still and do nothing and when once we have left the place where we might have known happiness, we can never return.

"In ignorance like this I tried to avoid a similar fault. When I took charge of you I decided to take no useless steps and to prevent you from doing so too. I kept to the path of nature, until she should show me the path of happiness. And lo! their paths were the same and without knowing it this was the path I trod.

"Be at once my witness and my judge; I will never refuse to accept your decision. Your early years have not been sacrificed to those that were to follow, you have enjoyed all the good gifts which nature bestowed upon you. Of the ills to which you were by nature subject, and from which I could shelter you, you have only experienced such as would harden you to bear others. You have never suffered any evil, except to escape a greater. You have known neither hatred nor servitude. Free and happy, you have remained just and kindly; for suffering and vice are inseparable and no man ever became bad until he was unhappy. May the memory of your childhood remain with you to old age! I am no afraid that your kind heart will ever recall the hand that trained i without a blessing upon it.

"When you reached the age of reason, I secured you from the influence of human prejudice; when your heart awoke I preserved you from the sway of passion. Had I been able to prolong this inner tranquillity till your life's end, my work would have been secure, and you would have been as happy as man can be; but, my dear Emile, in vain did I dip you in the waters of Styx, I could no

ke you everywhere invulnerable; a fresh enemy has appeared,
om you have not yet learnt to conquer, and from whom I cannot
e you. That enemy is yourself. Nature and fortune had left
u free. You could face poverty, you could bear bodily pain;
sufferings of the heart were unknown to you; you were then
pendent on nothing but your position as a human being; now
u depend on all the ties you have formed for yourself; you have
rnt to desire, and you are now the slave of your desires. Without
y change in yourself, without any insult, any injury to yourself,
at sorrows may attack your soul, what pains may you suffer
hout sickness, how many deaths may you die and yet live! A
an error, a suspicion, may plunge you in despair.

‘At the theatre you used to see heroes, abandoned to depths of
e, making the stage re-echo with their wild cries, lamenting like
men, weeping like children, and thus securing the applause of the
lience. Do you remember how shocked you were by those
entations, cries, and groans, in men from whom one would only
ect deeds of constancy and heroism. ‘Why,’ said you, ‘are
se the patterns we are to follow, the models set for our imitation!
they afraid man will not be small enough, unhappy enough,
ak enough, if his weakness is not enshrined under a false show of
tue.’ My young friend, henceforward you must be more
rciful to the stage; you have become one of those heroes.

‘You know how to suffer and to die; you know how to bear the
vy yoke of necessity in ills of the body, but you have not yet
nt to give a law to the desires of your heart; and the difficulties
life arise rather from our affections than from our needs. Our
ires are vast, our strength is little better than nothing. In his
hes man is dependent on many things; in himself he is dependent
nothing, not even on his own life; the more his connections are
ltiplied, the greater his sufferings. Everything upon earth has an
; sooner or later all that we love escapes from our fingers, and
behave as if it would last for ever. What was your terror at the
e suspicion of Sophy's death? Do you suppose she will live for
r? Do not young people of her age die? She must die, my son,
perhaps before you. Who knows if she is alive at this moment?
ure meant you to die but once; you have prepared a second
th for yourself.

A slave to your unbridled passions, how greatly are you to be
ed! Ever privations, losses, alarms; you will not even enjoy
at is left. You will possess nothing because of the fear of losing
you will never be able to satisfy your passions, because you
red to follow them continually. You will ever be seeking that
ch will fly before you; you will be miserable and you will become
ked. How can you be otherwise, having no care but your un-
lled passions? If you cannot put up with involuntary privations
will you voluntarily deprive yourself? How can you sacrifice
re to duty, and resist your heart in order to listen to your reason?
would never see that man again who dared to bring you word

of the death of your mistress; how would you behold him who would deprive you of her living self, him who would dare to tell you, 'She is dead to you, virtue puts a gulf between you'? If you must live with her whatever happens, whether Sophy is married or single, whether you are free or not, whether she loves or hates you, whether she is given or refused to you, no matter, it is your will and you must have her at any price. Tell me then what crime will stop a man who has no law but his heart's desires, who knows not how to resist his own passions.

"My son, there is no happiness without courage, nor virtue without a struggle. The word virtue is derived from a word signifying strength, and strength is the foundation of all virtue. Virtue is the heritage of a creature weak by nature but strong by will; that is the whole merit of the righteous man; and though we call God good we do not call Him virtuous, because He does good without effort. I waited to explain the meaning of this word, so often profaned, until you were ready to understand me. As long as virtue is quite easy to practise, there is little need to know it. This need arises with the awakening of the passions; your time has come.

"When I brought you up in all the simplicity of nature, instead of preaching disagreeable duties, I secured for you immunity from the vices which make such duties disagreeable; I made lying not so much hateful as unnecessary in your sight; I taught you not so much to give others their due, as to care little about your own rights; I made you kindly rather than virtuous. But the kindly man is only kind so long as he finds it pleasant; kindness falls to pieces at the shock of human passions; the kindly man is only kind to himself.

"What is meant by a virtuous man? He who can conquer his affections; for then he follows his reason, his conscience; he does his duty; he is his own master and nothing can turn him from the right way. So far you have had only the semblance of liberty, the precarious liberty of the slave who has not received his orders. Now is the time for real freedom; learn to be your own master; control your heart, my Emile, and you will be virtuous.

"There is another apprenticeship before you, an apprenticeship more difficult than the former; for nature delivers us from the evils she lays upon us, or else she teaches us to submit to them; but she has no message for us with regard to our self-imposed evils; she leaves us to ourselves; she leaves us, victims of our own passions, to succumb to our vain sorrows, to pride ourselves on the tears of which we should be ashamed.

"This is your first passion. Perhaps it is the only passion worthy of you. If you can control it like a man, it will be the last; you will be master of all the rest, and you will obey nothing but the passion for virtue.

"There is nothing criminal in this passion; I know it; it is as pure as the hearts which experience it. It was born of honour and ursed by innocence. Happy lovers! for you the charms of virtue o but add to those of love; and the blessed union to which you are ooking forward is less the reward of your goodness than of your ffection. But tell me, O truthful man, though this passion is ure, is it any the less your master? Are you the less its slave? And to-morrow it should cease to be innocent, would you strangle it on ne spot? Now is the time to try your strength; there is no time for nat in hours of danger. These perilous efforts should be made hen danger is still afar. We do not practise the use of our weapons hen we are face to face with the enemy, we do that before the war; e come to the battle-field ready prepared.

"It is a mistake to classify the passions as lawful and unlawful, as to yield to the one and refuse the other. All alike are good we are their masters; all alike are bad if we abandon ourselves to nem. Nature forbids us to extend our relations beyond the limits our strength; reason forbids us to want what we cannot get, onscience forbids us, not to be tempted, but to yield to temptation. o feel or not to feel a passion is beyond our control, but we can ontrol ourselves. Every sentiment under our own control is law- il; those which control us are criminal. A man is not guilty if e loves his neighbour's wife, provided he keeps this unhappy assion under the control of the law of duty; he is guilty if he loves s own wife so greatly as to sacrifice everything to that love.

"Do not expect me to supply you with lengthy precepts of morality, have only one rule to give you which sums up all the rest. Be a an; restrain your heart within the limits of your manhood. Study nd know these limits; however narrow they may be, we are not nhappy within them; it is only when we wish to go beyond them at we are unhappy, only when, in our mad passions, we try to tain the impossible; we are unhappy when we forget our man- ood to make an imaginary world for ourselves, from which we are ways slipping back into our own. The only good things, whose ss really affects us, are those which we claim as our rights. If it clear that we cannot obtain what we want, our mind turns away om it; wishes without hope cease to torture us. A beggar is not rmented by a desire to be a king; a king only wishes to be a god nen he thinks himself more than man.

"The illusions of pride are the source of our greatest ills; but the ntemplation of human suffering keeps the wise humble. He eps to his proper place and makes no attempt to depart from it; does not waste his strength in getting what he cannot keep; and s whole strength being devoted to the right employment of what has, he is in reality richer and more powerful in proportion as desires less than we. A man, subject to death and change, shall forge for myself lasting chains upon this earth, where everything anges and disappears, whence I myself shall shortly vanish! Oh, nile! my son! if I were to lose you, what would be left of myself? nd yet I must learn to lose you, for who knows when you may taken from me?

"Would you live in wisdom and happiness, fix your heart on the beauty that is eternal; let your desires be limited by your position let your duties take precedence of your wishes; extend the law o necessity into the region of morals; learn to lose what may be taken from you; learn to forsake all things at the command of virtue, to set yourself above the chances of life, to detach your heart before it is torn in pieces, to be brave in adversity so that you may never be wretched, to be steadfast in duty that you may never be guilty of a crime. Then you will be happy in spite of fortune, and good in spite of your passions. You will find a pleasure that cannot be destroyed, even in the possession of the most fragile things; you will possess them, they will not possess you, and you will realise that the man who loses everything, only enjoys what he knows how to resign. It is true you will not enjoy the illusions of imaginary pleasures, neither will you feel the sufferings which are their result. You will profit greatly by this exchange, for the sufferings are real and frequent, the pleasures are rare and empty. Victor over so many deceitful ideas, you will also vanquish the idea that attaches such an excessive value to life. You will spend your life in peace, and you will leave it without terror; you will detach yourself from life as from other things. Let others, horror-struck, believe that when this life is ended they cease to be; conscious of the nothingness of life, you will think that you are but entering upon the true life. To the wicked, death is the close of life; to the just it is its dawn."

Emile heard me with attention not unmixed with anxiety. After such a startling preface he feared some gloomy conclusion. He foresaw that when I showed him how necessary it is to practise the strength of the soul, I desired to subject him to this stern discipline he was like a wounded man who shrinks from the surgeon, and fancies he already feels the painful but healing touch which will cure the deadly wound.

Uncertain, anxious, eager to know what I am driving at, he does not answer, he questions me but timidly. "What must I do?" says he almost trembling, not daring to raise his eyes. "What must you do?" I reply firmly. "You must leave Sophy." "What are you saying?" he exclaimed angrily. "Leave Sophy, leave Sophy deceive her, become a traitor, a villain, a perjurer!" "Why!" I continue, interrupting him; "does Emile suppose I shall teach him to deserve such titles?" "No," he continued with the same vigour. "Neither you nor any one else; I am capable of preserving your work; I shall not deserve such reproaches."

I was prepared for this first outburst; I let it pass unheeded. If I had not the moderation I preach it would not be much use preaching it! Emile knows me too well to believe me capable of demanding any wrong action from him, and he knows that it would be wrong to leave Sophy, in the sense he attaches to the phrase. So he waits for an explanation. Then I resume my speech.

"My dear Emile, do you think any man whatsoever can be happier than you have been for the last three months? If you ink so, undeceive yourself. Before tasting the pleasures of life ou have plumbed the depths of its happiness. There is nothing ore than you have already experienced. The joys of sense are oon over; habit invariably destroys them. You have tasted reater joys through hope than you will ever enjoy in reality. The nagination which adorns what we long for, deserts its possession. Vith the exception of the one self-existing Being, there is nothing eautiful except that which is not. If that state could have lasted or ever, you would have found perfect happiness. But all that related to man shares his decline; all is finite, all is fleeting in uman life, and even if the conditions which make us happy could e prolonged for ever, habit would deprive us of all taste for that appiness. If external circumstances remain unchanged, the heart hanges; either happiness forsakes us, or we forsake her.

"During your infatuation time has passed unheeded. Summer over, winter is at hand. Even if our expeditions were possible, t such a time of year they would not be permitted. Whether we ish it or no, we shall have to change our way of life; it cannot ontinue. I read in your eager eyes that this does not disturb you reatly; Sophy's confession and your own wishes suggest a simple lan for avoiding the snow and escaping the journey. The plan has s advantages, no doubt; but when spring returns, the snow will elt and the marriage will remain; you must reckon for all seasons.

"You wish to marry Sophy and you have only known her five onths! You wish to marry her, not because she is a fit wife for ou, but because she pleases you; as if love were never mistaken as fitness, as if those, who begin with love, never ended with hatred! know she is virtuous; but is that enough? Is fitness merely a atter of honour? It is not her virtue I misdoubt, it is her disposi-on. Does a woman show her real character in a day? Do you know ow often you must have seen her and under what varying conditions really know her temper? Is four months of liking a sufficient ledge for the rest of your life? A couple of months hence you may ave forgotten her; as soon as you are gone another may efface your nage in her heart; on your return you may find her as indifferent you have hitherto found her affectionate. Sentiments are not a atter of principle; she may be perfectly virtuous and yet cease to ve you. I am inclined to think she will be faithful and true; ut who will answer for her, and who will answer for you if you are ot put to the proof? Will you postpone this trial till it is too late, ill you wait to know your true selves till parting is no longer ossible?

"Sophy is not eighteen, and you are barely twenty-two; this the age for love, but not for marriage. What a father and mother r a family! If you want to know how to bring up children, you ould at least wait till you yourselves are children no longer. Do ou not know that too early motherhood has weakened the con-itution, destroyed the health, and shortened the life of many young omen? Do you not know that many children have always been weak and sickly because their mother was little more than a chil herself? When mother and child are both growing, the strengt required for their growth is divided, and neither gets all that natur intended; are not both sure to suffer? Either I know very littl of Emile, or he would rather wait and have a healthy wife an children, than satisfy his impatience at the price of their life an health.

"Let us speak of yourself. You hope to be a husband and father; have you seriously considered your duties? When you become the head of a family you will become a citizen of your country And what is a citizen of the state? What do you know about it You have studied your duties as a man, but what do you know of the duties of a citizen? Do you know the meaning of such term as government, laws, country? Do you know the price you must pay for life, and for what you must be prepared to die? You think you know everything, when you really know nothing at all. Before you take your place in the civil order, learn to perceive and know what is your proper place.

"Emile, you must leave Sophy; I do not bid you forsake her; i you were capable of such conduct, she would be only too happy not to have married you; you must leave her in order to return worthy of her. Do not be vain enough to think yourself already worthy How much remains to be done! Come and fulfil this splendid task come and learn to submit to absence; come and earn the prize o fidelity, so that when you return you may indeed deserve some honour, and may ask her hand not as a favour but as a reward."

Unaccustomed to struggle with himself, untrained to desire one thing and to will another, the young man will not give way; he resists, he argues. Why should he refuse the happiness which awaits him? Would he not despise the hand which is offered him if he hesitated to accept it? Why need he leave her to learn what he ought to know? And if it were necessary to leave her why not leave her as his wife with a certain pledge of his return? Let him be her husband, and he is ready to follow me; let them be married and he will leave her without fear. "Marry her in order to leave her, dear Emile! what a contradiction! A lover who can leave his mistress shows himself capable of great things; a husband should never leave his wife unless through necessity. To cure your scruples, I see the delay must be involuntary on your part; you must be able to tell Sophy you leave her against your will. Very well, be content, and since you will not follow the commands of reason, you must submit to another master. You have not forgotten your promise. Emile, you must leave Sophy; I will have it."

For a moment or two he was downcast, silent, and thoughtful, then looking me full in the face he said, "When do we start?" "In a week's time," I replied; "Sophy must be prepared for ou going. Women are weaker than we are, and we must show consideration for them; and this parting is not a duty for her as i is for you, so she may be allowed to bear it less bravely."

The temptation to continue the daily history of their love up to e time of their separation is very great; but I have already resumed too much upon the good nature of my readers; let us bridge the story so as to bring it to an end. Will Emile face the tuation as bravely at his mistress' feet as he has done in conersation with his friend? I think he will; his confidence is rooted the sincerity of his love. He would be more at a loss with her, it cost him less to leave her; he would leave her feeling himself blame, and that is a difficult part for a man of honour to play; ut the greater the sacrifice, the more credit he demands for it in e sight of her who makes it so difficult. He has no fear that she ill misunderstand his motives. Every look seems to say, "Oh, ophy, read my heart and be faithful to me; your lover is not ithout virtue."

Sophy tries to bear the unforeseen blow with her usual pride nd dignity. She tries to seem as if she did not care, but as the onours of war are not hers, but Emile's, her strength is less equal the task. She weeps, she sighs against her will, and the fear of eing forgotten embitters the pain of parting. She does not weep her lover's sight, she does not let him see her terror; she would ie rather than utter a sigh in his presence. I am the recipient of er lamentations, I behold her tears, it is I who am supposed to be er confidant. Women are very clever and know how to conceal eir cleverness; the more she frets in private, the more pains she kes to please me; she feels that her fate is in my hands.

I console and comfort her; I make myself answerable for her ver, or rather for her husband; let her be as true to him as he to er and I promise they shall be married in two years' time. She spects me enough to believe that I do not want to deceive her. am guarantor to each for the other. Their hearts, their virtue, my onesty, the confidence of their parents, all combine to reassure em. But what can reason avail against weakness? They part if they were never to meet again.

Then it is that Sophy recalls the regrets of Eucharis, and fancies erself in her place. Do not let us revive that fantastic affection ring his absence. "Sophy," say I one day, "exchange books ith Emile; let him have your *Telemachus* that he may learn to be ke him, and let him give you his *Spectator* which you enjoy reading. udy the duties of good wives in it, and remember that in two years' me you will undertake those duties." The exchange gave pleasure both and inspired them with confidence. At last the sad day rived and they must part.

Sophy's worthy father, with whom I had arranged the whole usiness, took affectionate leave of me, and taking me aside, he spoke riously and somewhat emphatically, saying, "I have done everying to please you; I knew I had to do with a man of honour; have only one word to say. Remember your pupil has signed his ntract of marriage on my daughter's lips."

What a difference in the behaviour of the two lovers! Emile, impetuous, eager, excited, almost beside himself, cries aloud and sheds torrents of tears upon the hands of father, mother, and daughter; with sobs he embraces every one in the house and repeats the same thing over and over again in a way that would be ludicrous at any other time. Sophy, pale, sorrowful, doleful, and heavy-eyed, remains quiet without a word or a tear, she sees no one, not even Emile. In vain he takes her hand, and clasps her in his arms she remains motionless, unheeding his tears, his caresses, and everything he does; so far as she is concerned, he is gone already. A sight more moving than the prolonged lamentations and noisy regrets of her lover! He sees, he feels, he is heartbroken. I drag him reluctantly away; if I left him another minute, he would never go. I am delighted that he should carry this touching picture with him. If he should ever be tempted to forget what is due to Sophy, his heart must have strayed very far indeed if I cannot bring it back to her by recalling her as he saw her last.

## OF TRAVEL

Is it good for young people to travel? The question is often asked and as often hotly disputed. If it were stated otherwise—Are men the better for having travelled?—perhaps there would be less difference of opinion.

The misuse of books is the death of sound learning. People think they know what they have read, and take no pains to learn. Too much reading only produces a pretentious ignoramus. There was never so much reading in any age as the present, and never was there less learning; in no country of Europe are so many histories and books of travel printed as in France, and nowhere is there less knowledge of the mind and manners of other nations. So many books lead us to neglect the book of the world; if we read it at all, we keep each to our own page. If the phrase, "Can one become a Persian," were unknown to me, I should suspect on hearing it that it came from the country where national prejudice is most prevalent and from the sex which does most to increase it.

A Parisian thinks he has a knowledge of men and he knows only Frenchmen; his town is always full of foreigners, but he considers every foreigner as a strange phenomenon which has no equal in the universe. You must have a close acquaintance with the middle classes of that great city, you must have lived among them, before you can believe that people could be at once so witty and so stupid. The strangest thing about it is that probably every one of them has read a dozen times a description of the country whose inhabitants inspire him with such wonder.

To discover the truth amidst our own prejudices and those of the authors is too hard a task. I have been reading books of travels all my life, but I never found two that gave me the same idea of the same nation. On comparing my own scanty observations with vhat I have read, I have decided to abandon the travellers and I egret the time wasted in trying to learn from their books; for I m quite convinced that for that sort of study, seeing not reading s required. That would be true enough if every traveller were onest, if he only said what he saw and believed, and if truth were ot tinged with false colours from his own eyes. What must it be vhen we have to disentangle the truth from the web of lies and ll-faith?

Let us leave the boasted resources of books to those who are ontent to use them. Like the art of Raymond Lully they are ble to set people chattering about things they do not know. They re able to set fifteen-year-old Platos discussing philosophy in the lubs, and teaching people the customs of Egypt and the Indies on he word of Paul Lucas or Tavernier.

I maintain that it is beyond dispute that any one who has only een one nation does not know men; he only knows those men mong whom he has lived. Hence there is another way of stating he question about travel: "Is it enough for a well-educated man o know his fellow-countrymen, or ought he to know mankind in eneral?" Then there is no place for argument or uncertainty. ee how greatly the solution of a difficult problem may depend on the ay in which it is stated.

But is it necessary to travel the whole globe to study mankind? eed we go to Japan to study Europeans? Need we know every ndividual before we know the species? No, there are men so much like that it is not worth while to study them individually. When ou have seen a dozen Frenchmen you have seen them all. Though ne cannot say as much of the English and other nations, it is, owever, certain that every nation has its own specific character, hich is derived by induction from the study, not of one, but any of its members. He who has compared a dozen nations nows men, just he who has compared a dozen Frenchmen knows ne French.

To acquire knowledge it is not enough to travel hastily through country. Observation demands eyes, and the power of directing em towards the object we desire to know. There are plenty of eople who learn no more from their travels than from their books, ecause they do not know how to think; because in reading their ind is at least under the guidance of the author, and in their avels they do not know how to see for themselves. Others learn othing, because they have no desire to learn. Their object is so ntirely different, that this never occurs to them; it is very unlikely at you will see clearly what you take no trouble to look for. The rench travel more than any other nation, but they are so taken p with their own customs, that everything else is confused gether. There are Frenchmen in every corner of the globe. In country of the world do you find more people who have travelled an in France. And yet of all the nations of Europe, that which as seen most, knows least. The English are also travellers, but they travel in another fashion; these two nations must always be at opposite extremes. The English nobility travels, the French stays at home; the French people travel, the English stay at home. This difference does credit, I think, to the English. The French almost always travel for their own ends; the English do not seek their fortune in other lands, unless in the way of commerce and with their hands full; when they travel it is to spend their money, not to live by their wits; they are too proud to cringe before strangers. This is why they learn more abroad than the French who have other fish to fry. Yet the English have their national prejudices; but these prejudices are not so much the result of ignorance as of feeling. The Englishman's prejudices are the result of pride, the Frenchman's are due to vanity.

Just as the least cultivated nations are usually the best, so those travel best who travel least; they have made less progress than we in our frivolous pursuits, they are less concerned with the objects of our empty curiosity, so that they give their attention to what is really useful. I hardly know any but the Spaniards who travel in this fashion. While the Frenchman is running after all the artists of the country, while the Englishman is getting a copy of some antique, while the German is taking his album to every man of science, the Spaniard is silently studying the government, the manners of the country, its police, and he is the only one of the four who from all that he has seen will carry home any observation useful to his own country.

The ancients travelled little, read little, and wrote few books; yet we see in those books that remain to us, that they observed each other more thoroughly than we observe our contemporaries. Without going back to the days of Homer, the only poet who transports us to the country he describes, we cannot deny to Herodotus the glory of having painted manners in his history, though he does it rather by narrative than by comment; still he does it better than all our historians whose books are overladen with portraits and characters. Tacitus has described the Germans of his time better than any author has described the Germans of to-day. There can be no doubt that those who have devoted themselves to ancient history know more about the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Gauls, and Persians than any nation of to-day knows about its neighbours.

It must also be admitted that the original characteristics of different nations are changing day by day, and are therefore more difficult to grasp. As races blend and nations intermingle, those national differences which formerly struck the observer at first sight gradually disappear. Before our time every nation remained more or less cut off from the rest; the means of communication were fewer; there was less travelling, less of mutual or conflicting interests, less political and civil intercourse between nation and nation; those intricate schemes of royalty, miscalled diplomacy, were less frequent; there were no permanent ambassadors resident t foreign courts; long voyages were rare, there was little foreign rade, and what little there was, was either the work of princes, vho employed foreigners, or of people of no account who had no nfluence on others and did nothing to bring the nations together. he relations between Europe and Asia in the present century are hundredfold more numerous than those between Gaul and Spain n the past; Europe alone was less accessible than the whole world s now.

Moreover, the peoples of antiquity usually considered themselves s the original inhabitants of their country; they had dwelt there o long that all record was lost of the far-off times when their ncestors settled there; they had been there so long that the place ad made a lasting impression on them; but in modern Europe the nvasions of the barbarians, following upon the Roman conquests, ave caused an extraordinary confusion. The Frenchmen of to-day re no longer the big fair men of old; the Greeks are no longer eautiful enough to serve as a sculptor's model; the very face of he Romans has changed as well as their character; the Persians, riginally from Tartary, are daily losing their native ugliness hrough the intermixture of Circassian blood. Europeans are no onger Gauls, Germans, Iberians, Allobroges; they are all Scythians, ore or less degenerate in countenance, and still more so in onduct.

This is why the ancient distinctions of race, the effect of soil and limate, made a greater difference between nation and nation in espect of temperament, looks, manners, and character than can be istinguished in our own time, when the fickleness of Europe leaves o time for natural causes to work, when the forests are cut down nd the marshes drained, when the earth is more generally, though ss thoroughly, tilled, so that the same differences between country nd country can no longer be detected even in purely physical atures.

If they considered these facts perhaps people would not be in ch a hurry to ridicule Herodotus, Ctesias, Pliny for having described e inhabitants of different countries each with its own peculiarities nd with striking differences which we no longer see. To recognise ch types of face we should need to see the men themselves; no ange must have passed over them, if they are to remain the same. we could behold all the people who have ever lived, who can doubt at we should find greater variations between one century and nother, than are now found between nation and nation.

At the same time, while observation becomes more difficult, it is ore carelessly and badly done; this is another reason for the small ccess of our researches into the natural history of the human ce. The information acquired by travel depends upon the object the journey. If this object is a system of philosophy, the traveller ly sees what he desires to see; if it is self-interest, it engrosses the hole attention of those concerned. Commerce and the arts which end and mingle the nations at the same time prevent them from studying each other. If they know how to make a profit out of their neighbours, what more do they need to know?

It is a good thing to know all the places where we might live, so as to choose those where we can live most comfortably. If every one lived by his own efforts, all he would need to know would be how much land would keep him in food. The savage, who has need of no one, and envies no one, neither knows nor seeks to know any other country but his own. If he requires more land for his subsistence he shuns inhabited places; he makes war upon the wild beasts and feeds on them. But for us, to whom civilised life has become a necessity, for us who must needs devour our fellow-creatures, self-interest prompts each one of us to frequent those districts where there are most people to be devoured. This is why we all flock to Rome, Paris, and London. Human flesh and blood are always cheapest in the capital cities. Thus we only know the great nations, which are just like one another.

They say that men of learning travel to obtain information; not so, they travel like other people from interested motives. Philosophers like Plato and Pythagoras are no longer to be found, or if they are, it must be in far-off lands. Our men of learning only travel at the king's command; they are sent out, their expenses are paid, they receive a salary for seeing such and such things, and the object of that journey is certainly not the study of any question of morals. Their whole time is required for the object of their journey, and they are too honest not to earn their pay. If in any country whatsoever there are people travelling at their own expense, you may be sure it is not to study men but to teach them. It is not knowledge they desire but ostentation. How should their travels teach them to shake off the yoke of prejudice? It is prejudice that sends them on their travels.

To travel to see foreign lands or to see foreign nations are two very different things. The former is the usual aim of the curious, the latter is merely subordinate to it. If you wish to travel as a philosopher you should reverse this order. The child observes things till he is old enough to study men. Man should begin by studying his fellows; he can study things later if time permits.

It is therefore illogical to conclude that travel is useless because we travel ill. But granting the usefulness of travel, does it follow that it is good for all of us? Far from it; there are very few people who are really fit to travel; it is only good for those who are strong enough in themselves to listen to the voice of error without being deceived, strong enough to see the example of vice without being led away by it. Travelling accelerates the progress of nature, and completes the man for good or evil. When a man returns from travelling about the world, he is what he will be all his life; there are more who return bad than good, because there are more who start with an inclination towards evil. In the course of their travels, young people, ill-educated and ill-behaved, pick up all the vices of the nations among whom they have sojourned, and none of the virtues with which those vices are associated; but those who, happily for themselves, are well-born, those whose good disposition has been well cultivated, those who travel with a real desire to learn, all such return better and wiser than they went. Emile will travel in this fashion; in this fashion there travelled another young man, worthy of a nobler age; one whose worth was the admiration of Europe, one who died for his country in the flower of his manhood; he deserved to live, and his tomb, ennobled by his virtues only, received no honour till a stranger's hand adorned it with flowers.

Everything that is done in reason should have its rules. Travel, undertaken as a part of education, should therefore have its rules. To travel for travelling's sake is to wander, to be a vagabond; to travel to learn is still too vague; learning without some definite aim is worthless. I would give a young man a personal interest in learning, and that interest, well-chosen, will also decide the nature of the instruction. This is merely the continuation of the method I have hitherto practised.

Now after he has considered himself in his physical relations to other creatures, in his moral relations with other men, there remains to be considered his civil relations with his fellow-citizens. To do this he must first study the nature of government in general, then the different forms of government, and lastly the particular government under which he was born, to know if it suits him to live under it; for by a right which nothing can abrogate, every man, when he comes of age, becomes his own master, free to renounce the contract by which he forms part of the community, by leaving the country in which that contract holds good. It is only by sojourning in that country, after he has come to years of discretion, that he is supposed to have tacitly confirmed the pledge given by his ancestors. He acquires the right to renounce his country, just as he has the right to renounce all claim to his father's lands; yet his place of birth was a gift of nature, and in renouncing it, he renounces what is his own. Strictly speaking, every man remains in the land of his birth at his own risk unless he voluntarily submits to its laws in order to acquire a right to their protection.

For example, I should say to Emile, "Hitherto you have lived under my guidance, you were unable to rule yourself. But now you are approaching the age when the law, giving you the control over your property, makes you master of your person. You are about to find yourself alone in society, dependent on everything, even on your patrimony. You mean to marry; that is a praiseworthy intention, it is one of the duties of man; but before you marry you must know what sort of man you want to be, how you wish to spend your life, what steps you mean to take to secure a living for your family and for yourself; for although we should not make this our main business, it must be definitely considered. Do you wish to be dependent on men whom you despise? Do you wish to establish your fortune and determine your position by means of civil relations which will make you always dependent on the choice of others, which will compel you, if you would escape from knaves, to become a knave yourself?"

In the next place I would show him every possible way of using his money in trade, in the civil service, in finance, and I shall show him that in every one of these there are risks to be taken, every one of them places him in a precarious and dependent position, and compels him to adapt his morals, his sentiments, his conduct to the example and the prejudices of others.

"There is yet another way of spending your time and money; you may join the army; that is to say, you may hire yourself out at very high wages to go and kill men who never did you any harm. This trade is held in great honour among men, and they cannot think too highly of those who are fit for nothing better. Moreover, this profession, far from making you independent of other resources, makes them all the more necessary; for it is a point of honour in this profession to ruin those who have adopted it. It is true they are not all ruined; it is even becoming fashionable to grow rich in this as in other professions; but if I told you how people manage to do it, I doubt whether you would desire to follow their example.

"Moreover, you must know that, even in this trade, it is no longer a question of courage or valour, unless with regard to the ladies; on the contrary, the more cringing, mean, and degraded you are, the more honour you obtain; if you have decided to take your profession seriously, you will be despised, you will be hated, you will very possibly be driven out of the service, or at least you will fall a victim to favouritism and be supplanted by your comrades, because you have been doing your duty in the trenches, while they have been attending to their toilet."

We can hardly suppose that any of these occupations will be much to Emile's taste. "Why," he will exclaim, "have I forgotten the amusements of my childhood? Have I lost the use of my arms? Is my strength failing me? Do I not know how to work? What do I care about all your fine professions and all the silly prejudices of others? I know no other pride than to be kindly and just; no other happiness than to live in independence with her I love, gaining health and a good appetite by the day's work. All these difficulties you speak of do not concern me. The only property I desire is a little farm in some quiet corner. I will devote all my efforts after wealth to making it pay, and I will live without a care. Give me Sophy and my land, and I shall be rich."

"Yes, my dear friend, that is all a wise man requires, a wife and land of his own; but these treasures are scarcer than you think. The rarest you have found already; let us discuss the other.

"A field of your own, dear Emile! Where will you find it, in what remote corner of the earth can you say, 'Here am I master of myself and of this estate which belongs to me?' We know where a man may grow rich; who knows where he can do without riches? Who knows where to live free and independent, without ill-treating others and without fear of being ill-treated himself? Do you think it is so easy to find a place where you can always live like an honest man? If there is any safe and lawful way of living without intrigues, without lawsuits, without dependence on others, it is, I admit, to live by the labour of our hands, by the cultivation of our own land; but where is the state in which a man can say, 'The earth which I dig is my own?' Before choosing this happy spot, be sure that you will find the peace you desire; beware lest an unjust government, a persecuting religion, and evil habits should disturb you in your home. Secure yourself against the excessive taxes which devour the fruits of your labours, and the endless lawsuits which consume your capital. Take care that you can live rightly without having to pay court to intendents, to their deputies, to judges, to priests, to powerful neighbours, and to knaves of every kind, who are always ready to annoy you if you neglect them. Above all, secure yourself from annoyance on the part of the rich and great; remember that their estates may anywhere adjoin your Naboth's vineyard. If unluckily for you some great man buys or builds a house near your cottage, make sure that he will not find a way, under some pretence or other, to encroach on your lands to round off his estate, or that you do not find him at once absorbing all your resources to make a wide highroad. If you keep sufficient credit to ward off all these disagreeables, you might as well keep your money, for it will cost you no more to keep it. Riches and credit lean upon each other, the one can hardly stand without the other.

"I have more experience than you, dear Emile; I see more clearly the difficulties in the way of your scheme. Yet it is a fine scheme and honourable; it would make you happy indeed. Let us try to carry it out. I have a suggestion to make; let us devote the two years from now till the time of your return to choosing a place in Europe where you could live happily with your family, secure from all the dangers I have just described. If we succeed, you will have discovered that true happiness, so often sought for in vain; and you will not have to regret the time spent in its search. If we fail, you will be cured of a mistaken idea; you will console yourself for an inevitable ill, and you will bow to the law of necessity."

I do not know whether all my readers will see whither this suggested inquiry will lead us; but this I do know, if Emile returns from his travels, begun and continued with this end in view, without a full knowledge of questions of government, public morality, and political philosophy of every kind, we are greatly lacking, he in intelligence and I in judgment.

The science of politics is and probably always will be unknown. Grotius, our leader in this branch of learning, is only a child, and what is worse an untruthful child. When I hear Grotius praised to the skies and Hobbes overwhelmed with abuse, I perceive how little sensible men have read or understood these authors. As a matter of fact, their principles are exactly alike, they only differ in their mode of expression. Their methods are also different:

Hobbes relies on sophism; Grotius relies on the poets; they are agreed in everything else. In modern times the only man who could have created this vast and useless science was the illustrious Montesquieu. But he was not concerned with the principles of political law; he was content to deal with the positive laws of settled governments; and nothing could be more different than these two branches of study.

Yet he who would judge wisely in matters of actual government is forced to combine the two; he must know what ought to be in order to judge what is. The chief difficulty in the way of throwing light upon this important matter is to induce an individual to discuss and to answer these two questions. "How does it concern me; and what can I do?" Emile is in a position to answer both.

The next difficulty is due to the prejudices of childhood, the principles in which we were brought up; it is due above all to the partiality of authors, who are always talking about truth, though they care very little about it; it is only their own interests that they care for, and of these they say nothing. Now the nation has neither professorships, nor pensions, nor membership of the academies to bestow. How then shall its rights be established by men of that type? The education I have given him has removed this difficulty also from Emile's path. He scarcely knows what is meant by government; his business is to find the best; he does not want to write books; if ever he did so, it would not be to pay court to those in authority, but to establish the rights of humanity.

There is a third difficulty, more specious than real; a difficulty which I neither desire to solve nor even to state; enough that I am not afraid of it; sure I am that in inquiries of this kind, great talents are less necessary than a genuine love of justice and a sincere reverence for truth. If matters of government can ever be fairly discussed, now or never is our chance.

Before beginning our observations we must lay down rules of procedure; we must find a scale with which to compare our measurements. Our principles of political law are our scale. Our actual measurements are the civil law of each country.

Our elementary notions are plain and simple, being taken directly from the nature of things. They will take the form of problems discussed between us, and they will not be formulated into principles, until we have found a satisfactory solution of our problems.

For example, we shall begin with the state of nature, we shall see whether men are born slaves or free, in a community or independent; is their association the result of free will or of force? Can the force which compels them to united action ever form a permanent law, by which this original force becomes binding, even when another has been imposed upon it, so that since the power of King Nimrod, who is said to have been the first conqueror, every other power which has overthrown the original power is unjust and usurping, so that there are no lawful kings but the descendants of Nimrod or their representatives; or if this original power has ceased, has the ower which succeeded it any right over us, and does it destroy he binding force of the former power, so that we are not bound to bey except under compulsion, and we are free to rebel as soon as ve are capable of resistance? Such a right is not very different from night; it is little more than a play upon words.

We shall inquire whether man might not say that all sickness omes from God, and that it is therefore a crime to send for the octor.

Again, we shall inquire whether we are bound by our conscience o give our purse to a highwayman when we might conceal it from im, for the pistol in his hand is also a power.

Does this word power in this context mean something different rom a power which is lawful and therefore subject to the laws to vhich it owes its being?

Suppose we reject this theory that might is right and admit the ight of nature, or the authority of the father, as the foundation of ociety; we shall inquire into the extent of this authority; what s its foundation in nature? Has it any other grounds but that of its sefulness to the child, his weakness, and the natural love which is father feels towards him? When the child is no longer feeble, vhen he is grown-up in mind as well as in body, does not he become he sole judge of what is necessary for his preservation? Is he ot therefore his own master, independent of all men, even of his ather himself? For is it not still more certain that the son loves imself, than that the father loves the son?

The father being dead, should the children obey the eldest rother, or some other person who has not the natural affection of father? Should there always be, from family to family, one ingle head to whom all the family owe obedience? If so, how as power ever come to be divided, and how is it that there s more than one head to govern the human race throughout he world?

Suppose the nations to have been formed each by its own choice; ve shall then distinguish between right and fact; being thus ubjected to their brothers, uncles, or other relations, not because hey were obliged, but because they choose, we shall inquire vhether this kind of society is not a sort of free and voluntary ssociation?

Taking next the law of slavery, we shall inquire whether a man an make over to another his right to himself, without restriction, vithout reserve, without any kind of conditions; that is to say, an he renounce his person, his life, his reason, his very self, can he enounce all morality in his actions; in a word, can he cease to exist efore his death, in spite of nature who places him directly in charge f his own preservation, in spite of reason and conscience which tell im what to do and what to leave undone?

If there is any reservation or restriction in the deed of slavery, ve shall discuss whether this deed does not then become a true contract, in which both the contracting powers, having in this respect no common master,[1] remain their own judge as to the conditions of the contract, and therefore free to this extent, and able to break the contract so soon as it becomes hurtful.

If then a slave cannot convey himself altogether to his master, how can a nation convey itself altogether to its head? If a slave is to judge whether his master is fulfilling his contract, is not the nation to judge whether its head is fulfilling his contract?

Thus we are compelled to retrace our steps, and when we consider the meaning of this collective nation we shall inquire whether some contract, a tacit contract at the least, is not required to make a nation, a contract anterior to that which we are assuming.

Since the nation was a nation before it chose a king, what made it a nation, except the social contract? Therefore the social contract is the foundation of all civil society, and it is in the nature of this contract that we must seek the nature of the society formed by it.

We will inquire into the meaning of this contract; may it not be fairly well expressed in this formula? As an individual every one of us contributes his goods, his person, his life, to the common stock, under the supreme direction of the general will; while as a body we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole.

Assuming this, in order to define the terms we require, we shall observe that, instead of the individual person of each contracting party, this deed of association produces a moral and collective body, consisting of as many members as there are votes in the Assembly. This public personality is usually called the *body politic*, which is called by its members the *State* when it is passive, and the *Sovereign* when it is active, and a *Power* when compared with its equals. With regard to the members themselves, collectively they are known as the *nation*, and individually as *citizens* as members of the *city* or partakers in the sovereign power, and *subjects* as obedient to the same authority.

We shall note that this contract of association includes a mutual pledge on the part of the public and the individual; and that each individual, entering, so to speak, into a contract with himself, finds himself in a twofold capacity, *i.e.*, as a member of the sovereign with regard to others, as member of the state with regard to the sovereign.

We shall also note that while no one is bound by any engagement to which he was not himself a party, the general deliberation which may be binding on all the subjects with regard to the sovereign, because of the two different relations under which each of them is envisaged, cannot be binding on the state with regard to itself. Hence we see that there is not, and cannot be, any other fundamental law, properly so called, except the social contract only. This does not mean that the body politic cannot, in certain respects, pledge itself to others; for in regard to the foreigner, it then becomes a simple creature, an individual.

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[1] If they had such a common master, he would be no other than the sovereign, and then the right of slavery resting on the right of sovereignty would not be its origin.

Thus the two contracting parties, *i.e.*, each individual and the public, have no common superior to decide their differences; so we will inquire if each of them remains free to break the contract at will, that is to repudiate it on his side as soon as he considers it hurtful.

To clear up this difficulty, we shall observe that, according to the social pact, the sovereign power is only able to act through the common, general will; so its decrees can only have a general or common aim; hence it follows that a private individual cannot be directly injured by the sovereign, unless all are injured, which is impossible, for that would be to want to harm oneself. Thus the social contract has no need of any warrant but the general power, for it can only be broken by individuals, and they are not therefore freed from their engagement, but punished for having broken it.

To decide all such questions rightly, we must always bear in mind that the nature of the social pact is private and peculiar to itself, in that the nation only contracts with itself, *i.e.*, the people as a whole as sovereign, with the individuals as subjects; this condition is essential to the construction and working of the political machine, it alone makes pledges lawful, reasonable, and secure, without which it would be absurd, tyrannical, and liable to the grossest abuse.

Individuals having only submitted themselves to the sovereign, and the sovereign power being only the general will, we shall see that every man in obeying the sovereign only obeys himself, and how much freer are we under the social part than in the state of nature.

Having compared natural and civil liberty with regard to persons, we will compare them as to property, the rights of ownership and the rights of sovereignty, the private and the common domain. If the sovereign power rests upon the right of ownership, there is no right more worthy of respect; it is inviolable and sacred for the sovereign power, so long as it remains a private individual right; as soon as it is viewed as common to all the citizens, it is subject to the common will, and this will may destroy it. Thus the sovereign has no right to touch the property of one or many; but he may lawfully take possession of the property of all, as was done in Sparta in the time of Lycurgus; while the abolition of debts by Solon was an unlawful deed.

Since nothing is binding on the subjects except the general will, let us inquire how this will is made manifest, by what signs we may recognise it with certainty, what is a law, and what are the true characters of the law? This is quite a fresh subject; we have still to define the term law.

As soon as the nation considers one or more of its members, the nation is divided. A relation is established between the whole and its part which makes of them two separate entities, of which the part is one, and the whole, minus that part, is the other. But the whole minus the part is not the whole; as long as this relation exists, there is no longer a whole, but two unequal parts.

On the other hand, if the whole nation makes a law for the whole nation, it is only considering itself; and if a relation is set up, it is between the whole community regarded from one point of view, and the whole community regarded from another point of view, without any division of that whole. Then the object of the statute is general, and the will which makes that statute is general too. Let us see if there is any other kind of decree which may bear the name of law.

If the sovereign can only speak through laws, and if the law can never have any but a general purpose, concerning all the members of the state, it follows that the sovereign never has the power to make any law with regard to particular cases; and yet it is necessary for the preservation of the state that particular cases should also be dealt with; let us see how this can be done.

The decrees of the sovereign can only be decrees of the general will, that is laws; there must also be determining decrees, decrees of power or government, for the execution of those laws; and these, on the other hand, can only have particular aims. Thus the decrees by which the sovereign decides that a chief shall be elected is a law; the decree by which that chief is elected, in pursuance of the law, is only a decree of government.

This is a third relation in which the assembled people may be considered, *i.e.*, as magistrates or executors of the law which it has passed in its capacity as sovereign.[1]

We will now inquire whether it is possible for the nation to deprive itself of its right of sovereignty, to bestow it on one or more persons; for the decree of election not being a law, and the people in this decree not being themselves sovereign, we do not see how they can transfer a right which they do not possess.

The essence of sovereignty consisting in the general will, it is equally hard to see how we can be certain that an individual will shall always be in agreement with the general will. We should rather assume that it will often be opposed to it; for individual interest always tends to privileges, while the common interest always tends to equality, and if such an agreement were possible, no sovereign right could exist, unless the agreement were either necessary or indestructible.

We will inquire if, without violating the social pact, the heads of the nation, under whatever name they are chosen, can ever be more than the officers of the people, entrusted by them with the duty of carrying the law into execution. Are not these chiefs themselves accountable for their administration, and are not they themselves subject to the laws which it is their business to see carried out?

If the nation cannot alienate its supreme right, can it entrust it to others for a time? Cannot it give itself a master, cannot it find epresentatives? This is an important question and deserves iscussion.

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[1] These problems and theorems are mostly taken from the *Treatise on the Social Contract*, itself a summary of a larger work, undertaken without due consideration of my own powers, and long since abandoned.

If the nation can have neither sovereign nor representatives we vill inquire how it can pass its own laws; must there be many laws; nust they be often altered; is it easy for a great nation to be its wn lawgiver?

Was not the Roman people a great nation?

Is it a good thing that there should be great nations?

It follows from considerations already established that there is n intermediate body in the state between subjects and sovereign; nd this intermediate body, consisting of one or more members, is ntrusted with the public administration, the carrying out of the aws, and the maintenance of civil and political liberty.

The members of this body are called *magistrates* or *kings*, that is o say, rulers. This body, as a whole, considered in relation to its nembers, is called the *prince*, and considered in its actions it is alled the *government*.

If we consider the action of the whole body upon itself, that is o say, the relation of the whole to the whole, of the sovereign to the tate, we can compare this relation to that of the extremes in a roportion of which the government is the middle term. The magistrate receives from the sovereign the commands which he ives to the nation, and when it is reckoned up his product or his ower is in the same degree as the product or power of the citizens who are subjects on one side of the proportion and sovereigns on the ther. None of the three terms can be varied without at once estroying this proportion. If the sovereign tries to govern, and if he prince wants to make the laws, or if the subject refuses to obey them, disorder takes the place of order, and the state falls to pieces nder despotism or anarchy.

Let us suppose that this state consists of ten thousand citizens. The sovereign can only be considered collectively and as a body, but each individual, as a subject, has his private and independent existence. Thus the sovereign is as ten thousand to one; that is to say, every member of the state has, as his own share, only one ten-thousandth part of the sovereign power, although he is subject to the whole. Let the nation be composed of one hundred thousand men, the position of the subjects is unchanged, and each continues to bear the whole weight of the laws, while his vote, reduced to the one hundred-thousandth part, has ten times less influence in the making of the laws. Thus the subject being always one, the sovereign is relatively greater as the number of the citizens is increased. Hence it follows that the larger the state the less liberty.

Now the greater the disproportion between private wishes and the general will, *i.e.*, between manners and laws, the greater must be the power of repression. On the other side, the greatness of the state gives the depositaries of public authority greater temptations and additional means of abusing that authority, so that the more power is required by the government to control the people, the more power should there be in the sovereign to control the government.

From this twofold relation it follows that the continued proportion between the sovereign, the prince, and the people is not an arbitrary idea, but a consequence of the nature of the state. Moreover, it follows that one of the extremes, *i.e.*, the nation, being constant, every time the double ratio increases or decreases, the simple ratio increases or diminishes in its turn; which cannot be unless the middle term is as often changed. From this we may conclude that there is no single absolute form of government, but there must be as many different forms of government as there are states of different size.

If the greater the numbers of the nation the less the ratio between its manners and its laws, by a fairly clear analogy, we may also say, the more numerous the magistrates, the weaker the government.

To make this principle clearer we will distinguish three essentially different wills in the person of each magistrate; first, his own will as an individual, which looks to his own advantage only; secondly, the common will of the magistrates, which is concerned only with the advantage of the prince, a will which may be called corporate, and one which is general in relation to the government and particular in relation to the state of which the government forms part; thirdly, the will of the people, or the sovereign will, which is general, as much in relation to the state viewed as the whole as in relation to the government viewed as a part of the whole. In a perfect legislature the private individual will should be almost nothing; the corporate will belonging to the government should be quite subordinate, and therefore the general and sovereign will is the master of all the others. On the other hand, in the natural order, these different wills become more and more active in proportion as they become centralised; the general will is always weak, the corporate will takes the second place, the individual will is preferred to all; so that every one is himself first, then a magistrate, and then a citizen; a series just the opposite of that required by the social order.

Having laid down this principle, let us assume that the government is in the hands of one man. In this case the individual and the corporate will are absolutely one, and therefore this will has reached the greatest possible degree of intensity. Now the use of power depends on the degree of this intensity, and as the absolute power of the government is always that of the people, and therefore invariable, it follows that the rule of one man is the most active form of government.

If, on the other hand, we unite the government with the supreme power, and make the prince the sovereign and the citizens so many magistrates, then the corporate will is completely lost in the general will, and will have no more activity than the general will, and it will leave the individual will in full vigour. Thus the government, though its absolute force is constant, will have the minimum of activity.

These rules are incontestable in themselves, and other considera- ions only serve to confirm them. For example, we see the magis- rates as a body far more active than the citizens as a body, so that he individual will always counts for more. For each magistrate usually has charge of some particular duty of government; while ach citizen, in himself, has no particular duty of sovereignty. Moreover, the greater the state the greater its real power, although ts power does not increase because of the increase in territory; but the state remaining unchanged, the magistrates are multiplied n vain, the government acquires no further real strength, because t is the depositary of that of the state, which I have assumed to be onstant. Thus, this plurality of magistrates decreases the activity of the government without increasing its power.

Having found that the power of the government is relaxed in proportion as the number of magistrates is multiplied, and that the more numerous the people, the more the controlling power must be increased, we shall infer that the ratio between the magistrates and the government should be inverse to that between subjects and overeign, that is to say, that the greater the state, the smaller the overnment, and that in like manner the number of chiefs should be diminished because of the increased numbers of the people.

In order to make this diversity of forms clearer, and to assign them their different names, we shall observe in the first place that the sovereign may entrust the care of the government to the whole nation or to the greater part of the nation, so that there are more itizen magistrates than private citizens. This form of government is called *Democracy*.

Or the sovereign may restrict the government in the hands of a lesser number, so that there are more plain citizens than magistrates; and this form of government is called *Aristocracy*.

Finally, the sovereign may concentrate the whole government in the hands of one man. This is the third and commonest form of government, and is called *Monarchy* or royal government.

We shall observe that all these forms, or the first and second at least, may be less or more, and that within tolerably wide limits. For the democracy may include the whole nation, or may be confined to one half of it. The aristocracy, in its turn, may shrink from the half of the nation to the smallest number. Even royalty may be shared, either between father and son, between two brothers, or in some other fashion. There were always two kings in Sparta, and in the Roman empire there were as many as eight emperors at once, and yet it cannot be said that the empire was divided. There is a point where each form of government blends with the next: and under the three specific forms there may be really as many orms of government as there are citizens in the state.

Nor is this all. In certain respects each of these governments is capable of subdivision into different parts, each administered in one of these three ways. From these forms in combination there may arise a multitude of mixed forms, since each may be multiplied by all the simple forms.

In all ages there have been great disputes as to which is the best form of government, and people have failed to consider that each is the best in some cases and the worst in others. For ourselves, if the number of magistrates in the various states is to be in inverse ratio to the number of the citizens, we infer that generally a democratic government is adapted to small states, an aristocratic government to those of moderate size, and a monarchy to large states.

These inquiries furnish us with a clue by which we may discover what are the duties and rights of citizens, and whether they can be separated one from the other; what is our country, in what does it really consist, and how can each of us ascertain whether he has a country or no?

Having thus considered every kind of civil society in itself, we shall compare them, so as to note their relations one with another; great and small, strong and weak, attacking one another, insulting one another, destroying one another; and in this perpetual action and reaction causing more misery and loss of life than if men had preserved their original freedom. We shall inquire whether too much or too little has not been accomplished in the matter of social institutions; whether individuals who are subject to law and to men, while societies preserve the independence of nature, are not exposed to the ills of both conditions without the advantages of either, and whether it would not be better to have no civil society in the world rather than to have many such societies. Is it not that mixed condition which partakes of both and secures neither?

> "Per quem neutrum licet, nec tanquam in bello paratum esse, nec tanquam in pace securum."—SENECA, *De Trang: Animi*, cap. I.

Is it not this partial and imperfect association which gives rise to tyranny and war? And are not tyranny and war the worst scourges of humanity?

Finally we will inquire how men seek to get rid of these difficulties by means of leagues and confederations, which leave each state its own master in internal affairs, while they arm it against any unjust aggression. We will inquire how a good federal association may be established, what can make it lasting, and how far the rights of the federation may be stretched without destroying the right of sovereignty.

The Abbé de Saint-Pierre suggested an association of all the states of Europe to maintain perpetual peace among themselves. Is this association practicable, and supposing that it were established, would it be likely to last? These inquiries lead us straight to all the questions of international law which may clear up the remaining difficulties of political law.

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[1] You will remember that I mean, in this context, the supreme magistrates or heads of the nation, the others being only their deputies in this or that respect.

Finally we shall lay down the real principles of the laws of war, and we shall see why Grotius and others have only stated false principles.

I should not be surprised if my pupil, who is a sensible young man, should interrupt me saying, "One would think we were building our edifice of wood and not of men; we are putting everything so exactly in its place!" That is true; but remember that the law does not bow to the passions of men, and that we have first to establish the true principles of political law. Now that our oundations are laid, come and see what men have built upon them; and you will see some strange sights!

Then I set him to read *Telemachus*, and we pursue our journey; we are seeking that happy Salentum and the good Idomeneus made wise by misfortunes. By the way we find many like Protesilas and no Philocles, neither can Adrastes, King of the Daunians, be found. But let our readers picture our travels for themselves, or take the ame journeys with *Telemachus* in their hand; and let us not uggest to them painful applications which the author himself voids or makes in spite of himself.

Moreover, Emile is not a king, nor am I a god, so that we are not distressed that we cannot imitate Telemachus and Mentor in the ood they did; none know better than we how to keep to our own place, none have less desire to leave it. We know that the same task is allotted to all; that whoever loves what is right with all his eart, and does the right so far as it is in his power, has fulfilled that task. We know that Telemachus and Mentor are creatures of the nagination. Emile does not travel in idleness and he does more ood than if he were a prince. If we were kings we should be no reater benefactors. If we were kings and benefactors we should cause any number of real evils for every apparent good we supposed we were doing. If we were kings and sages, the first good deed we hould desire to perform, for ourselves and for others, would be to bdicate our kingship and return to our present position.

I have said why travel does so little for every one. What makes still more barren for the young is the way in which they are sent n their travels. Tutors, more concerned to amuse than to instruct, ke them from town to town, from palace to palace, where if they e men of learning and letters, they make them spend their time libraries, or visiting antiquaries, or rummaging among old buildgs transcribing ancient inscriptions. In every country they are usy over some other century, as if they were living in another untry; so that after they have travelled all over Europe at great pense, a prey to frivolity or tedium, they return, having seen othing to interest them, and having learnt nothing that could be any possible use to them.

All capitals are just alike, they are a mixture of all nations and l ways of living; they are not the place in which to study the tions. Paris and London seem to me the same town. Their habitants have a few prejudices of their own, but each has as many as the other, and all their rules of conduct are the same. We know the kind of people who will throng the court. We know the way of living which the crowds of people and the unequal distribution of wealth will produce. As soon as any one tells me of a town with two hundred thousand people, I know its life already. What I do not know about it is not worth going there to learn.

To study the genius and character of a nation you should go to the more remote provinces, where there is less stir, less commerce, where strangers seldom travel, where the inhabitants stay in one place, where there are fewer changes of wealth and position. Take a look at the capital on your way, but go and study the country far away from that capital. The French are not in Paris, but in Touraine; the English are more English in Mercia than in London, and the Spaniards more Spanish in Galicia than in Madrid. In these remoter provinces a nation assumes its true character and shows what it really is; there the good or ill effects of the government are best perceived, just as you can measure the arc more exactly at a greater radius.

The necessary relations between character and government have been so clearly pointed out in the book of *L'Esprit des Lois*, that one cannot do better than have recourse to that work for the study of those relations. But speaking generally, there are two plain and simple standards by which to decide whether governments are good or bad. One is the population. Every country in which the population is decreasing is on its way to ruin; and the countries in which the population increases most rapidly, even were they the poorest countries in the world, are certainly the best governed.[1]

But this population must be the natural result of the government and the national character, for if it is caused by colonisation or any other temporary and accidental cause, then the remedy itself is evidence of the disease. When Augustus passed laws against celibacy, those laws showed that the Roman empire was already beginning to decline. Citizens must be induced to marry by the goodness of the government, not compelled to marry by law; you must not examine the effects of force, for the law which strives against the constitution has little or no effect; you should study what is done by the influence of public morals and by the natural inclination of the government, for these alone produce a lasting effect. It was the policy of the worthy Abbé de Saint-Pierre always to look for a little remedy for every individual ill, instead of tracing them to their common source and seeing if they could not all be cured together. You do not need to treat separately every sore on a rich man's body; you should purify the blood which produces them. They say that in England there are prizes for agriculture; that is enough for me; that is proof enough that agriculture will not flourish there much longer.

The second sign of the goodness or badness of the government and the laws is also to be found in the population, but it is to be found not in its numbers but in its distribution. Two states equal n size and population may be very unequal in strength; and the more powerful is always that in which the people are more evenly distributed over its territory; the country which has fewer large owns, and makes less show on this account, will always defeat the other. It is the great towns which exhaust the state and are the cause of its weakness; the wealth which they produce is a sham wealth, there is much money and few goods. They say the town of Paris is worth a whole province to the King of France; for my own part I believe it costs him more than several provinces. I believe that Paris is fed by the provinces in more senses than one, and that the greater part of their revenues is poured into that town and stays there, without ever returning to the people or to the king. t is inconceivable that in this age of calculators there is no one to ee that France would be much more powerful if Paris were destroyed. Not only is this ill-distributed population not advantageous to the tate, it is more ruinous than depopulation itself, because depopulaion only gives as produce nought, and the ill-regulated addition of till more people gives a negative result. When I hear an Englishman and a Frenchman so proud of the size of their capitals, and disputing whether London or Paris has more inhabitants, it seems o me that they are quarrelling as to which nation can claim the onour of being the worst governed.

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[1] I only know one exception to this rule—it is China.

Study the nation outside its towns; thus only will you really get o know it. It is nothing to see the apparent form of a government, overladen with the machinery of administration and the jargon of he administrators, if you have not also studied its nature as seen n the effects it has upon the people, and in every degree of adminisration. The difference of form is really shared by every degree of he administration, and it is only by including every degree that ou really know the difference. In one country you begin to feel the pirit of the minister in the manœuvres of his underlings; in another ou must see the election of members of parliament to see if the nation is really free; in each and every country, he who has only seen he towns cannot possibly know what the government is like, as its pirit is never the same in town and country. Now it is the agriultural districts which form the country, and the country people ho make the nation.

This study of different nations in their remoter provinces, and in e simplicity of their native genius, gives a general result which is ery satisfactory, to my thinking, and very consoling to the human eart; it is this: All the nations, if you observe them in this fashion, em much better worth observing; the nearer they are to nature, e more does kindness hold sway in their character; it is only hen they are cooped up in towns, it is only when they are changed cultivation, that they become depraved, that certain faults hich were rather coarse than injurious are exchanged for pleasant ut pernicious vices.

From this observation we see another advantage in the mode of travel I suggest; for young men, sojourning less in the big towns which are horribly corrupt, are less likely to catch the infection of vice; among simpler people and less numerous company, they will preserve a surer judgment, a healthier taste, and better morals. Besides this contagion of vice is hardly to be feared for Emile; he has everything to protect him from it. Among all the precautions I have taken, I reckon much on the love he bears in his heart.

We do not know the power of true love over youthful desires, because we are ourselves as ignorant of it as they are, and those who have control over the young turn them from true love. Yet a young man must either love or fall into bad ways. It is easy to be deceived by appearances. You will quote any number of young men who are said to live very chastely without love; but show me one grown man, a real man, who can truly say that his youth was thus spent? In all our virtues, all our duties, people are content with appearances; for my own part I want the reality, and I am much mistaken if there is any other way of securing it beyond the means I have suggested.

The idea of letting Emile fall in love before taking him on his travels is not my own. It was suggested to me by the following incident.

I was in Venice calling on the tutor of a young Englishman. It was winter and we were sitting round the fire. The tutor's letters were brought from the post office. He glanced at them, and then read them aloud to his pupil. They were in English; I understood not a word, but while he was reading I saw the young man tear some fine point lace ruffles which he was wearing, and throw them in the fire one after another, as quietly as he could, so that no one should see it. Surprised at this whim, I looked at his face and thought I perceived some emotion; but the external signs of passion, though much alike in all men, have national differences which may easily lead one astray. Nations have a different language of facial expression as well as of speech. I waited till the letters were finished and then showing the tutor the bare wrists of his pupil, which he did his best to hide, I said, "May I ask the meaning of this?"

The tutor seeing what had happened began to laugh; he embraced his pupil with an air of satisfaction and, with his consent, he gave me the desired explanation.

"The ruffles," said he, "which Mr. John has just torn to pieces, were a present from a lady in this town, who made them for him not long ago. Now you must know that Mr. John is engaged to a young lady in his own country, with whom he is greatly in love, and she well deserves it. This letter is from the lady's mother, and I will translate the passage which caused the destruction you beheld.

"'Lucy is always at work upon Mr. John's ruffles. Yesterday Miss Betty Roldham came to spend the afternoon and insisted on doing some of her work. I knew that Lucy was up very early this morning and I wanted to see what she was doing; I found her busy npicking what Miss Betty had done. She would not have a single titch in her present done by any hand but her own.' "

Mr. John went to fetch another pair of ruffles, and I said to his utor: " Your pupil has a very good disposition; but tell me is not he letter from Miss Lucy's mother a put up job? Is it not an xpedient of your designing against the lady of the ruffles?" "No," aid he, " it is quite genuine; I am not so artful as that; I have nade use of simplicity and zeal, and God has blessed my efforts."

This incident with regard to the young man stuck in my mind; t was sure to set a dreamer like me thinking.

But it is time we finished. Let us take Mr. John back to Miss ucy, or rather Emile to Sophy. He brings her a heart as tender s ever, and a more enlightened mind, and he returns to his native and all the better for having made acquaintance with foreign overnments through their vices and foreign nations through their irtues. I have even taken care that he should associate himself ith some man of worth in every nation, by means of a treaty of ospitality after the fashion of the ancients, and I shall not be sorry this acquaintance is kept up by means of letters. Not only may is be useful, not only is it always pleasant to have a correspondent foreign lands, it is also an excellent antidote against the sway of atriotic prejudices, to which we are liable all through our life, and which sooner or later we are more or less enslaved. Nothing is etter calculated to lessen the hold of such prejudices than a friendly nterchange of opinions with sensible people whom we respect; ey are free from our prejudices and we find ourselves face to face ith theirs, and so we can set the one set of prejudices against the her and be safe from both. It is not the same thing to have to with strangers in our own country and in theirs. In the former se there is always a certain amount of politeness which either akes them conceal their real opinions, or makes them think more vourably of our country while they are with us; when they get ome again this disappears, and they merely do us justice. I should very glad if the foreigner I consult has seen my country, but I all not ask what he thinks of it till he is at home again.

When we have spent nearly two years travelling in a few of the eat countries and many of the smaller countries of Europe, when e have learnt two or three of the chief languages, when we have en what is really interesting in natural history, government, arts, men, Emile, devoured by impatience, reminds me that our time almost up. Then I say, " Well, my friend, you remember the ain object of our journey; you have seen and observed; what is e final result of your observations? What decision have you me to?" Either my method is wrong, or he will answer me mewhat after this fashion—

" What decision have I come to? I have decided to be what u made me; of my own free will I will add no fetters to those posed upon me by nature and the laws. The more I study the rks of men in their institutions, the more clearly I see that, in their efforts after independence, they become slaves, and that their very freedom is wasted in vain attempts to assure its continuance. That they may not be carried away by the flood of things, they form all sorts of attachments; then as soon as they wish to move forward they are surprised to find that everything drags them back. It seems to me that to set oneself free we need do nothing, we need only continue to desire freedom. My master, you have made me free by teaching me to yield to necessity. Let her come when she will, I follow her without compulsion; I lay hold of nothing to keep me back. In our travels I have sought for some corner of the earth where I might be absolutely my own; but where can one dwell among men without being dependent on their passions? On further consideration I have discovered that my desire contradicted itself; for were I to hold to nothing else, I should at least hold to the spot on which I had settled; my life would be attached to that spot, as the dryads were attached to their trees. I have discovered that the words liberty and empire are incompatible; I can only be master of a cottage by ceasing to be master of myself.

" 'Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus.'
HORACE, lib. ii., sat. vi.

"I remember that my property was the origin of our inquiries. You argued very forcibly that I could not keep both my wealth and my liberty; but when you wished me to be free and at the same time without needs, you desired two incompatible things, for I could only be independent of men by returning to dependence on nature. What then shall I do with the fortune bequeathed to me by my parents? To begin with, I will not be dependent on it; I will cut myself loose from all the ties which bind me to it; if it is left in my hands, I shall keep it; if I am deprived of it, I shall not be dragged away with it. I shall not trouble myself to keep it, but I shall keep steadfastly to my own place. Rich or poor, I shall be free. I shall be free not merely in this country or in that; I shall be free in any part of the world. All the chains of prejudice are broken; as far as I am concerned I know only the bonds of necessity. I have been trained to endure them from my childhood, and I shall endure them until death, for I am a man; and why should I not wear those chains as a free man, for I should have to wear them even if I were a slave, together with the additional fetters of slavery?

"What matters my place in the world? What matters it where I am? Wherever there are men, I am among my brethren; wherever there are none, I am in my own home. So long as I may be independent and rich, and have wherewithal to live, and I shall live. If my wealth makes a slave of me, I shall find it easy to renounce it. I have hands to work, and I shall get a living. If my hands fail me, I shall live if others will support me; if they forsake me I shall die; I shall die even if I am not forsaken, for death is not the penalty of poverty, it is a law of nature. Whensoever death comes I defy it; it shall never find me making preparations for life; it shall never prevent me having lived.

“My father, this is my decision. But for my passions, I should e in my manhood independent as God himself, for I only desire hat is and I should never fight against fate. At least, there is only ne chain, a chain which I shall ever wear, a chain of which I may e justly proud. Come then, give me my Sophy, and I am free.”

“Dear Emile, I am glad indeed to hear you speak like a man, and behold the feelings of your heart. At your age this exaggerated nselfishness is not unpleasing. It will decrease when you have hildren of your own, and then you will be just what a good father nd a wise man ought to be. I knew what the result would be efore our travels; I knew that when you saw our institutions you ould be far from reposing a confidence in them which they do not eserve. In vain do we seek freedom under the power of the laws. he laws! Where is there any law? Where is there any respect for w? Under the name of law you have everywhere seen the rule self-interest and human passion. But the eternal laws of nature d of order exist. For the wise man they take the place of positive w; they are written in the depths of his heart by conscience and ason; let him obey these laws and be free; for there is no slave t the evil-doer, for he always does evil against his will. Liberty not to be found in any form of government, she is in the heart of e free man, he bears her with him everywhere. The vile man ars his slavery in himself; the one would be a slave in Geneva, e other free in Paris.

“If I spoke to you of the duties of a citizen, you would perhaps ask e, ‘Which is my country?’ And you would think you had put e to confusion. Yet you would be mistaken, dear Emile, for he ho has no country has, at least, the land in which he lives. There always a government and certain so-called laws under which he s lived in peace. What matter though the social contract has t been observed, if he has been protected by private interest ainst the general will, if he has been secured by public violence ainst private aggressions, if the evil he has beheld has taught him love the good, and if our institutions themselves have made him rceive and hate their own iniquities? Oh, Emile, where is the man o owes nothing to the land in which he lives? Whatever that d may be, he owes to it the most precious thing possessed by an, the morality of his actions and the love of virtue. Born in the pths of a forest he would have lived in greater happiness and edom; but being able to follow his inclinations without a struggle re would have been no merit in his goodness, he would not have en virtuous, as he may be now, in spite of his passions. The re sight of order teaches him to know and love it. The public good, ich to others is a mere pretext, is a real motive for him. He rns to fight against himself and to prevail, to sacrifice his own erest to the common weal. It is not true that he gains nothing m the laws; they give him courage to be just, even in the midst the wicked. It is not true that they have failed to make him e; they have taught him to rule himself.

"Do not say therefore, 'What matter where I am?' It does matter that you should be where you can best do your duty; and one of these duties is to love your native land. Your fellow-countrymen protected you in childhood; you should love them in your manhood. You should live among them, or at least you should live where you can serve them to the best of your power, and where they know where to find you if ever they are in need of you. There are circumstances in which a man may be of more use to his fellow-countrymen outside his country than within it. Then he should listen only to his own zeal and should bear his exile without a murmur; that exile is one of his duties. But you, dear Emile, you have not undertaken the painful task of telling men the truth, you must live in the midst of your fellow-creatures, cultivating their friendship in pleasant intercourse; you must be their benefactor, their pattern; your example will do more than all our books, and the good they see you do will touch them more deeply than all our empty words.

"Yet I do not exhort you to live in a town; on the contrary, one of the examples which the good should give to others is that of a patriarchal, rural life, the earliest life of man, the most peaceful, the most natural, and the most attractive to the uncorrupted heart Happy is the land, my young friend, where one need not seek peace in the wilderness! But where is that country? A man of good wil finds it hard to satisfy his inclinations in the midst of towns, where he can find few but frauds and rogues to work for. The welcome given by the towns to those idlers who flock to them to seek their fortunes only completes the ruin of the country, when the country ought really to be repopulated at the cost of the towns. All the men who withdraw from high society are useful just because of their withdrawal, since its vices are the result of its numbers. They are also useful when they can bring with them into the desert places life, culture, and the love of their first condition. I like to think what benefits Emile and Sophy, in their simple home, may spread about them, what a stimulus they may give to the country, how they may revive the zeal of the unlucky villagers.

"In fancy I see the population increasing, the land coming under cultivation, the earth clothed with fresh beauty. Many workers and plenteous crops transform the labours of the fields into holidays I see the young couple in the midst of the rustic sports which they have revived, and I hear the shouts of joy and the blessings of thos about them. Men say the golden age is a fable; it always will b for those whose feelings and taste are depraved. People do no really regret the golden age, for they do nothing to restore it. Wha is needed for its restoration? One thing only, and that is a impossibility; we must love the golden age.

"Already it seems to be reviving around Sophy's home; togethe you will only complete what her worthy parents have begun. But dear Emile, you must not let so pleasant a life give you a distast for sterner duties, if ever they are laid upon you; remember tha he Romans sometimes left the plough to become consul. If the rince or the state calls you to the service of your country, leave all o fulfil the honourable duties of a citizen in the post assigned to ou. If you find that duty onerous, there is a sure and honourable eans of escaping from it; do your duty so honestly that it will ot long be left in your hands. Moreover, you need not fear the ifficulties of such a test; while there are men of our own time, they ill not summon you to serve the state."

Why may I not paint the return of Emile to Sophy and the end f their love, or rather the beginning of their wedded love! A love unded on esteem which will last with life itself, on virtues which ill not fade with fading beauty, on fitness of character which gives charm to intercourse, and prolongs to old age the delights of early ve. But all such details would be pleasing but not useful, and far I have not permitted myself to give attractive details unless thought they would be useful. Shall I abandon this rule when y task is nearly ended? No, I feel that my pen is weary. Too eble for such prolonged labours, I should abandon this if it were not nearly completed; if it is not to be left imperfect it is time it ere finished.

At last I see the happy day approaching, the happiest day of mile's life and my own; I see the crown of my labours, I begin to ppreciate their results. The noble pair are united till death do art; heart and lips confirm no empty vows; they are man and wife. hen they return from the church, they follow where they are led; ey know not where they are, whither they are going, or what is appening around them. They heed nothing, they answer at ndom; their eyes are troubled and they see nothing. Oh, rapture! h, human weakness! Man is overwhelmed by the feeling of appiness, he is not strong enough to bear it.

There are few people who know how to talk to the newly-married uple. The gloomy propriety of some and the light conversation others seem to me equally out of place. I would rather their oung hearts were left to themselves, to abandon themselves to an gitation which is not without its charm, rather than that they ould be so cruelly distressed by a false modesty, or annoyed by arse witticisms which, even if they appealed to them at other times, e surely out of place on such a day.

I behold our young people, wrapped in a pleasant languor, giving heed to what is said. Shall I, who desire that they should enjoy the days of their life, shall I let them lose this precious day? o, I desire that they shall taste its pleasures and enjoy them. I scue them from the foolish crowd, and walk with them in some quiet ace; I recall them to themselves by speaking of them. I wish to eak, not merely to their ears, but to their hearts, and I know at there is only one subject of which they can think to-day.

"My children," say I, taking a hand of each, "it is three years ice I beheld the birth of the pure and vigorous passion which is ur happiness to-day. It has gone on growing; your eyes tell me that it has reached its highest point; it must inevitably decline." My readers can fancy the raptures, the anger, the vows of Emile, and the scornful air with which Sophy withdraws her hand from mine; how their eyes protest that they will adore each other till their latest breath. I let them have their way; then I continue—

"I have often thought that if the happiness of love could continue in marriage, we should find a Paradise upon earth. So far this has never been. But if it were not quite impossible, you two are quite worthy to set an example you have not received, an example which few married couples could follow. My children, shall I tell you what I think is the way, and the only way, to do it?"

They look at one another and smile at my simplicity. Emile thanks me curtly for my prescription, saying that he thinks Sophy has a better, at any rate it is good enough for him. Sophy agrees with him and seems just as certain. Yet in spite of her mockery, I think I see a trace of curiosity. I study Emile; his eager eyes are fixed upon his wife's beauty; he has no curiosity for anything else; and he pays little heed to what I say. It is my turn to smile, and I say to myself, "I will soon get your attention."

The almost imperceptible difference between these two hidden impulses is characteristic of a real difference between the two sexes; it is that men are generally less constant than women, and are sooner weary of success in love. A woman foresees man's future inconstancy, and is anxious; it is this which makes her more jealous.[1] When his passion begins to cool she is compelled to pay him the attentions he used to bestow on her for her pleasure; she weeps, it is her turn to humiliate herself, and she is rarely successful. Affection and kind deeds rarely win hearts, and they hardly ever win them back. I return to my prescription against the cooling of love in marriage.

"It is plain and simple," I continue. "It consists in remaining lovers when you are husband and wife."

"Indeed," said Emile, laughing at my secret, "we shall not find that hard."

"Perhaps you will find it harder than you think. Pray give me time to explain.

"Cords too tightly stretched are soon broken. This is what happens when the marriage bond is subjected to too great a strain The fidelity imposed by it upon husband and wife is the most sacred of all rights; but it gives to each too great a power over the other Constraint and love do not agree together, and pleasure is not to be had for the asking. Do not blush, Sophy, and do not try to run away. God forbid that I should offend your modesty! But your fate for life is at stake. For so great a cause, permit a con versation between your husband and your father which you would not permit elsewhere.

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[1] In France it is the wives who first emancipate themselves; and necessarily so, for having very little heart, and only desiring attention, when a husband ceases to pay them attention they care very little for himself In other countries it is not so; it is the husband who first emancipates himself; and necessarily so, for women, faithful, but foolish, importune men with their desires and only disgust them. There may be plenty of exceptions to these general truths; but I still think they are truths.

"It is not so much possession as mastery of which people tire, and affection is often more prolonged with regard to a mistress than a wife. How can people make a duty of the tenderest caresses, and a right of the sweetest pledges of love? It is mutual desire which gives the right, and nature knows no other. The law may restrict this right, it cannot extend it. The pleasure is so sweet in itself! Should it owe to sad constraint the power which it cannot gain from its own charms? No, my children, in marriage the hearts are bound, but the bodies are not enslaved. You owe one another fidelity, but not complaisance. Neither of you may give yourself to another, but neither of you belongs to the other except at your own will.

"If it is true, dear Emile, that you would always be your wife's lover, that she should always be your mistress and her own, be a happy but respectful lover; obtain all from love and nothing from duty, and let the slightest favours never be of right but of grace. I know that modesty shuns formal confessions and requires to be overcome; but with delicacy and true love, will the lover ever be mistaken as to the real will? Will not he know when heart and eyes grant what the lips refuse? Let both for ever be master of their person and their caresses, let them have the right to bestow them only at their own will. Remember that even in marriage this pleasure is only lawful when the desire is mutual. Do not be afraid, my children, that this law will keep you apart; on the contrary, it will make both more eager to please, and will prevent satiety. True to one another, nature and love will draw you to each other."

Emile is angry and cries out against these and similar suggestions. Sophy is ashamed, she hides her face behind her fan and says nothing. Perhaps while she is saying nothing, she is the most annoyed. Yet I insist, without mercy; I make Emile blush for his lack of delicacy; I undertake to be surety for Sophy that she will undertake her share of the treaty. I incite her to speak, you may guess she will not dare to say I am mistaken. Emile anxiously consults the eyes of his young wife; he beholds them, through all her confusion, filled with a voluptuous anxiety which reassures him against the dangers of trusting her. He flings himself at her feet, kisses with rapture the hand extended to him, and swears that beyond the fidelity he has already promised, he will renounce all other rights over her. "My dear wife," said he, "be the arbiter of my pleasures as you are already the arbiter of my life and fate. Should your cruelty cost me life itself I would yield to you my most cherished rights. I will owe nothing to your complaisance, but all to your heart."

Dear Emile, be comforted; Sophy herself is too generous to let you fall a victim to your generosity.

In the evening, when I am about to leave them, I say in the most olemn tone, "Remember both of you, that you are free, that there s no question of marital rights; believe me, no false deference.

Emile will you come home with me? Sophy permits it." Emile is ready to strike me in his anger. "And you, Sophy, what do you say? Shall I take him away?" The little liar, blushing, answers, "Yes." A tender and delightful falsehood, better than truth itself!

The next day. . . . Men no longer delight in the picture of bliss; their taste is as much depraved by the corruption of vice as their hearts. They can no longer feel what is touching or perceive what is truly delightful. You who, as a picture of voluptuous joys, see only the happy lovers immersed in pleasure, your picture is very imperfect; you have only its grosser part, the sweetest charms of pleasure are not there. Which of you has seen a young couple, happily married, on the morrow of their marriage? their chaste yet languid looks betray the intoxication of the bliss they have enjoyed, the blessed security of innocence, and the delightful certainty that they will spend the rest of their life together. The heart of man can behold no more rapturous sight; this is the real picture of happiness; you have beheld it a hundred times without heeding it; your hearts are so hard that you cannot love it. Sophy, peaceful and happy, spends the day in the arms of her tender mother; a pleasant resting place, after a night spent in the arms of her husband.

The day after I am aware of a slight change. Emile tries to look somewhat vexed; but through this pretence I notice such a tender eagerness, and indeed so much submission, that I do not think there is much amiss. As for Sophy she is merrier than she was yesterday; her eyes are sparkling and she looks very well pleased with herself; she is charming to Emile; she ventures to tease him a little and vexes him still more.

These changes are almost imperceptible, but they do not escape me; I am anxious and I question Emile in private, and I learn that, to his great regret, and in spite of all entreaties, he was not permitted last night to share Sophy's bed. That haughty lady had made haste to assert her right. An explanation takes place. Emile complains bitterly, Sophy laughs; but at last, seeing that Emile is really getting angry, she looks at him with eyes full of tenderness and love, and pressing my hand, she only says these two words, but in a tone that goes to his heart, "Ungrateful man!" Emile is too stupid to understand. But I understand, and I send Emile away and speak to Sophy privately in her turn.

"I see," said I, "the reason for this whim. No one could be more delicate, and no one could use that delicacy so ill. Dear Sophy, do not be anxious, I have given you a man; do not be afraid to treat him as such. You have had the first fruits of his youth; he has not squandered his manhood and it will endure for you.

"My dear child, I must explain to you why I said what I did in our conversation of the day before yesterday. Perhaps you only understood it as a way of restraining your pleasures to secure their continuance. Oh, Sophy, there was another object, more worthy of my care. When Emile became your husband, he became your ead, it is yours to obey; this is the will of nature. When the wife s like Sophy, it is, however, good for the man to be led by her; that s another of nature's laws, and it is to give you as much authority ver his heart, as his sex gives him over your person, that I have nade you the arbiter of his pleasures. It will be hard for you, but ou will control him if you can control yourself, and what has lready happened shows me that this difficult art is not beyond your ourage. You will long rule him by love if you make your favours carce and precious, if you know how to use them aright. If you ant to have your husband always in your power, keep him at a istance. But let your sternness be the result of modesty not caprice; et him find you modest not capricious; beware lest in controlling is love you make him doubt your own. Be all the dearer for your avours and all the more respected when you refuse them; let im honour his wife's chastity, without having to complain of her oldness.

"Thus, my child, he will give you his confidence, he will listen to our opinion, will consult you in his business, and will decide nothing ithout you. Thus you may recall him to wisdom, if he strays, nd bring him back by a gentle persuasion, you may make yourself ovable in order to be useful, you may employ coquetry on behalf f virtue, and love on behalf of reason.

"Do not think that with all this, your art will always serve your urpose. In spite of every precaution pleasures are destroyed by ossession, and love above all others. But when love has lasted ong enough, a gentle habit takes its place and the charm of confidence ucceeds the raptures of passion. Children form a bond between heir parents, a bond no less tender and a bond which is sometimes tronger than love itself. When you cease to be Emile's mistress ou will be his friend and wife; you will be the mother of his hildren. Then instead of your first reticence let there be the ullest intimacy between you; no more separate beds, no more efusals, no more caprices. Become so truly his better half that e can no longer do without you, and if he must leave you, let him eel that he is far from himself. You have made the charms of ome life so powerful in your father's home, let them prevail in our own. Every man who is happy at home loves his wife. emember that if your husband is happy in his home, you will be happy wife.

"For the present, do not be too hard on your lover; he deserves ore consideration; he will be offended by your fears; do not care r his health at the cost of his happiness, and enjoy your own appiness. You must neither wait for disgust nor repulse desire; ou must not refuse for the sake of refusing, but only to add to the alue of your favours."

Then, taking her back to Emile, I say to her young husband, One must bear the yoke voluntarily imposed upon oneself. Let our deserts be such that the yoke may be lightened. Above all, crifice to the graces, and do not think that sulkiness will make you more amiable." Peace is soon made, and everybody can guess its terms. The treaty is signed with a kiss, after which I say to my pupil, "Dear Emile, all his life through a man needs a guide and counsellor. So far I have done my best to fulfil that duty; my lengthy task is now ended, and another will undertake this duty. To-day I abdicate the authority which you gave me; henceforward Sophy is your guardian."

Little by little the first raptures subside and they can peacefully enjoy the delights of their new condition. Happy lovers, worthy husband and wife! To do honour to their virtues, to paint their felicity, would require the history of their lives. How often does my heart throb with rapture when I behold in them the crown of my life's work! How often do I take their hands in mine blessing God with all my heart! How often do I kiss their clasped hands! How often do their tears of joy fall upon mine! They are touched by my joy and they share my raptures. Their worthy parents see their own youth renewed in that of their children; they begin to live, as it were, afresh in them; or rather they perceive, for the first time, the true value of life; they curse their former wealth, which prevented them from enjoying so delightful a lot when they were young. If there is such a thing as happiness upon earth, you must seek it in our abode.

One morning a few months later Emile enters my room and embraces me, saying, "My master, congratulate your son; he hopes soon to have the honour of being a father. What a responsibility will be ours, how much we shall need you! Yet God forbid that I should let you educate the son as you educated the father. God forbid that so sweet and holy a task should be fulfilled by any but myself, even though I should make as good a choice for my child as was made for me! But continue to be the teacher of the young teachers. Advise and control us; we shall be easily led; as long as I live I shall need you. I need you more than ever now that I am taking up the duties of manhood. You have done your own duty; teach me to follow your example, while you enjoy your well-earned leisure.

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